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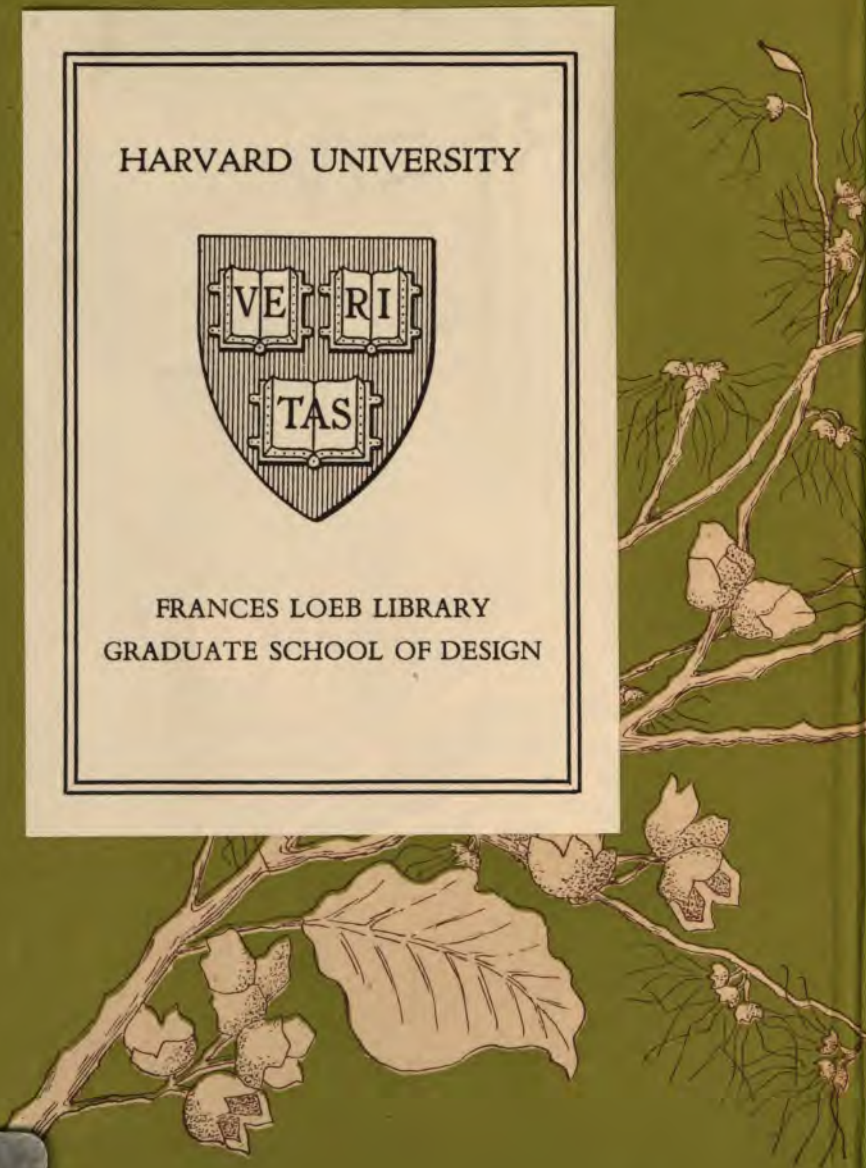
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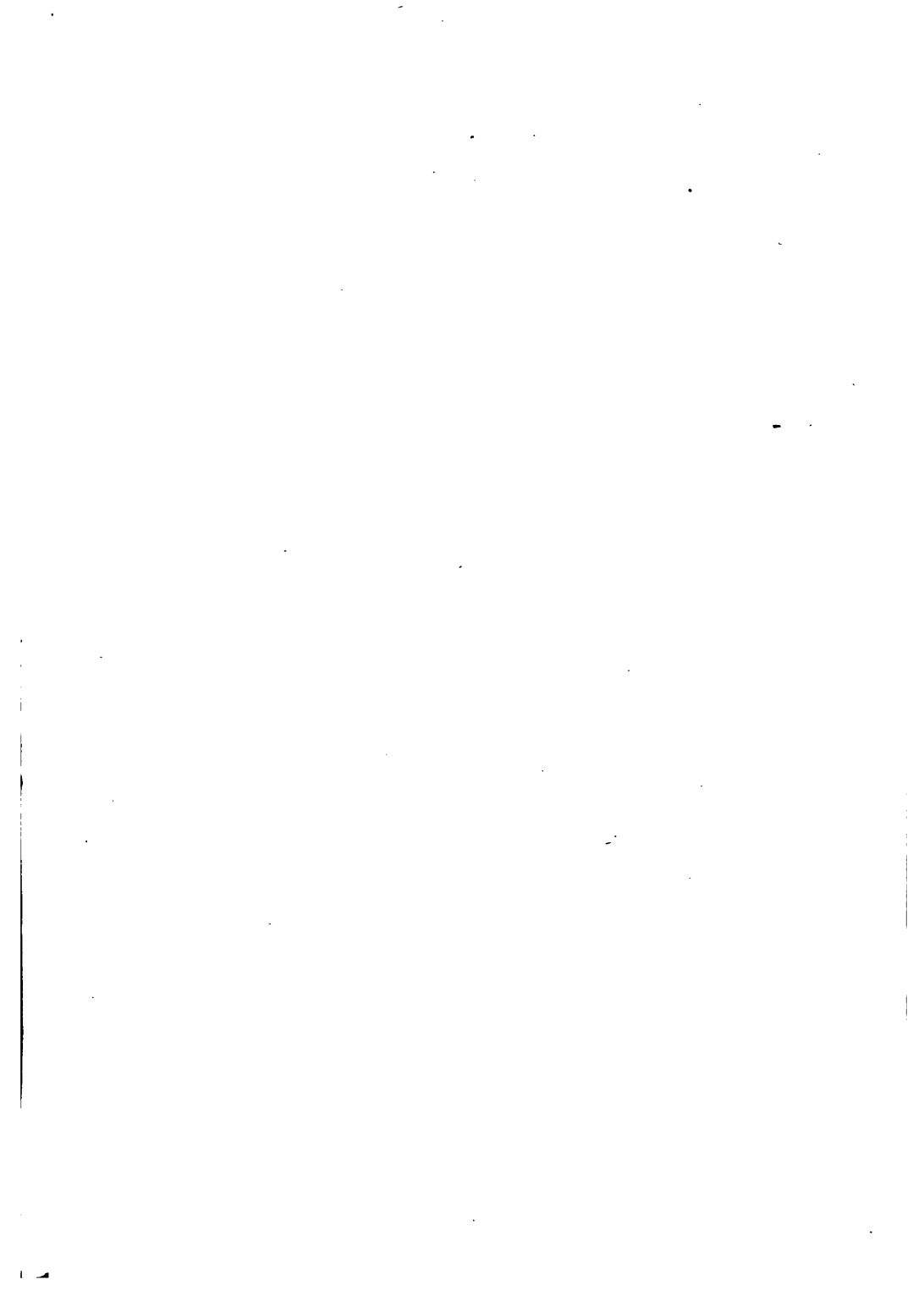


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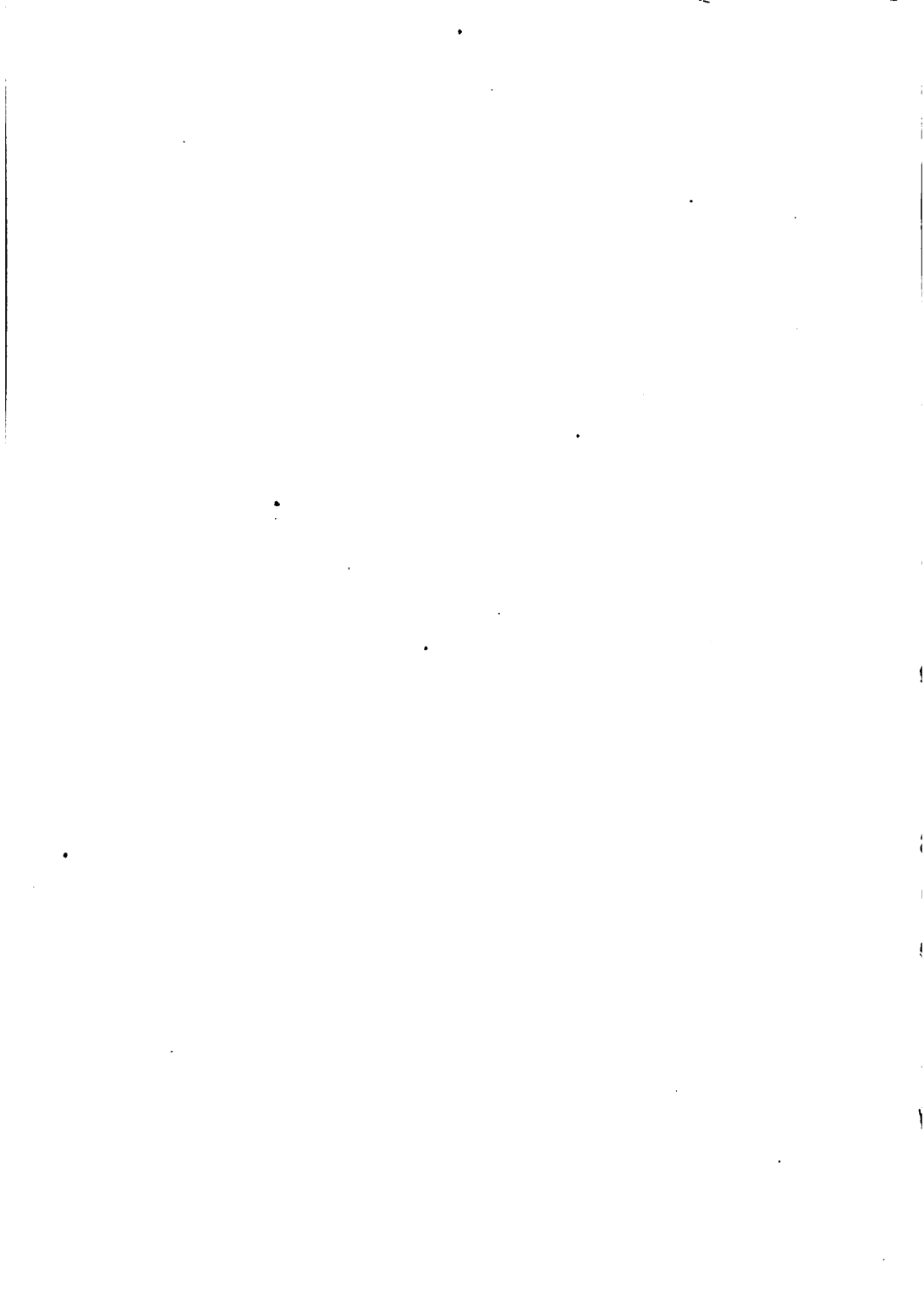
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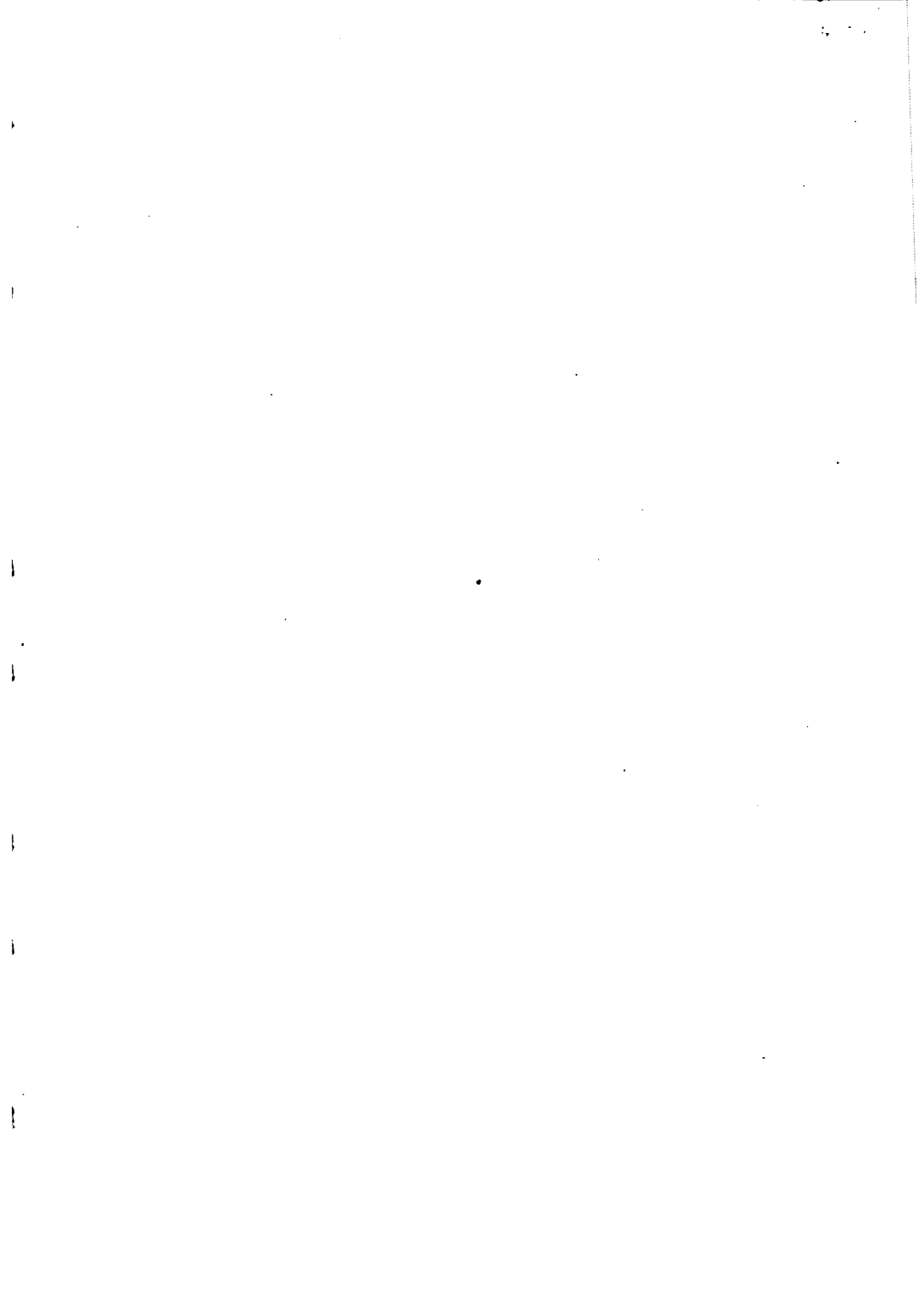


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OUR COUNTRY HOME









THE ENTRANCE AT THE EAST

OUR COUNTRY HOME

HOW WE TRANSFORMED A WISCONSIN
WOODLAND

BY
FRANCES KINSLEY HUTCHINSON
//

*WITH NEARLY TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR*



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1907

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Published October 26, 1907

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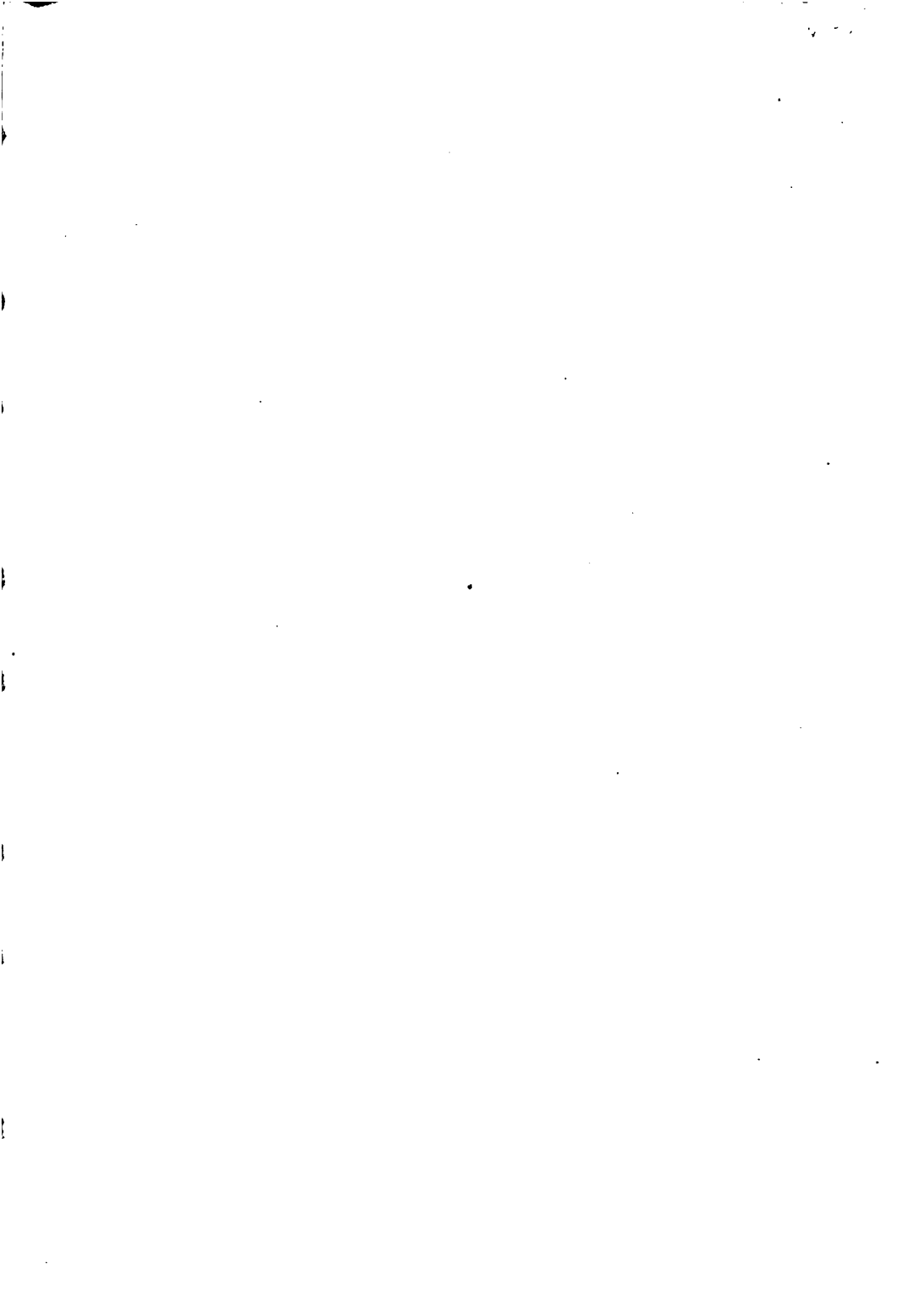
The Lakeside Press
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CHICAGO

TO
J. G. W.

WHOSE INSPIRATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT
BROUGHT FORTH
THIS RECITAL OF OUR EXPERIENCES

*“The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest.”*

J. V. C.







LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
DECORATIVE HEADING	i
THE ENTRANCE AT THE EAST	<i>Frontispiece</i>
TITLE-PAGE DECORATION	v
DECORATIVE HEADING	ix
DECORATIVE HEADING	xi
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER I	1
A LOVELY TANGLE	3
IT LED US TO THE WATER'S EDGE	5
A LONG LAKE WITH DEEPLY DENTED SHORES	5
FLOATING OVER ITS GLASSY SURFACE	9
A FRIENDLY BIT OF WATER	9
ITS MIRROR-LIKE REFLECTIONS	13
THE WILD GRAPE DRAPED THE WOOD	13
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER I	15
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER II	16
LOOKING OVER THE LAND	19
THE MAN OF MANY MAPS EXPLAINS	19
THE LITTLE MUSHROOM-LIKE PUMP HOUSE	23
THE TREES GO DOWN ONE BY ONE	25
THE DRAINS CONCEALED BY BOULDERS	25
THE LITTLE COTTAGE	28
THE NATURAL ROADS AFTER THE SPRING RAINS	29
THE "UNNATURAL" ROADS	29
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER II	32
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER III	33

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE FIRST UPRIGHTS	35
PUTTING ON THE PEBBLE-DASH	35
THE DINING-ROOM	39
THE LONG GALLERY	39
UPSTAIRS PORCH. FIRST YEAR	43
UPSTAIRS PORCH. THIRD YEAR	43
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER III	46
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER IV	47
THE DOG-TROT IN OCTOBER	49
THE SWEET-SCENTED FLOWERS OF THE WHITE JASMINE	49
THE HOUSE AFTER TWO YEARS	53
NORTH TERRACE. FIRST YEAR	57
NORTH TERRACE. THIRD YEAR	57
A BED OF NATIVE FERNS	59
A HAPPY CORNER	60
THE OUT-OF-DOORS DINING ROOM	61
THE SUET-TREE AND BIRD BATH	61
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER IV	63
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER V	64
A SMALL LEAN-TO	65
THE KITCHEN DOORWAY	65
THE BERRY GARDEN	69
IN THE OVAL, WHERE THE SERVICE ROAD TURNED, WE PLANTED ROSES	69
THE SERVICE-YARD WALL	69
OUR BOYISH VISITORS	71
THE HANDY WAGON	72
THE ROADWAY LEADING THROUGH THE WOODSHED	75
THE INTERIOR OF THE WOODSHED	75
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER V	78
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER VI	79
THE OLD FENCE	80
PATH FROM PERGOLA TO KITCHEN-GARDEN	81
ARTICHOKES BEFORE THE TOMATO TRELIS	83

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE LILAC-FRAMED GATEWAY	83
ALL READY TO PUT OUT	87
THE FAIR EXHIBITS	87
THOSE PROUDLY ANNOUNCED FIRST PEAS	89
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER VI	92
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER VII	93
THE FORMAL GARDEN, FIRST STAGE	95
THE BARBERRY HEDGE	95
JUST OUTSIDE THE FORMAL GARDEN	99
FROM MY WINDOW	99
IN WINTER COSTUME	103
LONG STRANDS OF WOODBINE	103
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER VII	106
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER VIII	107
THE PERGOLA IN WINTER	109
A MEANS OF PROTECTION	109
THE WOOSY SIDE OF THE PERGOLA	111
THE DOOR TO THE LAUNDRY YARD	113
THE LAUNDRY YARD	113
THE BALTIMORE BELLE	117
THE ROOF IN OCTOBER	117
THE PERGOLA BROADENS INTO A SQUARE TEA-HOUSE	121
AT ONE END IS A SMALL WALL FOUNTAIN	121
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER VIII	124
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER IX	125
IN AND OUT OF THE GRASSY HOLLOW	127
THE IRIS GLADE	127
WHERE THE BROOK MAKES A SUDDEN TURN	131
THE LAND GRADED IN A GENTLE SWEEP	131
THE CYCLONE-LIKE EFFECT	134
HUGE BOULDERS WERE PLACED	135
THE GRAVEL PIT FINISHED	135
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER IX	137
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER X	138

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
ENCLOSED THE HOUSE SITE WITH A FENCE	139
THE SHRUBBERY	139
MOSTLY LABELS	141
A TRACERY OF BRAMBLES	143
THE SEA BUCKTHORN	143
THE BRIDAL WREATH	147
THE GROUNDSEL BUSH	147
VIBURNUM LANTANOIDES OR ALNIFOLIUM	151
VIBURNUM LENTAGO	151
SHRUBBERY EDGING THE LAWN	153
THE SHORE PATH THE FIRST YEAR	155
THE SHORE PATH THE THIRD YEAR	155
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER X	158
SHUTTING IN THE LAWN FROM THE ROADWAY BELOW	159
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER XI	161
THE RUSTIC TEA-HOUSE	162
THE WILD GRAPE IN TANGLED MASSES	163
THE SMOOTH-LEAVED HONEYSUCKLE	163
THE KUDZU IN THE MIDDLE OF MAY	167
THE KUDZU IN SEPTEMBER	167
THE HOUSE FROM THE LAKE	171
THE AKEBIA QUINATA IN DECEMBER	175
THE WOODBINE	175
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER XI	178
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER XII	179
PINK LADY'S-SLIPPER	181
GIANT SOLOMON'S SEAL	181
THE SPIKED LOOSESTRIFE	184
THE SPIKENARD	187
BERRIES BELOVED BY ALL THE BIRDS	187
NEW ENGLAND ASTERS BY THE SHORE PATH	191
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER XII	192
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER XIII	193
HE HEARS A SOUND OF DANGER	195

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
INTENDING TO CARRY AWAY EVERY BIT OF FOOD IN SIGHT	195
THE EXPANSIBLE POUCHES	199
HAVING HIS BREAKFAST	199
PERFECTLY AT HOME	199
TIRELESS AND SINGLE-MINDED	199
HAVING HIS PICTURE TAKEN	203
BOB AT BREAKFAST	203
THE CHIPPY IS COMING	207
THE SOUTH TERRACE WALL	207
THE GOLD-FISHES' HOME	211
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER XIII	213
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER XIV	214
THE ROBINS' NEST IN BITTER-SWEET TANGLE	215
THE ROBINS' ARAUCARIA	217
THE BIRD BATH	219
THE BIRD BATH IN EARLY SPRING	219
WAITING FOR THE HUMMING BIRDS TO FLY	222
THE THRUSHES NEST IN THE TANGLE	224
MASTER WAXWING AND HIS NEST	227
THE FLICKER	227
THE HOUSE FROM THE LAWN	231
THE DOWNY WOODPECKER'S WINTER NEST	235
SHOWING ITS DEPTH	235
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER XIV	238
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER XV	239
FULLY EQUIPPED FOR ANY TASK	241
A VASE OF WILD CARROT	241
WINDOW BOX FROM INSIDE	245
WINDOW BOX FILLED WITH SEED-PODS	245
GREAT FEATHERY HEADS OF GOLDEN-ROD	247
THE VARIETY OF TREE FORMS	249
THE HALLIANA HONEYSUCKLE IN DECEMBER	249
THE INDIAN CURRANT	251
THE FERN-BOX FILLED WITH SEED PODS	253

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
A MORNING IN JANUARY	253
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER XV	255
HEADPIECE TO CHAPTER XVI	256
THE GATE-POST	257
THE GREENHOUSE	259
THE LEAF CART	259
BRINGING IN BRANCHES	263
THE MANCHURIAN CHERRY	263
AT DUSK	267
TAILPIECE TO CHAPTER XVI	270



OUR COUNTRY HOME

• CHAPTER I.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

THERE were once two people who supposed that they had lived a happy life. To be sure, the Man Had Always Wanted a Farm, and the Woman Had Never Wanted a Country House; but they had jogged along in comfortable and contented fashion for years and years until that fateful moment when they walked one day in a forest. They had walked in many forests in many lands: they had looked down the endless avenues of the Bois and Fontainebleau; they had seen the sunset through the pines of Ravenna, and rejoiced in the villas of Frascati; they knew the stiff

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

Florentine cypresses, and the latomiæ of Syracuse; they had wandered in the thickly covered hills of the Danube valley, and admired the great timber of the Vosges and the Pyrenees; even the jungles of Ceylon and the cryptomerias of Nikko were not unknown to them.

But this was different. This was a real American forest, one might almost say a New England forest, with huge towering oaks and wide-girthed maples, tall butternuts and walnuts and hickories, leaning lindens and an occasional elm,— even the slippery elm, whose pungent odor brought many a thought of childhood's curious tastes. The hawthorn and the ironwood, the white ash, with here and there a birch, the bitternut and wild cherry, the delicate swaying shad-bush, the prickly thorn-apple tree and the hazel brush, the wild gooseberry and puckery choke-cherry,— a lovely tangle,— led them on; while in the open spaces the black-eyed Susans held merry converse with their swains, the Joe Pye weeds, and overhead birds were swinging and squirrels leaping from branch to branch.

Beneath their feet the leaf-mould lay, inches deep on the warm moist earth; just beyond, brown shadows fell, where long ago a lofty tree had sunk its full length on the ground, until the seasons' constant change had made a springy, spongy mass where bright-hued mushrooms found a home and mossy tendrils fluttered low.

While wandering there in sheer delight, feasting their senses on the wild, a sudden turn brought them face to face with a

H O W I T H A P P E N E D

weather-worn and dilapidated piece of board. What sent that electric thrill through the man to his mate? What was it caused that look of understanding? Unconsciously their hands clasped.



A LOVELY TANGLE

simultaneously they breathed, "Could we?" For the board bore the heaven-sent legend:

“ F O R S A L E ”

All thoughts of crops and pastures fled from the man's mind. An inborn love for the things that grow overcame the woman's caution,— any fancied increase in care or trouble faded before this marvellous possibility, and that moment was the beginning of their joyous experiment with the Wisconsin woodland.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

It seems an incredible thing now as I look back, to think I was once that narrow and ignorant and prejudiced Person Who Did Not Want a Country House. Perhaps during all those obstinate years, my lucky star kept me from falling into suburban temptations and free from farming entanglements. I know one thought was always uppermost in our minds, even before the If was exchanged for the When, in discussing this great and — to us — momentous undertaking. The woods, the Virgin Forest, must never be disturbed, not one brown leaf should be taken from its rich covering, not one weak seedling should be denied its growth, but just as we found it, in all its natural beauty, so it should remain.

It almost seemed as if this particular bit of wild land in the midst of farms and clearings, on the shores of a beautiful lake, had been especially preserved during all those fallow years for our gratification,— at least what harm if we thought so? No sheep or cattle had ever browsed there, the bent-down young sapling of the Indian trail was still visible, the concave boulder where the women once ground their corn lay only half buried in the ground. In mossy hollows stood stiffly the moccasin flower, and the curious squaw-root grew close to the Indian pipe.

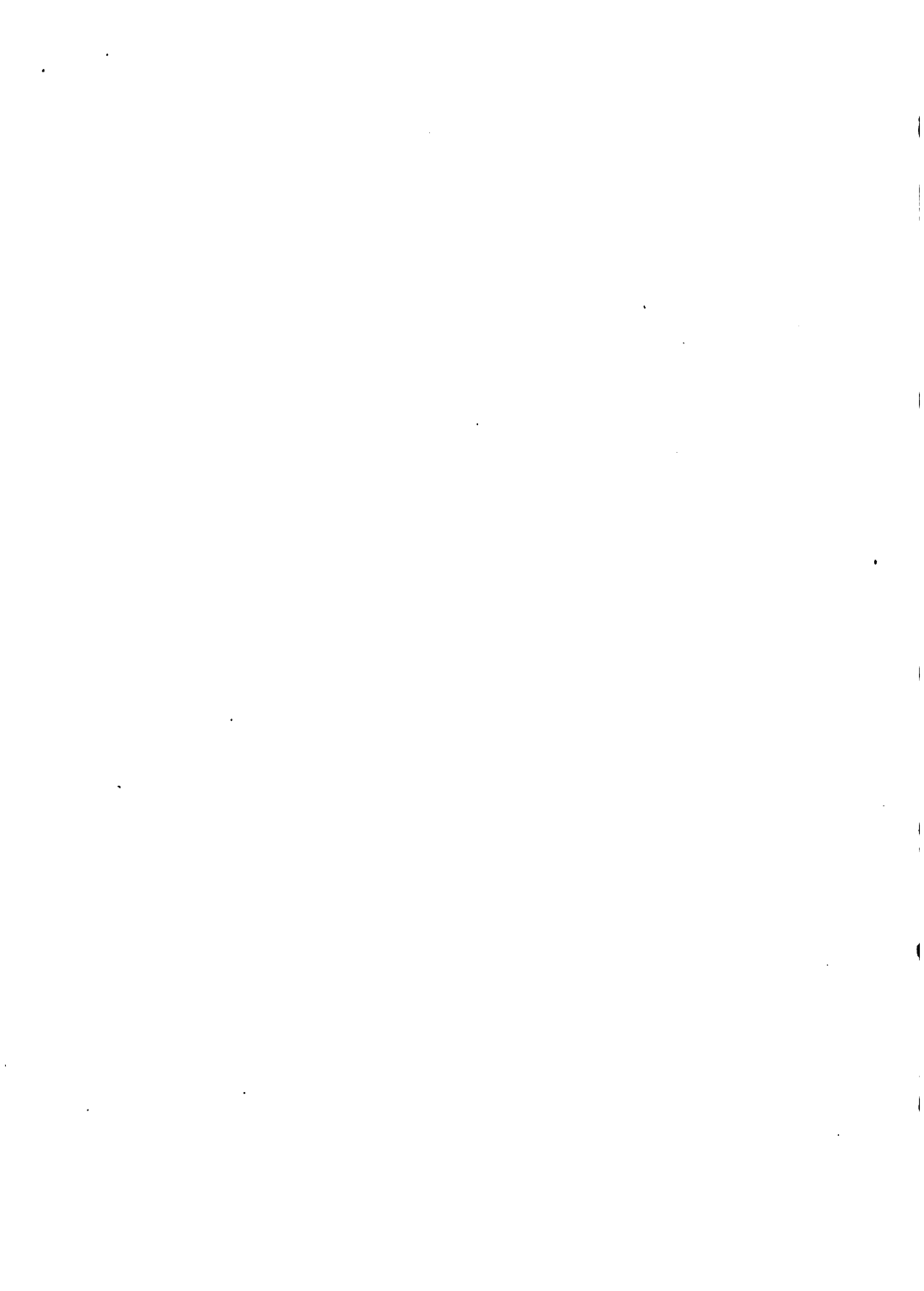
Last to blossom of all the flowers, we found the strange wych-hazel. It met us just within the gate, it followed with its wands of gold our wanderings in burry glens, it led us to the water's edge. The old myth came into my mind: "Wherever points the hazel-rod, there dig, for water ye shall find." We did not have to even



IT LED US TO THE WATER'S EDGE



A LONG LAKE WITH DEEPLY DENTED SHORES



H O W I T H A P P E N E D

dig, for water indeed was here, in alluring expanse spread out before us. What was there about that particular little lake which so captivated us? Why was it that after looking at and admiring the innumerable small lakes with which our woodland State is dotted, we always returned to this one with a sigh of content?

It was a friendly bit of water, with friendly fish in its cool depths only waiting to be caught,—black bass and perch and pickerel; a lake just big enough to temper the hot prairie winds of mid-summer and to reflect its thunder-caps and brilliant sunsets, a long lake with deeply dented shores that sloped into its shining waters so that every pretty point had the coolest breezes and the most extended view! But where was its peculiar charm? To be sure it had the feminine quality of changefulness: it was never twice alike. Did our imagination, even then, leap to its cool touch on August mornings and show us its mirror-like reflections on still September dawns? Did its refreshing breezes tell us of the wondrous moonlit nights before us?—those nights, yes, they must have held the secret, the last exquisite touch. Surely nowhere else did the shimmering water dance under the golden rays in so glad-some a fashion. Floating over its glassy surface, down those paths of light, suspended between earth and sky, a sweet voice making melody and all one's senses lulled to rest,—could happiness go further?

Let us make haste, then, to build us this home in the woodland, a small and simple abode where the birds may nest close to our

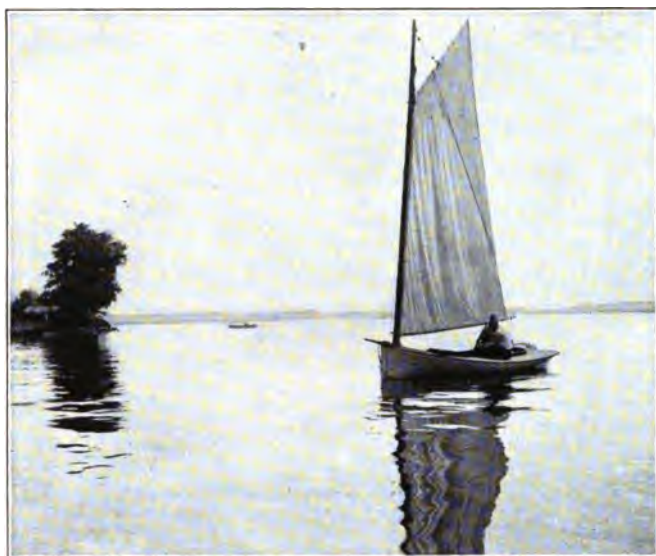
O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

windows. We will have grass-grown roads leading to it, and winding paths; but all about us, it shall remain a wilderness. If the great folds of the wild grape fall to the ground, another wild grape shall begin to twine with clinging tendrils over the low bushes, up the spreading branches, until it can wave its arms in triumph from the top of the tallest tree. If one of the great oaks die, an acorn shall drop in the ground at its feet; and if we should not sit in its shade, it will be for some one a happy retreat. So can we build for the future and think of the pleasures which others may know; perhaps some reflection may fall upon us and add to our joy in the work which we do.

This shall be our home and our refuge and a refuge for our friends. Can life ever grow monotonous, or the days bore us, with such wonders unfolding before our newly opened eyes? To have a new sensation of genuine pleasure when one has passed the fortieth milestone is something not to be despised, and here was a whole world of new sensations, a daily new discovery to feast upon. To take possession of the sunrises and the starlit nights, to feel the earth full of promise beneath one, to say to each winged creature and trembling being, "You are my brother and my sister, let us enjoy all this together!"— what a heavenly outlook!

Said a new neighbor to us one day, "I do not want to complete my place this summer, I want something left to keep my husband interested another year."

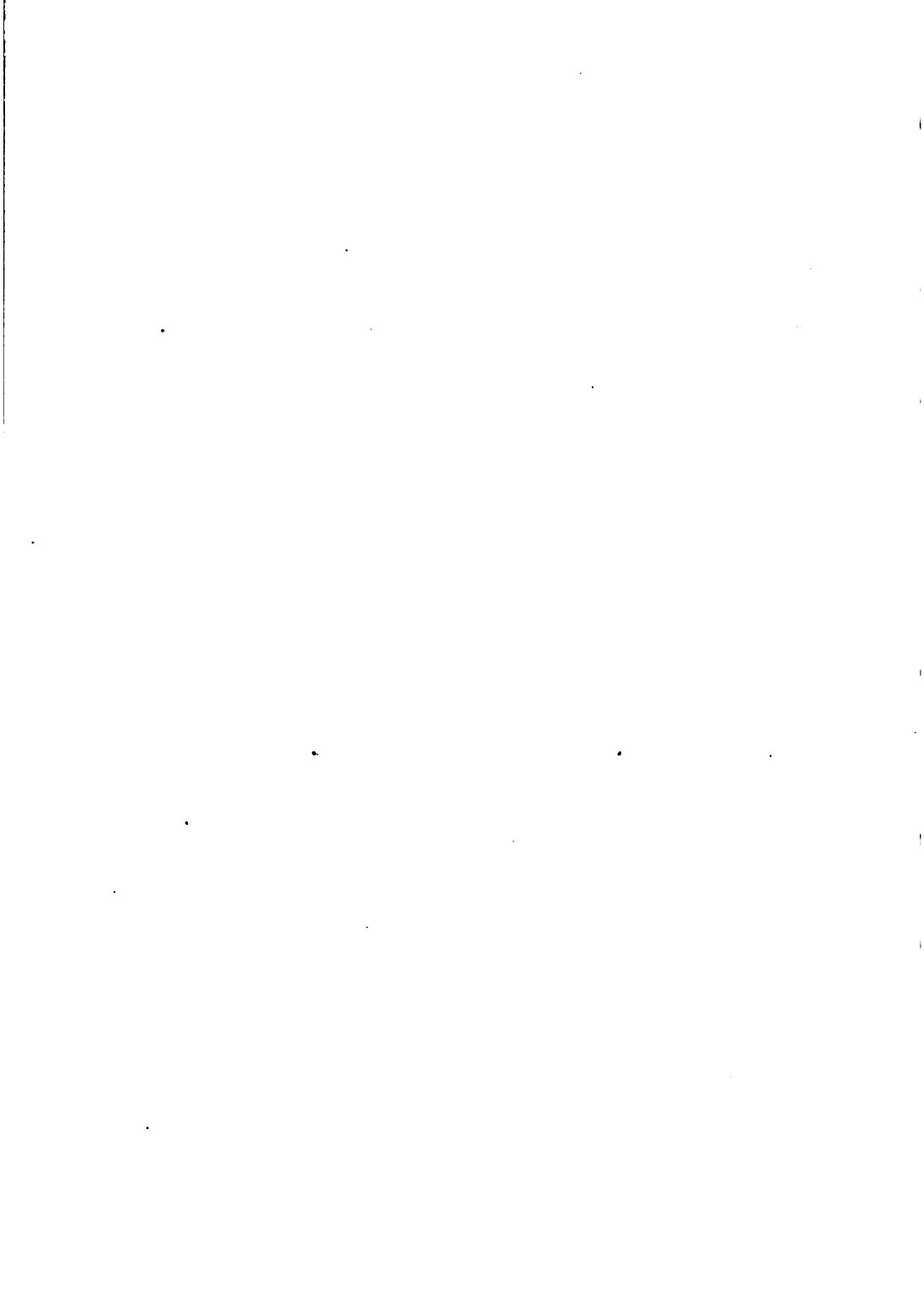
"You need not imagine, my dear inexperienced friend, that you



FLOATING OVER ITS GLASSY SURFACE



A FRIENDLY BIT OF WATER



H O W I T H A P P E N E D

can ever really finish a country place," replied the Constant Improver, for so was re-christened The Man Who Had Always Wanted a Farm. "That is one of its greatest charms. There is always something new to make, to build, to do."

And the Constant Improver unconsciously tossed back his head and his eyes flashed at the joyous prospect.

Is it possible to live among the wonders of this wilderness and not desire to know something about them? Think of the enormous variety of leaf-shapes to learn, the changing seasons' flowers to name, the fruits and berries to classify, the wild life from humming-bird to crow, from the muskrat on the shore to the squirrel in the wood. Think of the mushrooms, with their uselessly complicated nomenclature, and the butterflies, the stinging family, the beetles and the ants, the caterpillars and grubs innumerable. Has not many an eminent man spent a lifetime on the study of a single part of this natural world? Here was the opportunity, a wide field spread before us.

That first September, when the wild grape draped the wood with its huge brown winding cables, its tangle of twisted tendrils, and its clusters of puckery fruit, we wandered often in the forest, searching each ferny glen and wondering at the succession of pictures that at every turn met our ignorant eyes. How interesting it would be to find out what Indians had lived in this region, what they called it, and, if possible, use that name for our home! We found out easily enough that it was the Pottawattomies who, not

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

longer than fifty years before, had moved northward and settled in a reservation near the Red River. So the word must be in the Pottawattomie dialect. Now what did they call this settlement? That too was soon discovered. Any one of the old inhabitants could tell us that. It was called "Donklauk," which, although not the real name, is near enough for all euphonic purposes, — and we feared it would not do. Then we said, we will perpetuate the memory of our lovely walks in the woods and will call it "The Home of the Wild Grape"—in Pottawattomie. When we proposed to send to Washington to the Smithsonian Institution, for this Indian translation, it was suggested that we had better enclose a list of names to choose from. Evidently this person had had some experience in translations, so we added, "The Restful Place," "The Home in the Woods," "Where Peace Reigns," and the like.

It was in eager haste that we opened the official-looking document when it came some months later, and read the curious list from the Miami, Pottawattomie, and Ojibway dialects:

<i>Kapawick</i>	. . .	Shrubbery.
<i>Wapinipi</i>	. . .	White water.
<i>Chilakange</i>	. .	In the thicket.
<i>Tawanong</i>	. . .	Tree place.
<i>Shipakwong</i>	. .	Leafy place.
<i>Winakwong</i>	. .	Forest.
<i>Endaian</i>	. . .	My home.
<i>Nuëshmanek</i>	. .	Resting place.



ITS MIRROR-LIKE REFLECTIONS



THE WILD GRAPE DRAPED THE WOOD



H O W I T H A P P E N E D

Nuāshmanek! — how pretty it looked, but how baldly sanitary it sounded to our too civilized senses! No, the old Indian tribes should be remembered in our hearts but not on our writing paper; the wild grape with its honey-sweet blossoms, “the subtlest, most evanescent of all sweet odors,” should twine about our woods and our arbors; but for our name we must go farther afield.

Leaving this subject to some future inspiration, we continued our gladsome planning. We will not only preserve what is now here, we said to each other, but we will bring here every wild flower that will grow; in the open spaces beside the water where the birds love to congregate, we will make a berry garden for their use alone, so that from May on through the whole long summer, and until Christmas-tide, a feast may be spread for them. We will tempt the shy creatures of the wood to our doors. No enemy shall be here to frighten them, but always food and drink and a hearty welcome. This shall be our Happiness and our Life Play.





CHAPTER II.

WHAT WE DID FIRST.

IT was August when first we wandered in our garden of delight. By November we had become the proud possessors of seventy-two acres of rolling woodland which, from the high road some one hundred and seventy feet above the level of the lake, sloped down in all sorts of unexpected hills and hollows to the shore, three-quarters of a mile away. Here a narrow strip of land covered with old trees jutted into the water, partially enclosing a shallow bay. The former owner, about twenty-five years before, had conceived the idea of filling in this bay, and so had dumped huge stumps there, with two-inch planks set on edge to keep the rich soil from breaking into the water. The Man of Many Maps said, "Here is where our work begins," and unveiled to us the possibilities of pebbly beach and wild-rose bordered shore, where now the iris blossoms and pink lythrums are reflected in the clear cold water.

To a beginner in country life it seemed a formidable undertaking to evolve from a perfectly wild piece of woodland a house and a garden; so in order that no time should be wasted, we consulted at once The Man of Many Maps, who first divided the land into

W H A T W E D I D F I R S T

two parts: the woods, which were to be left untouched, except for a roadway opening through them; and the part bordering on the lake, which was to be made habitable. Of this second part, about eight hundred and forty feet square, a detailed chart was made showing all contours and indicating all trees over six inches in diameter. After discussion among the Inevitable Trio, — the Landscape Gardener, the Architect, and the Owner, — there was submitted for our approval a plan of work carrying out the idea of a wild-woods home, installing a water and drainage system, opening vistas and spaces necessary for light and air, locating paths and roads, kitchen gardens and flower gardens, and the lawn, besides providing building sites for cottage, stable, and woodshed, and the ultimate home.

Here was a plan to work with, and we could do as much or as little as we pleased, taking two years or ten, provided that all we did should be a part of a general scheme; then nothing would have to be done over. I think that is why people exclaimed at the apparent oldness of the place after we had lived there only four years; to be sure, the soil was exceedingly rich, we had plenty of water, and we planted only hardy things.

It was a dull dark day in September when we chose the site for the big house, the centre upon which all the planting must depend. A strong string was drawn from tree to tree the whole length of the proposed front terrace; on this were pinned newspapers, and we wandered off in different directions to note the effect. The Constant

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

Improver went out in a rowboat to get the proper point of vantage, and we exerted our several imaginations to the utmost, seeking to conceive the floor of the house at the top of that flopping line.

After one or two minor changes it was decided that the house must face a little west of south, to take advantage of the prevailing wind in summer. Although it was to be placed fully three hundred feet back from the lake, we were told that the line of the shore must be parallel with the line of the house, a precaution which seemed both conventional and unnecessary to my ignorant ears.

“But we do not mean to have stiff formal gardening, little box trees and hedging,” I objected. “We want to look like a house dropped down in the woods, rather by chance.”

“Yes, but although you might not know why, that line would offend your eye and that of every one who looked upon the place,” said the Man of Many Maps. And he was right, as our later experience proved.

Even before the last papers were signed, in our eagerness to begin we had brought over a traction engine and a pump, and with many men and many barrows constructed a dam from the big Wisconsin willow to the point of the Island, and emptied the shallow bay of water. This was done for two reasons, to deepen the channel, and to obtain the rich mud for filling. Before frost we had covered the whole space between the big house site and the lake, some two acres in extent, with a coating of lake mud twelve inches deep.

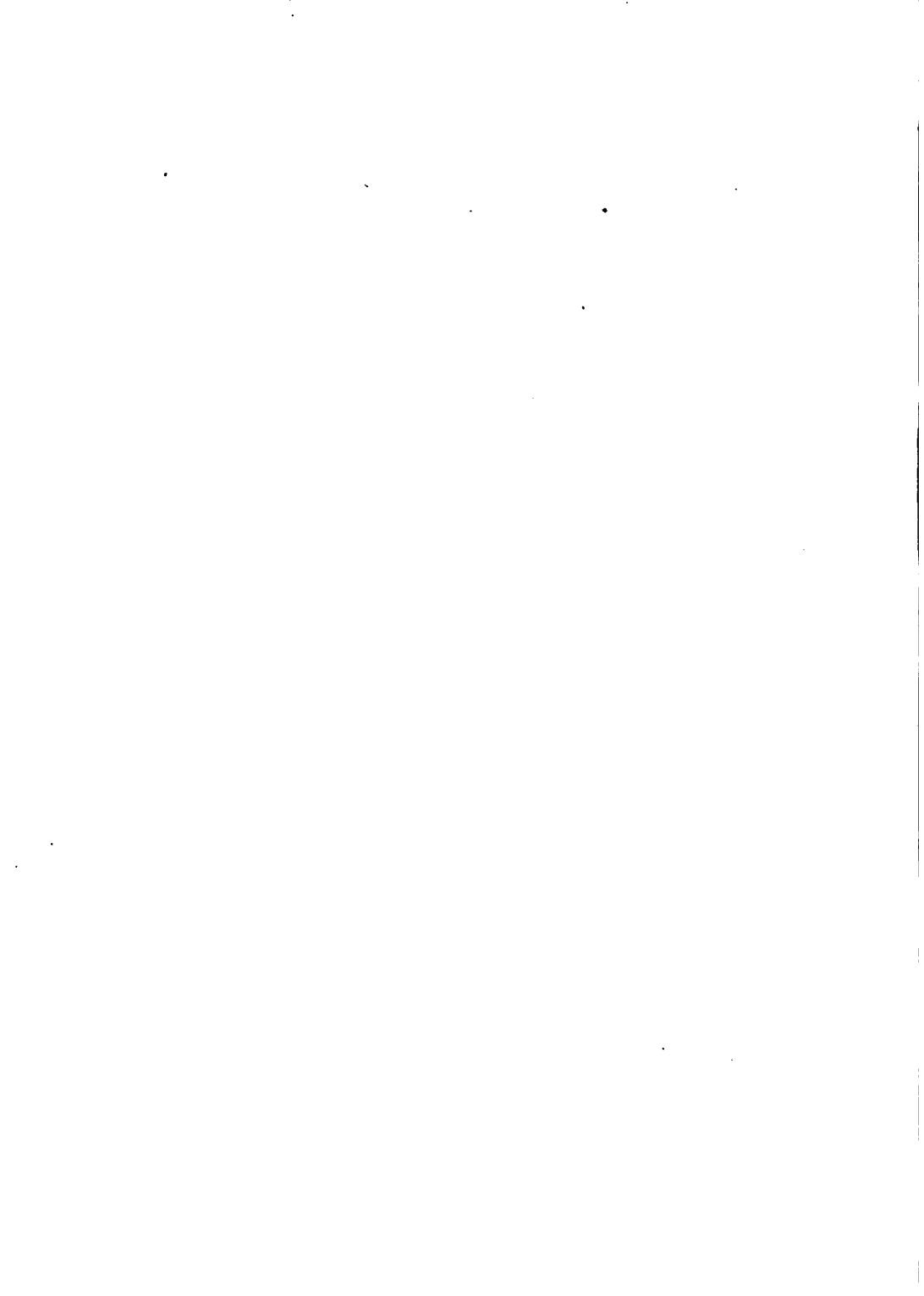
We did not mean to build that big house, oh, not for many,



LOOKING OVER THE LAND



THE MAN OF MANY MAPS EXPLAINS



W H A T W E D I D F I R S T

many years! The Constant Improver had always imagined a home on an eminence overlooking wide expanses, but here even the eminence had to be made: so where ultimately this big house was to stand, a hole one hundred and twenty feet long by twenty-five wide and seven feet deep was emptied of its contents, and lo! the foundation of the house was ready.

A wagon load of dirt dropped upon an acre of land looks like a teaspoonful, and it took fully fifty thousand loads of various kinds of soil to do the grading necessary to bring the terrace of the house fifteen feet above the level of the lake. Fortunately, with this lofty height the Constant Improver professed himself entirely satisfied.

Always, when much grading is to be done the trees must be sacrificed. A rag of cheese-cloth was tied around each one marked for destruction, and we debated its fate, tree by tree. It was like cutting off the little dog's tail an inch at a time so as not to hurt him. Of course we could have ordered everything done without personal supervision. Probably The Man of Many Maps would have preferred this way. Perhaps he hoped we might ultimately grow callous, — broad-minded, he called it, — or perhaps become reasonable and able to understand the whys and wherefores, to foresee the result, the completion of the whole; but I confess it seemed brutal to cut those trees down.

“Cannot *this* one be spared?” I pleaded. “Look at it, think of the years that it has taken to make so splendid a tower; think of the years it will take to replace it.”

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

But The Man of Many Maps would smile mysteriously, half-pityingly, and say, "You miss the point of view." He was not punning either; far from indulging in such frivolities, he left all that to the Friendly Architect!

"Thus it must be," he would calmly continue, "and you will be satisfied with the result. You will have plenty of trees left. Look at your wonderful woods."

In spite of my agreeing perfectly with his dictum, in spite of all that my reasoning powers could tell me, in spite of seeing those trees go down, one by one, I can never to this day reconcile myself to it, or hear that dreadful final crash without a little contraction in my throat and a shiver, as if the tree were almost a sentient being, and I had taken a life.

After over four hundred trees, large and small, had been felled, I supposed the land was ready to plant; but no — although the trees had been brought down in most modern and approved fashion by cutting around them and uprooting them, stumps and all, the horses pulling them over by chains, — from the lawn alone, an acre in extent, *sixteen wagon loads of roots* varying from one to six inches in diameter were carried away before the land could be ploughed, graded, harrowed, and sowed.

In order to preserve the natural beauty of the shore, no pump-house, or boathouse, or even coal-shed was allowed there. To be sure, we must have a pier. No artistic and practical model presenting itself, we must fain keep to the time-honored posts, sunk in

W H A T W E D I D F I R S T

cribs of stones which could be taken up in winter. This was carefully hidden from the house by a grove of native willows.

Perhaps the most important part of all work done on a country place lies under the ground, and of this underground work the water system stands first. We were fortunate in having the lake to draw



THE LITTLE MUSHROOM-LIKE PUMP HOUSE

from. Close to the pier an intake pipe four inches in diameter went back three hundred and fifty feet to the little mushroom-like pump-house at the edge of the service yard. Its apex was only six feet above the level of the ground. Over its brown shingled roof, the outside tank holding fifty-two gallons of gasoline, and its cement steps leading down to the engine-room, were trained wild honey-

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

suckles and blackberry vines, and all about were planted dogwoods and wild gooseberries under the small maples and oaks already standing. The floor, six feet below the level of the ground, was made of cement, the sides of brick. Here was installed at once perhaps the most important member of our family, the eight-horsepower gasoline engine, which for ease in running, durability, and reliability cannot be praised too highly. The exhaust was carried thirty feet beyond the house so that all odors are rendered inoffensive.

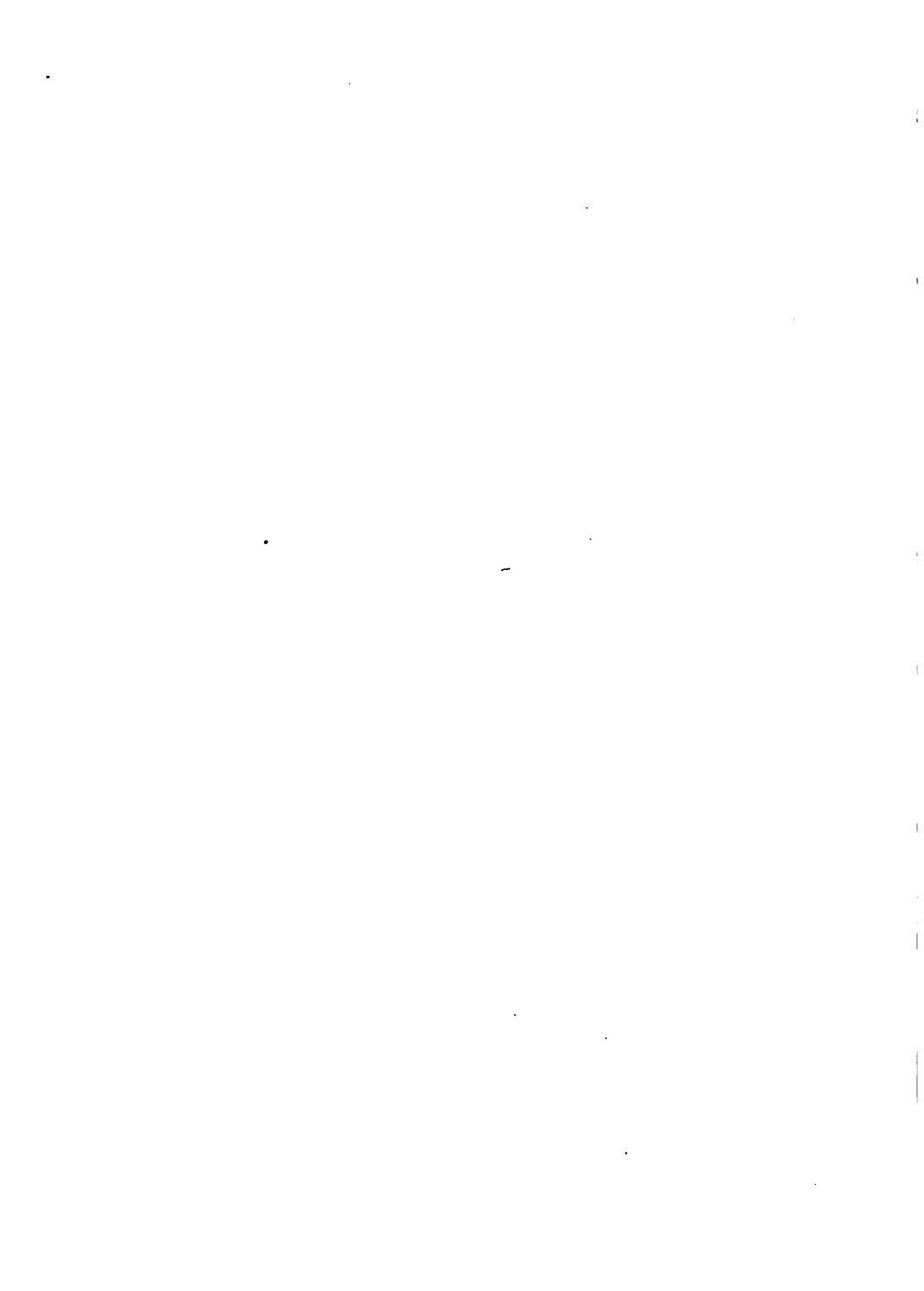
Hidden in the woods, high up on the hill, one hundred and fourteen feet above the level of the lake and seventeen hundred feet away, a great oval basin fourteen feet deep, and holding thirty-three thousand gallons, was excavated. Lined with brick and plastered with cement, surrounded with a boulder wall four feet high, the reservoir was really a beautiful spot. The trees were reflected in its clear surface, the flying clouds looked up from its depths, shadows danced on its cool gray sides; but we soon found it best to give up our hill-top lakelet, and we had to cover it. It was charming to see the autumn leaves dancing on its surface; but what about the action on water of decayed vegetable matter? An adventurous young chipmunk has been known to investigate too closely the slippery cement sides, with disastrous consequences, not merely to himself; we therefore boarded over the top and piled plenty of hay on that as a temporary expedient. I can well see that the next important improvement on the place will be a fine solid cement basin roofed in clean and tight.



THE TREES GO DOWN ONE BY ONE



THE DRAINS CONCEALED BY BOULDERS



W H A T W E D I D F I R S T

The engine, run usually only one day in the week, fills this reservoir in nine and a half hours. The main waterpipes have a diameter of four inches and are laid four feet deep to be beyond the reach of frost; the pressure is great enough to throw several streams of water entirely over the house from a two-inch fire hose. It was a simple thing to put reducers on the house plumbing, and a great comfort always to have plenty of water to use as we liked. I heard a woman say once that her ideal of country life was to combine the informality and simplicity of tent life with plenty of bath-rooms!

Along the roadway, hidden behind boulders and shrubs, through the kitchen garden and flower garden, over the lawn and in the wood at irregular intervals, the water taps began to appear, standing twelve inches high with wheels turning easily to control the supply, ready to keep the whole place moist in time of drought. Fifteen sprinklers of the simplest construction, six and eight feet in height and throwing a spray thirty-five feet in diameter, could even be run all night if necessary, the faint throb, throb, of the engine carrying the basso for the crickets' and katydids' song.

Meanwhile the little cottage in the woods was growing rapidly. We frankly admired its brown rough-hewn timbers, overhanging eaves, and hooded casements, its small, open porch, its covered entry, and big woodshed for the summer cooking. With neither shades nor blinds, the trees had to be our protectors from the sun; though flowered cretonne curtains could be drawn across when needed, making bright bits of color on the rough plaster walls.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

What a happy summer we spent in the tiny cottage! To awaken each morning with that indistinct realization of some pleasant happening, and to feel sure that more pleasant and unthought-of experiences were before one, preparing the way for that dreamless slumber at night into which the out-of-door worker so deliciously sinks.



THE LITTLE COTTAGE

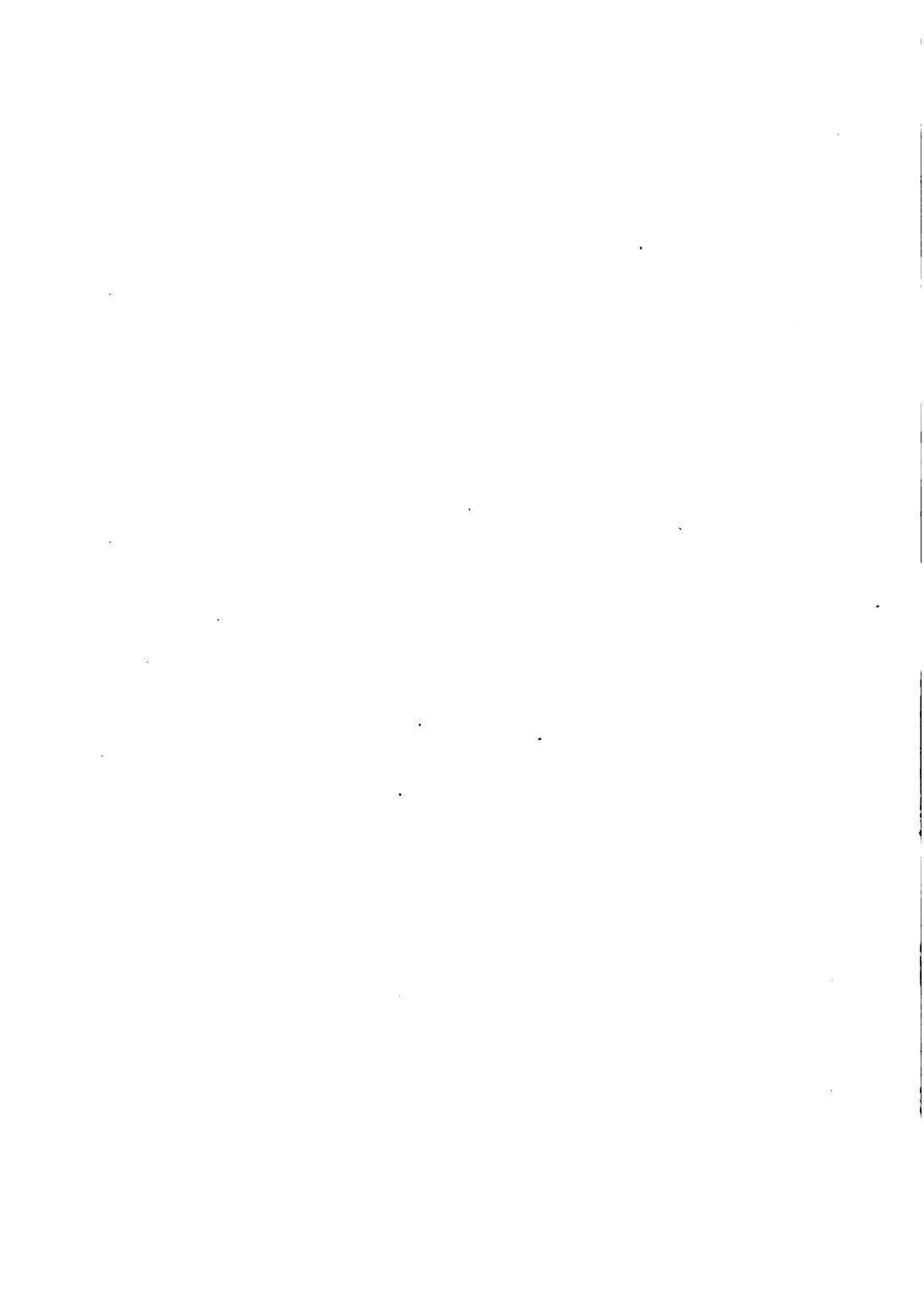
Curiously marked maps began to appear, with numbers dotted all over them. Long lists of plants and shrubs all carefully disguised, even the most familiar, under their interminable Latin names, accompanied them. Our evening's occupation, and often that of our daylight hours too, lay in deciphering these oddly-shaped contours and repeating the names of the shrubs which were to go in



THE "NATURAL" ROADS AFTER THE SPRING RAINS



THE "UNNATURAL" ROADS



W H A T W E D I D F I R S T

them, for these maps showed us exactly where to put each plant as it arrived, and how to place it, and how many were to be put in each bed. It was exhaustive, — I do not add exhausting, although I might. Nor were we blind followers of any man. That would be impossible for the Constant Improver. We always wanted to know the reason why. Occasionally we dared to change the great man's dictum, — sometimes to our regret, but at others to our mutual satisfaction.

The amount of time we spent out of doors that first summer was incredible. Although it rained constantly, we prepared ourselves with suitable attire and watched the changes from day to day. Nothing could have given our shrubs a better start than those six months of moisture; so what though the roadways did suffer and our grassy dreams became muddy realities? "To change one's mind is a sign of progress," said the Constant Improver, and diligently hunted for gravel.

Fortunately we discovered on the place two large pits from which we drew at least two thousand loads of gravel and an equal amount of clay, carefully distributing both along the three-quarters of a mile of roadway extending from the gate on the high road to the house. No sooner did we get any part nicely rolled, than down would come the rain again and undo all our labor. Where that gravel went to was a mystery! It simply disappeared. Our own supply gave out and still the roadway cried for more! I would not dare to tell how many wagon-loads went to make that apparently

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

wild and thoughtless road, where the rough grasses creep close and the brown leaves dance at will.

In order to preserve its natural and woodsy character and yet keep it smooth and hard in all kinds of weather, a system of tiles and catch basins was installed, the iron gratings of which were carefully concealed under big boulders. Over these the wild grasses and the moss soon gathered, and the squirrels adopted them at once as dining tables and points of vantage. Blue violets and buttercups, the vetch and showy orchid, the wild mint and pyrola, the Solomon's seal and lady's slipper, baneberries both red and white, sunflowers and asters and flowering spurge, the wild gooseberry and bramble and hazel bush, and the dainty maiden-hair fern, the evening primrose and the bitter-sweet, with countless other favorites, were planted all along the roadway, on height, or in hollow, in riotous confusion; and at intervals, winding paths, dark and shadowy, led off into the unknown beauties of the forest beyond.





CHAPTER III.

FROM NOVEMBER TO MAY.

AFTER one summer in the little cottage, the abounding desire for hospitality in the heart of the Constant Improver overcame all obstacles, and it was decided to build the big house. This was really a lark from beginning to end. Our materials, so far as possible, were bought in the neighboring village where lived our contractor, a fine canny Scotchman, and most of the workmen.

Standing apart from the main house, but joined to it by a one-story passage-way, was the kitchen-house. This we built first: a little economical square box of a place, with every convenience, excellent ventilation, and not an inch of waste room. It was begun the first day of September and we moved into it the third of November. The laundry was our library. We gravely covered the stationary tubs with a piece of tapestry, set the four small chairs around the tiny air-tight stove, hung a picture or two, moved in a small bookcase, a rug, and a table for writing, put up the little cretonne curtains we had used in the cottage, and were very much at home again. In the maids' tiny dining-room we had our meals, with the huge doors of the two ice-rooms opening hospitably close

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

to us. Of course the kitchen was put in order for the big house. We were very proud of that kitchen; indeed, we are still. The walls are pure white, with short bright blue-and-white cretonne curtains over the five high windows. The plain low plaster hood over the range is fitted with an extra flue in the chimney, which carries away the fumes from the cooking and leaves the kitchen surprisingly cool in summer. A temporary partition was built across the end where the passage-way would ultimately lead to the big house.

In absorbed delight we watched the house itself progress from joists and uprights, hidden brick courses, wire lathing, and the plaster coats, up to the shingled roof. It is vastly interesting to watch a wooden house grow, the placing of each timber brings out so sharply the completed outline. We were never tired of contemplating it from every point of the compass, and it was with a distinct thrill, that after climbing a ladder and stepping gingerly over joists, I raised my eyes for the first time to look out of what was to be a window in my own room!

One morning we found a discouraged painter trying to fill the big cracks in the great rough-hewn Mississippi pine timbers with *putty*. When we told him that we *liked* cracks, he was speechless.

The Constant Improver wanted to use the old Southern "shakes," for the roof. "They do curl up and look so picturesque," he said.

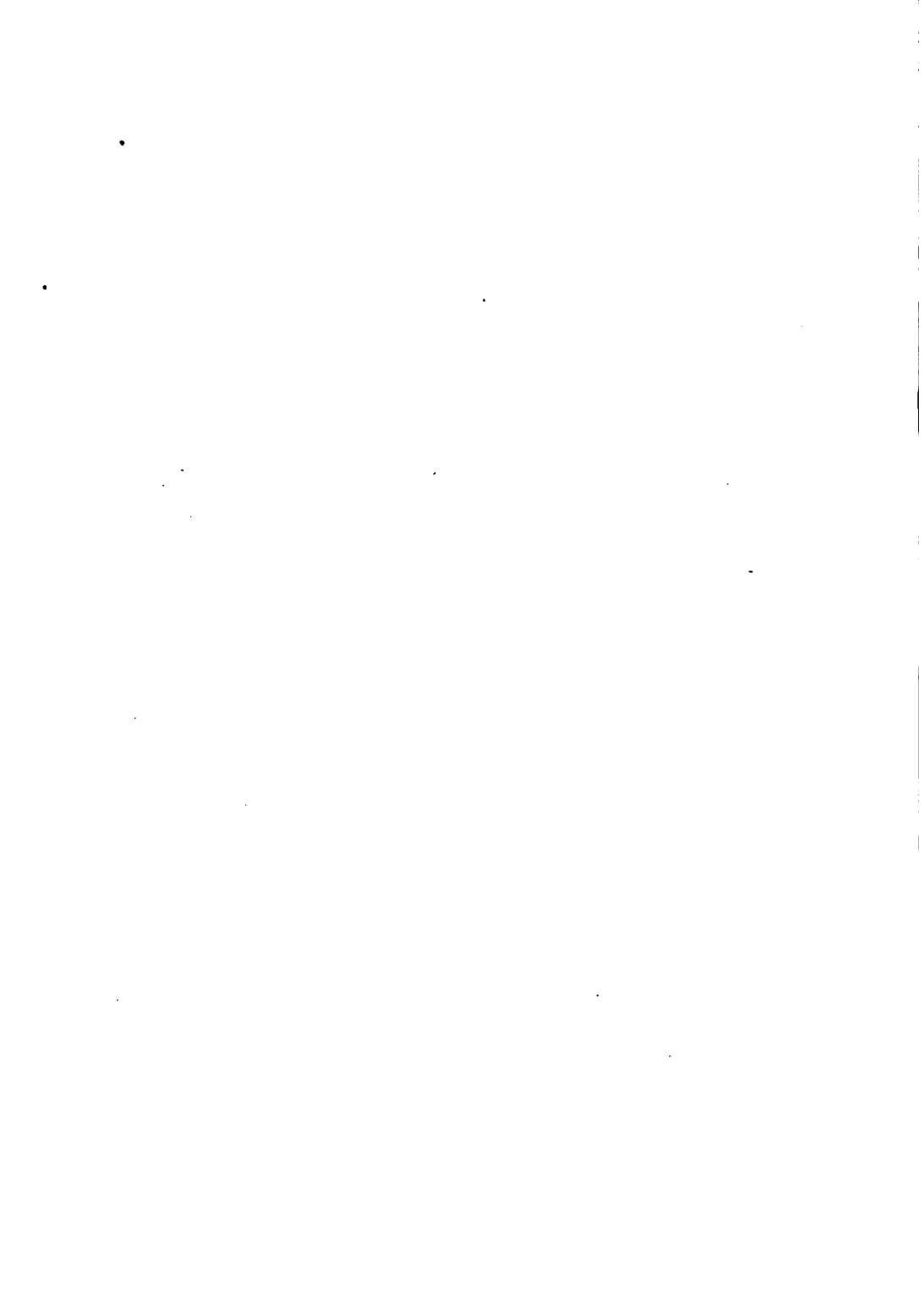
"But how about keeping the water out?" I ventured to inquire.



THE FIRST UPRIGHTS



PUTTING ON THE PEBBLE-DASH



N O V E M B E R T O M A Y

Even the Friendly Architect reluctantly had to admit, "Yes, they will leak, it is impossible to prevent that." We therefore compromised, securing the same effect by raising the edge of every fifth row of shingles with a lath, thus giving a slight shadow every three feet. In keen interest he judged the size of the pebbles for the pebble-dash which was to be used for the first story and showed how he wanted the composition thrown upon the wall. It took an expert to do this evenly and smoothly, as the mixture hardened at once and could not be touched again.

We wanted to stay all winter, but other duties demanded our attention in the city. It was only now and then we could steal away for a day or a week to note the progress of the work. How exhilarating was the ride from the station, tucked into the big high sleigh, with fur rugs piled about us and the icy road straight before us, over the lake to our own doors! How picturesque were the men in their winter costumes! the high boots, and fur caps, and the trim heavy jackets. Out on the lake the clear ice called for the skater's touch, and ice-boats skimmed gayly by, while dotted over the surface were small houses where fishermen sat beside tiny stoves, watching the line sunk through the ice at their feet.

One blustering day in late December, when some particularly knotty problem had exhausted the vocabulary of Architect and Foreman alike, the latter asked in sheer desperation:

"Mr. Architect, did you ever build a house like this before?"

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

“No.”

“Did you ever *see* a house built like this before?”

“Perhaps not.”

“What are you trying to do, anyway?” This with still more wrinkled brow.

“I am trying,” said the Architect, slowly and impressively, “to make a new house look like an old one.”

Our good Foreman collapsed.

All the rooms downstairs had heavy beam ceilings and big fireplaces for four-foot logs. The plaster was finished rough all over the house, and everywhere the casement windows opened wide. The long, low book-cases and seats having been built in the living-room, we needed only a writing table, a soft cushioned divan before the fire, a few chairs, a chest for the wood, a mossy rug and green linen curtains. We showed our conscientious painter an old piece of faded green velvet which, a hundred years ago, had hung before a shrine of the Virgin. Could he calomine the wall that exact shade? After many struggles he succeeded, and here we hung our favorite Madonna and the singing children of della Robbia, an Arundel print or two, and some illuminated leaves from old Italian choir books, and, behold, the room was finished.

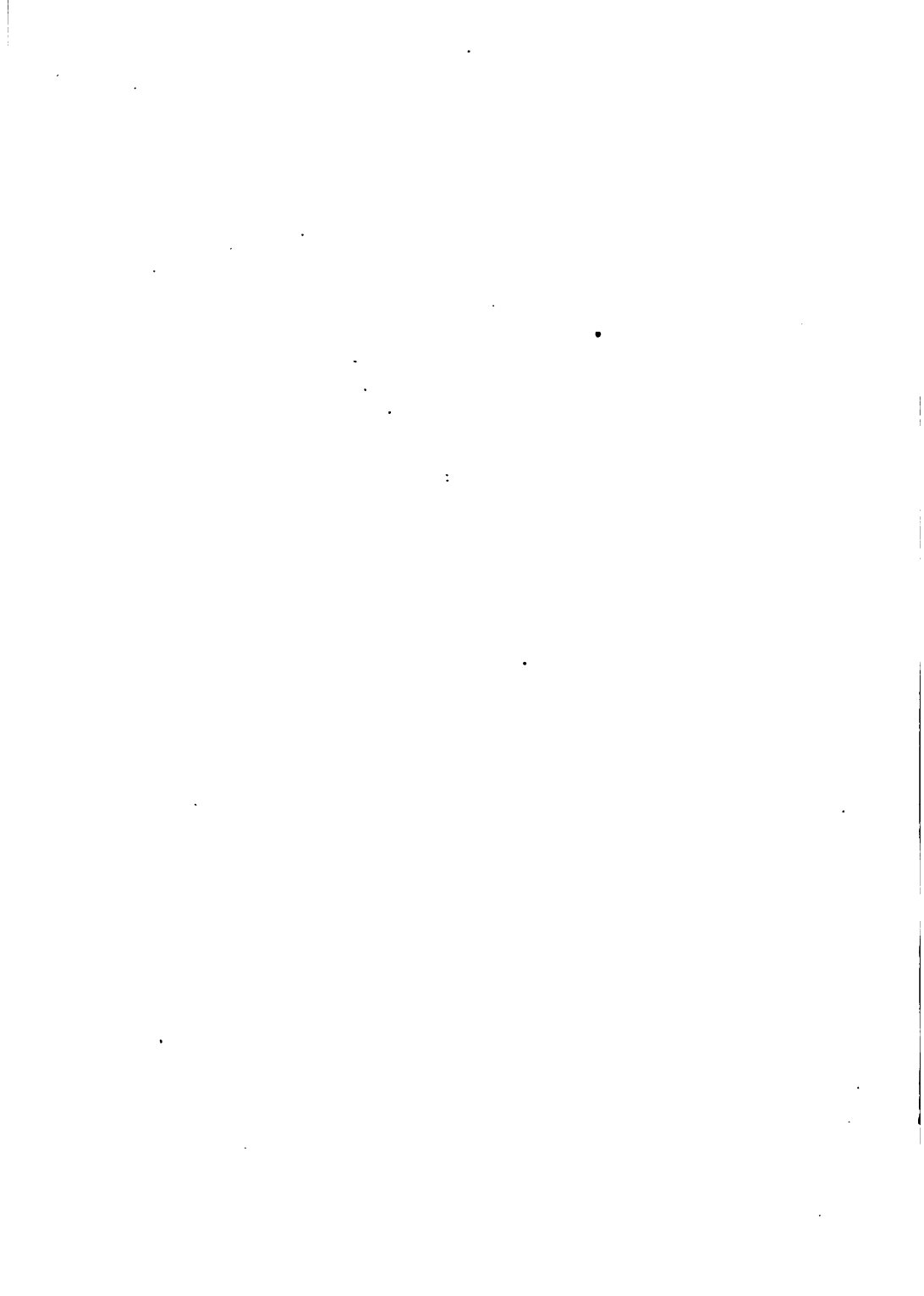
Two hot-air furnaces were put in the house and double windows placed on the most exposed corners. With the thermometer at seventeen degrees below zero the place was perfectly comfortable. On cold winter evenings great logs snapped in the fireplaces, and



THE DINING-ROOM



THE LONG GALLERY



N O V E M B E R T O M A Y

the flames leaped in the dusk. What fun to gather around the cooling ashes and toast marshmallows, or roast chestnuts, or pop corn!

Although the house was wired for electricity we thought we would try candles that first year. We liked them so well that we have never changed. I don't know that I advise it as a matter of economy; but in every other respect this method of lighting is perfect.

From the living-room, near the low broad shelves where lay the magazines and papers,—mostly garden ones, I am afraid,—three steps lead up into the hall, where in one corner a writing table is installed, hidden by a Japanese dull-gold screen which makes a wonderful background for crab-apple branches, trailing nasturtium vines, or brilliant maple leaves. Opposite it a small æolian organ with its stand of music rolls becomes a solace for many a quiet hour. The stairs wind up in easy stages around the walls of an adorable little tower on the north, while from a square vestibule on the east the front door opens. Unlike most country houses, this door is entirely hidden from the living apartments, nor are any roads visible, only stretches of green turf bounded by the forest on one side, and low shrubbery bounded by the lake on the other.

For almost ten years we had been gathering together various articles of furniture, bric-a-brac, and pictures, which “would be so nice if ever we had a country house.” There was one room in the city attic quite overflowing; it was not filled with our discarded and

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

outgrown belongings either, for according to the Constant Improver, too many country places serve as dumping grounds. When it came to the point of actual selection, only such things were chosen as were suitable for the simplicity of our life there. I did plead for one or two old Cashmere curtains from India, which, hung in a dark corner, do not offend, and for the Bokhara embroideries, which, being on linen and coarse, blend beautifully into our color scheme. Good brasses of every kind were acceptable, with brown baskets big and little from Japan. We found a fine old brass warming pan in Holland, which one of the guests took for a corn-popper, and some Chinese lacquer lanterns which were lovely for hanging-lamps.

The dining-room, finished in Elizabethan plaster-and-timber, is a big airy room with windows on four sides. Old, pewter and brasses, blue delft and big steins stand in brave procession on the encircling shelf, and a soft red rug and flowered cretonne curtains give the room its needed color. The rush-bottomed chairs and dull brown finish of the oaken table harmonize with the low-beamed ceiling.

The use of plaster-and-timber for interior decoration was an innovation in this part of the country.

We overheard one day a workman saying to another: "What style do you call this house?"

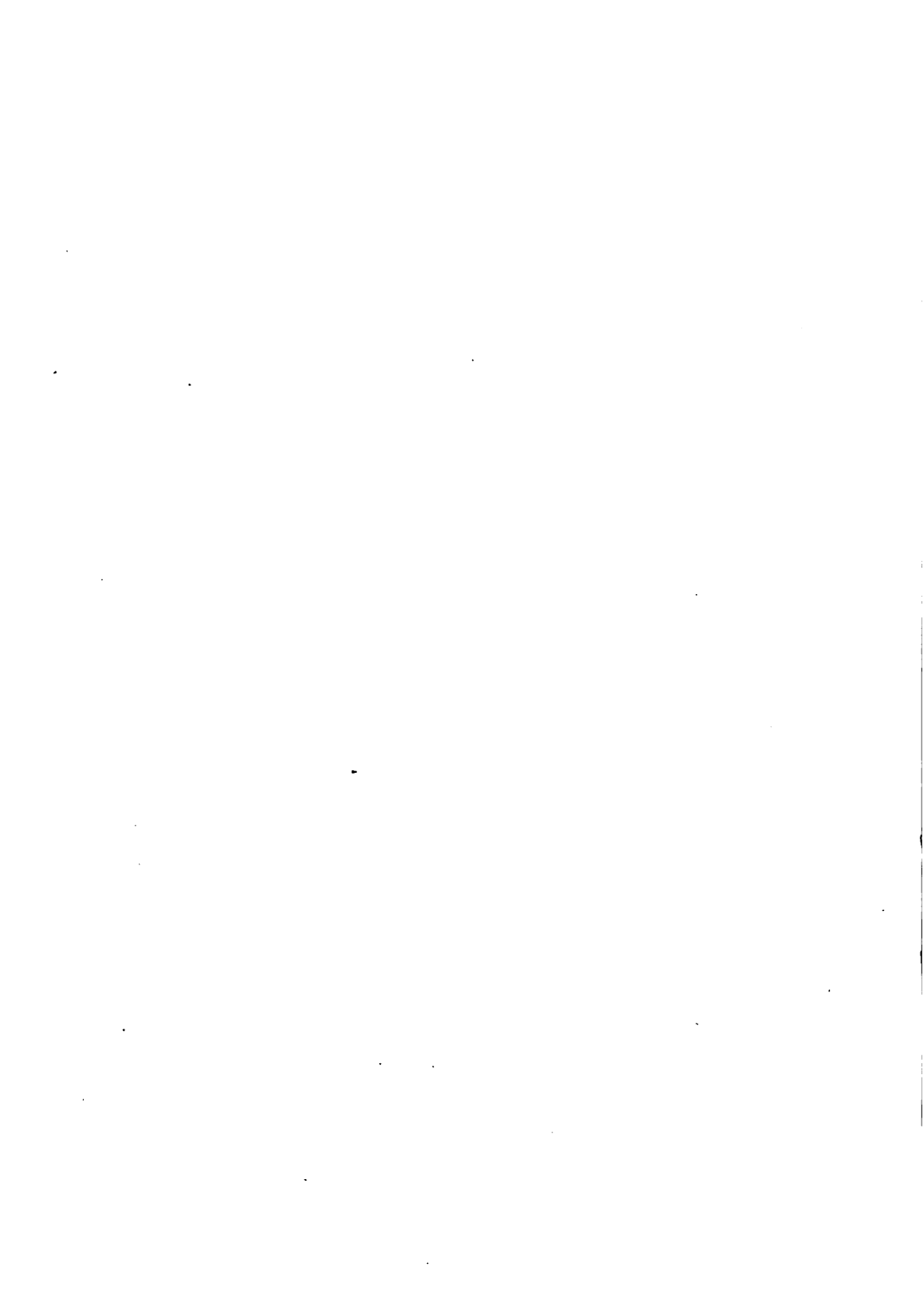
I was glad he had n't asked me, I should have been so reluctant to murmur, "Early English domestic ecclesiastical architecture!" — for he was a good workman, and good workmen were scarce.



UPSTAIRS PORCH. FIRST YEAR



UPSTAIRS PORCH. THIRD YEAR



N O V E M B E R T O M A Y

“I don’t know what *style* you call it,” answered his companion, dabbing great brushfuls of stain on the narrow pine timbers; “but I say this yere room is puttin’ the outside of the house on the inside. It isn’t my taste, but we’re told to do it.”

Here was the secret discovered, the key to the whole situation. We did want to bring the outside inside, we wanted the house to be part and parcel of the woods, to sink into the hillside and take just its proper proportion in the landscape.

A shelter in the present state of civilization is a necessity, although I believe some enthusiast has prophesied that fifty years hence no civilized being will think of sleeping indoors. Little we thought when building the upstairs porch that lies hidden behind the spreading leaves of the kudzu vine, that an outdoor camp would be arranged with cots and rubber covers, and mosquito nets improvised with the assistance of bamboo poles from the garden stock. Little we knew then of the splendor of the sky in August, when shooting stars trail leisurely across the heavens and the Milky Way is a glory of shimmering light. Can any one tell the beauty of the summer dawn or explain the rapture of the wood-thrush’s song?

In the second story of the house a long gallery, continuing the plaster-and-timber finish of the stairway, gives access to the bedrooms, large, clean, and airy, and, like those at the North Pole Hotel, all facing south! And every room has a big clothes-closet and a bath.

It is a pretty sight to watch the evening procession, each guest

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

with her candle, winding up the dim stairway and along the shadowy gallery, the old Roman ruins in the woodcuts on the narrow panels appearing and disappearing, the light reflecting on a bit of Gubbio or Mexican pottery, on an old Italian pharmacy jar or delft plate, high on the shelf above the doors. A low seat covered with dull red brocade stands opposite the row of north windows, where the long sweep of the Dipper greets the sleep-laden pilgrims on their dreamland way.





CHAPTER IV.

THE TERRACES.

IN most country houses the porches are where the people really live, and ours was to be no exception to the rule but — we had a passion for sunlight. How were we to have plenty of covered porches and yet uncovered windows? Finally we arrived at a satisfactory solution of the problem. On the east we made a covered porch fourteen feet wide and thirty-four feet long, from which descended the long broken flight of shallow steps to the carriage road.

Through the house in true Southern fashion, separating the living-room from the dining-room, ran the “dog-trot,” twenty-four by twenty feet, which in summer was to be screened in, and in winter protected by glass. On the table in one corner we keep a Floral Calendar with the choicest blossoms of the day. The season begins with the hepaticas in April; followed by anemones and violets, jonquils and forsythia, in May. June brings great branches of shad-bush and bridal wreath, lilacs and syringas, and roses galore. With July the columbines appear on the table, the lady’s slipper, the cardinal-flower, and tall blue lettuce. August offers her yellow helenium and lobelia. To most minds September

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

means asters and goldenrod, but we vary it with the white snake-root and the Jerusalem artichoke; while the barberry sprays and bitter-sweet and sea-buckthorn and wychhazel come with the late October sunshine. When the first frosts drive the tender plants indoors they are brought into the dog-trot, now glassed in. The jasmine is trained over the rough walls, the osmanthus and cypripedium stand on guard in the corners, and masses of chrysanthemums, yellow and white and mauve and pink, which have been ripening in the green-house all summer, make us forget that the leaves are falling and snow is near.

Along both the north and the south sides of the house we built open brick terraces fourteen feet wide, so that we have a variety of outdoor rooms for all sorts of weather. The south terrace is finished with a low split-boulder wall, one hundred and twenty feet in length; the north terrace is even with the lawn and with the house too, so it is like stepping from one room to another when we open any of the seventeen doors leading to the outer world!

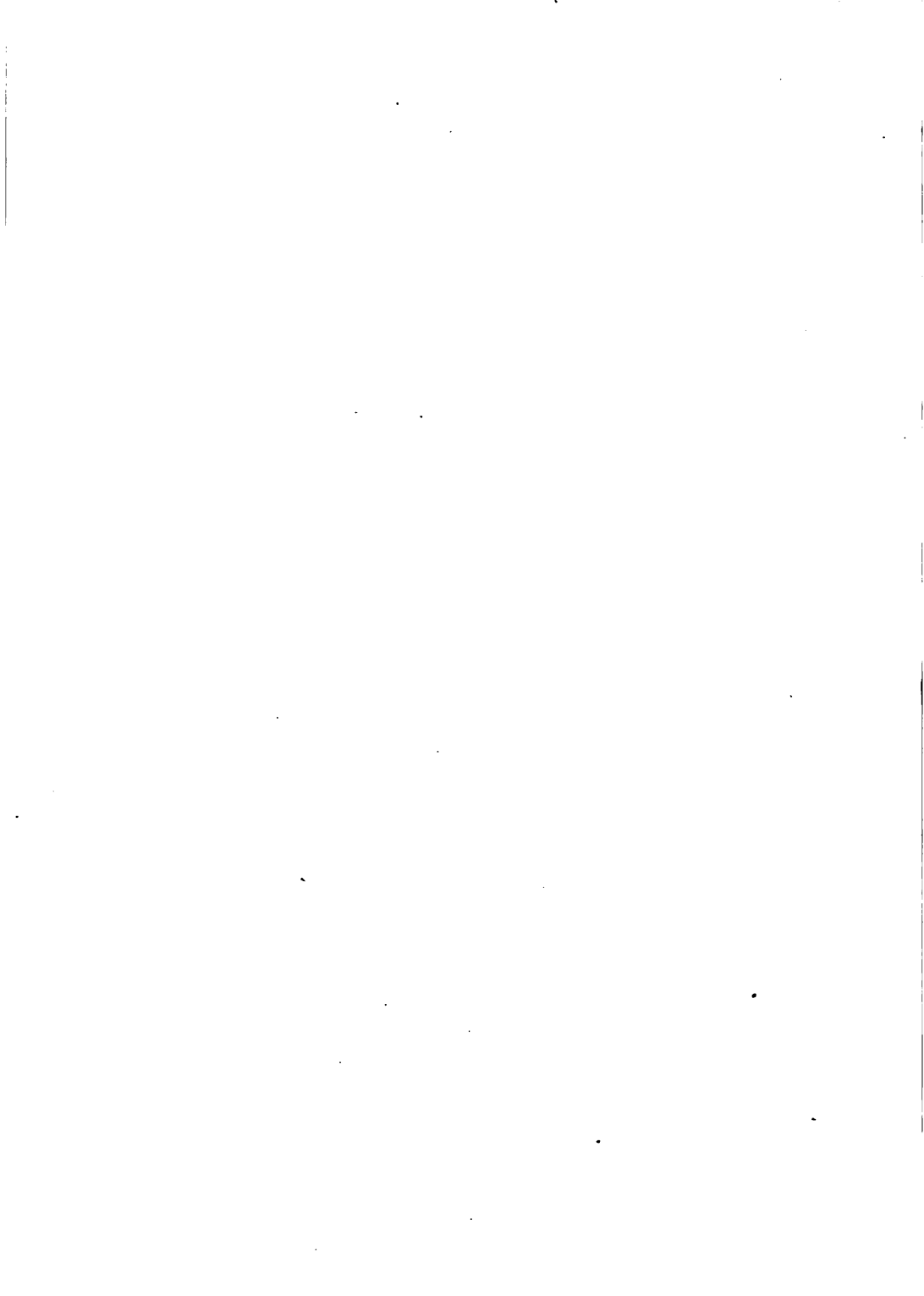
Under each group of windows is built on the house a simple and practical flower box, eighteen inches wide and ten inches deep on the outside. Those on the south terrace are filled with tulips in the early Spring, principally yellow ones to repeat the color of the jonquils in sunny masses under the leafless shrubs. A huge group of forsythias carries the yellow almost to the water's edge, and when the goldfinch darts among its radiant branches and the dandelion glows in every corner, we say, "This is the most beautiful season



THE DOG-TROT IN OCTOBER



THE SWEET-SCENTED FLOWERS OF THE WHITE JASMINE



T H E T E R R A C E S

of the year." In Summer these window-boxes are filled with a special salmon-pink shade of geranium — the Mrs. E. G. Hill, I think, is its name — which blossoms freely until frost. The color blends well with the soft browns and grays of the house, but it has one fault, it does not go with the American flag, so that we are not always as patriotic outwardly as inwardly. Close to the house, in the floor of the terrace, openings two feet wide were left and filled with rich soil to nourish the vines and the rose geraniums planted there.

Over the low boulder wall clammers the sweet-scented honeysuckle, clematis, both Jackmani and the Japanese, the crimson rambler, and the memorial rose. The clematis does not confine its affections to the wall alone, but clings to the rhodotypus and spiræa Van Houttei, to the rosa rugosa and the aralia pentaphylla, to the Indian currant and the forsythia, to the privet and even to the Hercules' club, wherever they come within reach of its twining leaves. At first I struggled with strings tied to bricks to hold these wandering tentacles from the neighboring shrubs, but one year I arrived too late and the vines were permitted their own sweet way. The result was utterly charming and apparently not hurtful to the bushes, so that within certain limits the clematis has had its own way ever since.

At the east end of the terrace a marble bench invites one to a cool repose. It is flanked by large terra cotta pots of the Chinese rose-mallow, while a big green Italian oil jar makes a nice bit of

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

color under the roof of the adjoining porch. Two long boxes made of rough-hewn timbers, stained brown to match the house, stand close to the low terrace wall, so that the honeysuckle and the kudzu run over and cover their sides in rich luxuriance. These also hold the brilliant rose-mallow blooming the whole summer through, great rosy and crimson bells of beauty. Of course these have to go into the green-house for the winter, as do also the two small cryptomerias brought from Japan, and the osmanthus, which was sent to us from Washington and looks exactly like a berryless holly. On the brick floor are some dull Chinese bowls of the pink impatiens sultana, an exquisite specimen of tuberous begonia with perhaps a pot of blue spiderwort sent by a sympathetic soul for our wild garden, or a jar of red peppers brought down from the kitchen garden that we may enjoy the variety of color as they ripen.

The delicate sprays and sweet-scented flowers of the white jasmine are twined about the big rough brown timbers supporting the upstairs porch; the trumpet vine hangs heavy on one corner, and the kudzu balances it on the other with masses of rich green leaves. Here we sit on moonlit evenings and watch the boats sail through the path of gold. Here the rain comes down in soft showers from the gutterless roofs; and five minutes after the clouds have passed, the terrace is perfectly dry again. Here we linger to get the last reflected light from the late autumn sun, and here I labor during many a happy hour, snipping the geraniums, trimming the roses, and



THE HOUSE AFTER TWO YEARS

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

Here, where the sun never comes and no flowers can be made to grow in the long window-box, the graceful Boston fern was planted, flanked on either end by maiden-hair from the woods. Five brown *papier mâché* vases, such as florists use, were sunk at irregular intervals in the earth in order to be invisible. In these were placed lilacs or snowballs, flowering blackberry sprays, tall lilies or hydrangeas, wild asters or goldenrod, plumed poppies or crab-apple branches, according to the season.

I wonder that long before now someone has not sung the praises of the *impatiens sultana* with its masses of deep shell-pink flowers, blossoming steadily from June to frost, and in the shade. We put out a long triangle of them at the edge of the terrace among the low winterberries and yellow-root shrubs. A glint of morning sun and at evening one brief half-hour seemed to be enough to make these brave bright flowers hold up their small heads proudly and laugh with each answering breeze. They were such a gay lot the whole summer long. All of this I owe to the generosity of a certain good dame in our nearest village. Passing the house one day, I could not help exclaiming at the exquisite shade of what I thought was dwarf phlox. Mustering up my courage,—it was early in our garden experiences and I did not know then the free-masonry among all true nature-lovers,—I knocked at the side door in friendly fashion and asked the name of the shell-pink flower.

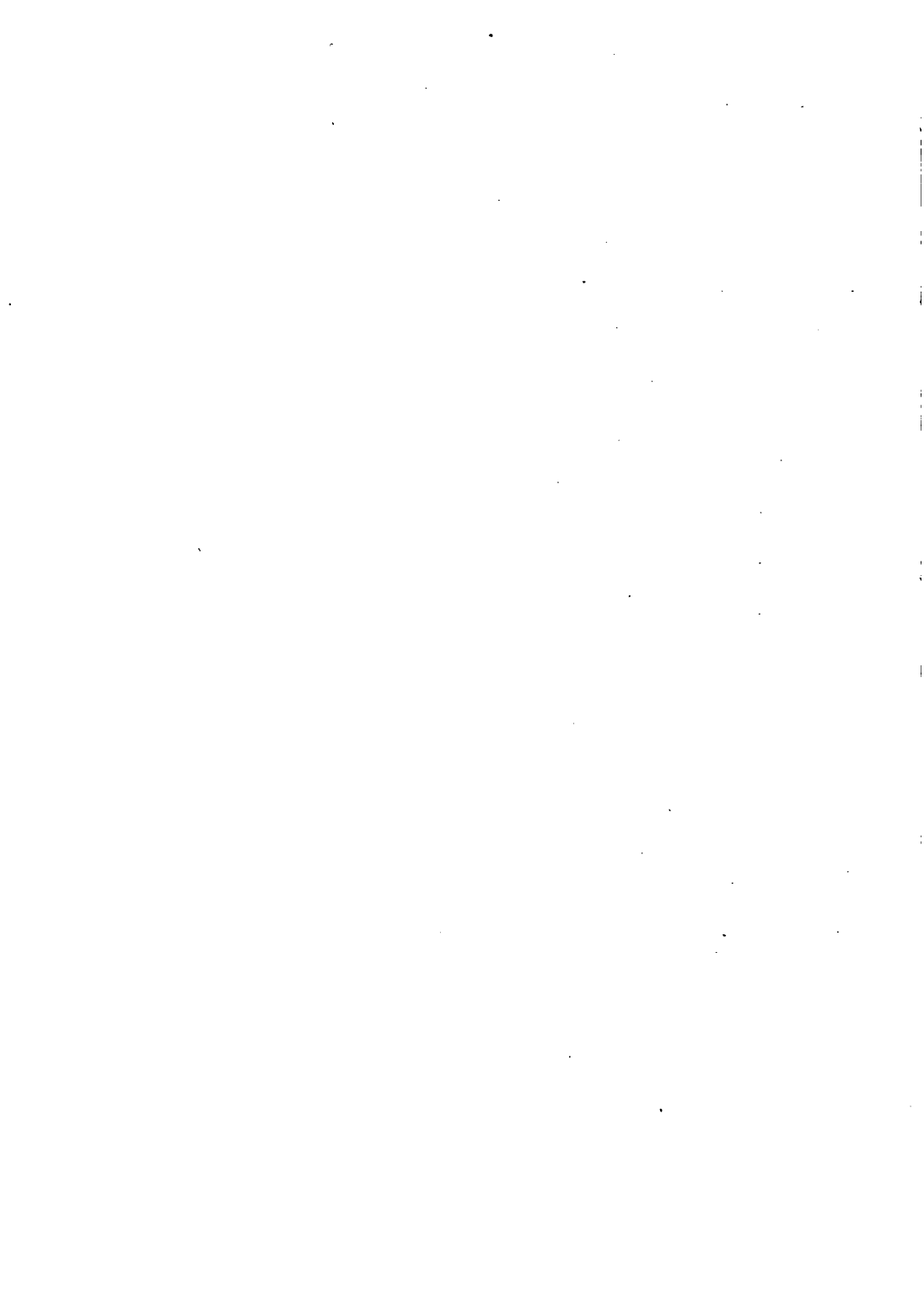
“I don’t know its name, but you are welcome to it if you want some.”



NORTH TERRACE. FIRST YEAR



NORTH TERRACE. THIRD YEAR



T H E T E R R A C E S

If I wanted some! I accepted the offer in the spirit in which it was made, and from those small cuttings of *impatiens sultana*, we raised a mass of tiny seedlings which, when only six inches high, persisted in blossoming, even under the bench in the green-house.

Against the ivy-covered wall of the house, by the great bed of



A BED OF NATIVE FERNS

native ferns from the woods, stands a huge saucer, thirty inches across, filled with big broad tuberous begonias, pink and yellow, white and scarlet. If the chipmunks were not such lovers of the beautiful, these brilliant blossoms would last much longer! But these little rascals, eager to get the drop of honey deep down in the heart of the flowers, ruthlessly tear them to pieces.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

This terrace is bounded on the east by the staircase tower, and on the west by the out-of-door dining-room. The furniture in this room is simple, consisting of one stone bench; the dishes plain and few—to be precise, there is but one, a brass jar from India, warranted not to break or dent if tipped over or thrown down upon the brick



A HAPPY CORNER

floor by the sudden antics of Tom or Bob. In the jar is generally corn or peanuts, on the bench is spread the chopped suet which the nut-hatches love, on the floor are thrown cherries for the robins and woodpeckers. It is a busy, happy corner: the squirrels leap down from the pergola roof at the opening of a door; the chipmunks, by nature far more timid, have learned to eat from our hands, and appear at any daylight hour ready and eager for play or for work.



THE OUT-OF-DOORS DINING-ROOM



THE SUET TREE AND BIRD-BATH



T H E T E R R A C E S

Close by, sunk in a convenient corner under a maple tree, a small forsythia shading it, lies the drinking fountain and bird-bath in one, a big hollow boulder always kept filled with fresh clean water. Shall I acknowledge it is scrubbed every Friday with soap and water? I know the birds appreciate the fact. On the overhanging bush grow, apparently, currants or cherries or grapes, according to the season. They look very pretty hanging on the pendulous branches of the forsythia. Here on the north terrace we have our after-dinner coffee on mild Sundays in the late autumn, and here all summer long we spend many a patient hour, making friends with our nearest neighbors in the wild life about us. From the big overhanging trees beyond the lawn, the flycatchers dart after their tiny prey, the yellow warblers come down to bathe, and the red-headed woodpeckers call their children to the newly found fruit farm so conveniently near. The shadows lengthen on the lawn, the evening song of the thrush arises, the robins on the pergola tuck their small heads away, even Bob, the squirrel, disappears into the dusk. The night has come.





CHAPTER V.

THE WOODSHED.

THERE is generally some corner of an otherwise perfectly regulated estate where the various implements used in cultivating the soil are left carelessly lying about: — a wheelbarrow dropped on one side when the whistle blew, a spade thrown down, a rake abandoned, and even the plough resting after snow has come. This is not only disorderly and ugly, but also wasteful and extravagant, according to the Constant Improver. A place should be provided for every article. Still less patience did he have with the countless bits of jetsam and flotsam usually found near the kitchen door.

“No, there isn’t the least necessity for a backyard!” reiterated the Constant Improver. “The kitchen doorway should be kept as neat as the front of the house. This accumulation of rubbish in a backyard is simply a survival of an old outgrown idea.”

“Yes, sir,” I meekly assented, and began my objections. “What about the coal and kindlings, the ash-can and the hose, the ice-cream freezer and the blacking box, the —”

“All shall be provided for, and each shall have a place —”

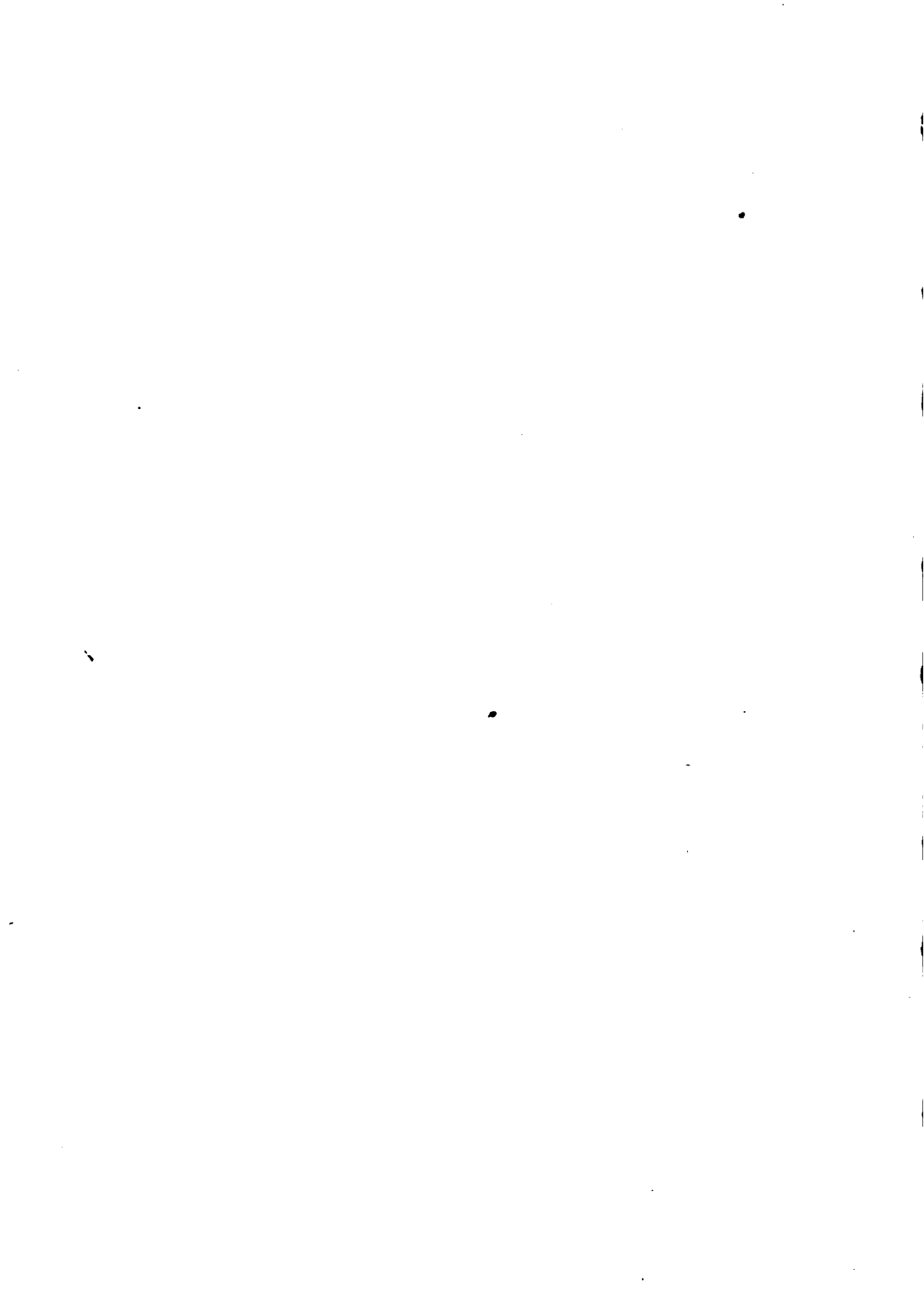
“A convenient one, please.” I interposed, as I foresaw my struggles with new “helpers.”



A SMALL LEAN-TO



THE KITCHEN DOORWAY



T H E W O O D S H E D

“Certainly a convenient one, much better than in the disorder of the backyard,” and his tone was unmistakably contemptuous.

Part of the kitchen-house porch was therefore partitioned off, making a really admirable place for the coal and kindling, for the two garbage tins, the oil-can, and the ash-barrel, the pier lantern and the stepladders, the ice-tongs and the brooms, with a nail for each cloth and tool. It did not quite take in the wheelbarrow or the sprinkler, the big coils of hose or the lawn-mower, the leaf-cart, rakes, or other gardener’s implements; so a small lean-to, seven by sixteen feet, was built into the corner of the service yard, and vines were planted over it and bushes about it. It is curious how soon such an enclosure gets filled to overflowing. We had a tool room in the stable, too, which did not seem to have lost any of its mass of heterogeneous contents. Our kitchen doorway was neatness personified, the brick walk was as clean as our front terrace; and in the oval where the service road turned we planted roses, which took advantage of the open yet sheltered situation, and prospered exceedingly. We approved of our service yard, but the problem of the old-fashioned backyard was only half solved. Somewhere the big logs must be piled up, somewhere the old boxes and cases must repose before being split into kindling, somewhere the extra bricks and drain tiles, the wire-cloth, the barrel of salt, the bags of bone-meal, and general odds and ends must find a resting place.

So the Constant Improver seized his scribbling pad and carelessly sketched a long low woodshed with wide-spreading roof, much the kind of a house we used to draw when we were children.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

“Be sure it is big enough,” I ventured, and we sallied forth to find a spot for it to stand upon. Just beyond the stable on the other side of the brook was a comparatively level piece of ground; here we decided to put it. The Constant Improver marked off the site in long strides, afterwards verifying his measurements with stakes and a tape-line. He sat him down in his own sanctum and with quadrille paper prepared a working drawing. It was a tempting thing to do, no chimneys to place, no windows or doors to bother with; the road eleven feet wide went through the middle of it, and all the winds of heaven blew around its shadowy spaces. It was seventy-two feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and eighteen feet high in the centre, and the roof swept down within eight feet of the ground and matched that of the house in its raised shingles. The sides were of rough-hewn planks stained brown and overlapping each other like clapboards; the centre gable on either side was of plaster and timber construction to the ground; and where the side-walls joined the roof a space five inches high was left for ventilation.

The gardener began the building with enthusiasm, but it was not long before he reappeared carrying the drawing, over which he still brooded in puzzled inspection.

“At one end the eaves are only three feet from the ground, if you please, sir, and at the other they are eight feet.”

“Well, that is the fault of the ground, not of the drawing. Take off a plank or two at the bottom of one end; if the roof line is straight the rest will come out all right.” And it did.



THE BERRY GARDEN



IN THE OVAL WHERE THE SERVICE ROAD TURNED WE PLANTED ROSES



THE SERVICE YARD WALL



T H E W O O D S H E D

The woodshed was an ideal spot for "hide and go seek," and on rainy days an unfailing source of pleasure to our boyish visitors. Here no jointed rods or brightly polished reels hung on the walls, but the old-fashioned poles of our childhood, the strings which always got tangled when in my hands, and the hooks which caught



OUR BOYISH VISITORS

everything — except the fish. The iceboat was slung to the roof in company with an old sailboat mast; the carpenter's bench with its vise and kegs of nails stood invitingly at hand. In case more strenuous exercise was desired, the axe was always in the chopping-block ready to be used, and the saw-horse with its saw hanging near suggested an opportunity. The handy wagon, too, was supposed

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

to have its corner here when not in use, but it carried out the principles of its name so faithfully that, loaded with clay or coal, with stones or wood, with hay or plants, with sand or sod, it was constantly in demand. Its strong construction, its adaptable body, its solid wooden wheels with six-inch tires, were sources of great



THE HANDY WAGON

satisfaction. A huge sandscreen, the scraper, the enormous leaf-basket, a chain and tackle, an old door, a discarded window, a worn wash-boiler, planks and boards and boxes, kegs and pipes of all sizes, excelsior and straw for packing, poles and posts and wire-netting and traps, an indescribable collection of odds and ends, "which might come handy sometime," filled even this big place from the ground to its topmost beam.

T H E W O O D S H E D

If half the woodshed was treated as a backyard, the other half was reserved for the wood, and here it rose in neatly disposed piles from the twelve-inch pieces to the big four-foot logs, split or not according to the thickness of the tree. We had about forty cords to begin with, from the trees necessarily cut down, and each year the dead wood had to be taken from the forest for fear of fire or accident. Thus we cut on an average about thirty cords annually, and with all our open fires, found no difficulty in consuming it.

Formerly the horse treadmill went about the country-side from house to house during the winter, filling the sheds with a year's supply of wood. The cheerful buzz of the moving saw, the drop of the falling sticks, the sweet-smelling, golden sawdust on the crisp snow, the animated voices of the men at work, enlivened the winter landscape. But with this machine only about twelve cords a day could be cut; so the portable motor or steam saw has taken the place of the treadmill, the long shaft adding its whirl to the buzz of the saw, and with this thirty cords can easily be finished in a long day's work. It is certainly more humane and labor-saving, and what is a little more or less odor of gasoline in these automobile days?

When the trees are cut down we save the smaller branches and chop them into certain lengths, tying them into bundles with willow withes. These make a quick brilliant flame in the big fire-places on cool autumn evenings or in the damp days of midsummer.

I never see those huge four-foot logs piled to the roof at the far end of the shed without a fleeting vision of our first hearth fire: the

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

cool green room, the happy faces about us, the sudden silence as the Friendly Architect formally passed the lighted match to the Constant Improver, who, after a glance at me, stooped and touched the bit of paper. An instant's smoke, and the kindling caught; the flame spread in a broad sheet over the bricks, and in spite of the rain, we knew that there was a perfect draught, which ever since has been our comfort and our pride.

What does that scent of the wood-pile bring to one's mind? It recalls to me a shady spot under the big willow in my grandfather's backyard, where stood an old worn chopping-block and an axe. All about were chips which we children used to bring in by the basketful, I suppose to light the fire with, but to this day I am not sure, — as a child I never was interested to know; all I delighted in was the rich pungent odor of the freshly cut wood and the rivalry over who could fill her basket first. I can see my grandfather's kindly face as he stopped on his way from the barn to inquire, "Who's ahead?" We ceased our work instantly and looked up with hopeful eyes to see if he was going to tell us a story: — about the new calf's doings, or the little pig's escape from the barnyard, or the horse who stubbed his toe going down hill with a wagon-load of apples, or some other equally interesting tale. Well we knew those thrilling experiences and dearly did we love them. As an older person delights to tell over and over again the same story, so the child loves to hear it, and no matter how threadbare the narrative, his appreciative comment always is, "Tell it again." In what does the charm



THE ROADWAY LEADING THROUGH THE WOODSHED



THE INTERIOR OF THE WOODSHED

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

finished her home in a lilac bush by the stable, a catbird began building near; whereupon the tiny aristocrat moved every twig and hair of her own dwelling to a more quiet and select neighborhood.

Through the forest to the wood-shed we permitted ourselves that grassy roadway which once we dreamed would suffice for the main avenue. Wild-flowers nodded on its borders, and the running mallow spread over the ground its tiny cheeses, which children love to glean.

Aside from its practical usefulness the woodshed was really a beautiful object; the leaves above it cast wavering shadows on its long expanse of moss-green roof, the sunlight flecked it, and about it rose the forest always beckoning, tempting us from our work with its promises and revelations.





CHAPTER VI.

THE KITCHEN-GARDEN.

FOND as we are of the wilderness, when it comes to our daily food we have extremely civilized ideas, so of course a kitchen-garden was a necessity. Now this kind of a garden should be near the house and yet completely hidden from it. Ours lies at the end of the pergola, in a natural hollow in the woods, screened from the lawn by trees and shrubs and all manner of low underbrush. A winding path, with big boulder steps, leads down to the lilac-framed gateway; and as the open, sunlit space breaks upon one, the vision seldom fails to elicit an exclamation of pleasure even from the least enthusiastic of our guests.

We had cleared but an acre for this garden, as we could not bear to sacrifice any more trees. In sheer desperation at our obstinacy, the Man of Many Maps wrote us that since we had such an objection to cutting down trees he should advise us to buy our vegetables. Even this piece of sarcasm failed to move us, and we do buy our potatoes to this day. Can a kitchen-garden without flowers or trees or shrubs be beautiful and still thoroughly practical? We think it can. To be sure its outline must be severe, since neither

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

winding paths nor curving beds are permitted. We brought down the old gray lichen-covered fence which for twenty years had bordered the high road, and set it up around the garden, re-hung the squeaky gate, and admired our handiwork. The country people



THE OLD FENCE

looked on askance. What kind of ideas were these? A nice, new, painted one would have cost no more!

Over the old fence trailing grape-vines sprawl at their own sweet will, and the Japanese clematis perfumes the air with its snowy sweetness; eglantine, golden glow, and phlox peer through the pickets at their lowly neighbors, and on the west the shaded green of the young locust trees makes a screen between the service road and the garden.

T H E K I T C H E N - G A R D E N

Outside one gate are tall white lilacs. They always grew by the gate in my grandmother's garden, and I know she would approve of them, but what she would think of the frivolous double-flowering Japanese crab apples at the opposite entrance, it is better perhaps



PATH FROM PERGOLA TO KITCHEN-GARDEN

not to know. In a sunny corner, still outside of the fence, the nasturtiums clamber riotously, while the hollyhocks look down in pharisaical disdain on cauliflower and kohlrabi and celery beds.

This is the frame for the picture. It is possible that in planning our planting we paid more attention to the appearance of the place than was wise. We first divided the garden into four parts by an eight-foot grassy roadway and a three-foot intersecting path, also of grass. This proved practical and the road has never become worn.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

On either side of the wide roadway down its entire length the parsley grew, keeping its feathery green fresh until Thanksgiving. Of course we knew we must plant everything in rows for convenience in weeding and picking; but in the first arrangement of those rows our inexperience was laughable. For instance, we had the tall lima beans against the fence, under the shade of the neighboring trees,—they looked well there too, on paper; then came the trellis tomatoes and high Brussels sprouts in gentle gradation down to the red cabbage and bush wax-beans and sprawling squashes. Think of the lovely color scheme! It was certainly most unkind of our friends the limas to turn yellow and refuse to prosper without more sun and air, while the tomatoes, greedy gluttons, said, “If we can’t have all the light we won’t play.” Now we carefully put the limas in the centre of one side of the garden and the tomatoes in the centre of the other, where they balance beautifully and prosper finely, and there is no quarreling.

I suppose all vegetable gardens are much alike, but it is with peculiar pride that we stand under the white lilacs at our own garden gate and look down the broad grassy roadway, beyond the parsley to the feathery carrots. We sniff the delicious fragrance of the mint and sweet marjoram, the basil and the balm; we gaze in deep admiration at the red-topped beets, grass-like onions, and salsify; we look eagerly at the purple fruit of the egg plant and the long green cucumbers under their heavy leaves; even the horse-radish and its cousin the turnip, the parsnip and the humble



ARTICHOKES BEFORE THE TOMATO TRELLIS



THE LILAC-FRAMED GATEWAY

T H E K I T C H E N - G A R D E N

spinach, we do not despise. What more beautiful orchid than the martynia blossom? What more lovely hibiscus than the yellow okra? The scarlet runners on their high poles repeat the color of the peppers at their feet, and on the eastern boundary the plummy mass of asparagus with its bright berries attracts the autumn migrants and winter visitors. In June we steal a great bunch of the tall feathery blossoms of the pie-plant for the dull green jar by the fire-place in the living-room, and some day we may puzzle our city friends still more by transferring the yellow green of the lettuce gone to seed, to its proper place in the middle of the dining-room table!

Unconsciously I may have given the impression that our kitchen garden is principally a thing of beauty, attractive to the eye, but with mediocre results in regard to its products. This impression I wish most emphatically to dispel. As we pick our vegetables smaller and younger than most people do, naturally they would not make a wonderful display at County Fairs, but we did get a first prize for celery and for kohlrabi too, and a second for cucumbers, but our highest achievement was an Honorable Mention for carrots!

The Constant Improver is certainly a worthy descendant of Adam as far as tomatoes are concerned; for I believe that according to the higher criticism the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil was really a *tomato* most luscious and tempting, which had climbed the tree in the midst of the Garden. Indeed he is so fond

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

of them that he has even sacrificed his patriotism to the extent of buying his seeds in England. Sutton's "Best-of-All" certainly quite justifies its name. It is perfectly sound, rich scarlet, with firm pulp and, as the catalogues say, "a good cropper." The cascade tomatoes hanging like grapes in long racemes have a delicious flavor, and are very pretty when the fruit shades from green to crimson. We also grow the yellow pear, delicate and dainty. Every morning at breakfast, a dish of tomatoes is placed before the Constant Improver; indeed they tell a story that in ordering a dinner once, in some form or another tomatoes appeared in every course!

One of our city guests, clutching her skirts tightly, looked over the gate into the kitchen garden one September morning, and wishing to say something pleasant and seemly, asked: "What are those?"

Now we had planted some French artichokes before the trellises of trained tomatoes so that as the leaves were stripped to permit the fruit to ripen, the spreading green foliage of the artichoke might cover all deficiencies.

The Constant Improver answered: "Those are artichokes, — French artichokes."

"What, those red things?"

"Oh, no! those are tomatoes." At which we all, herself included, burst into irrepressible laughter.

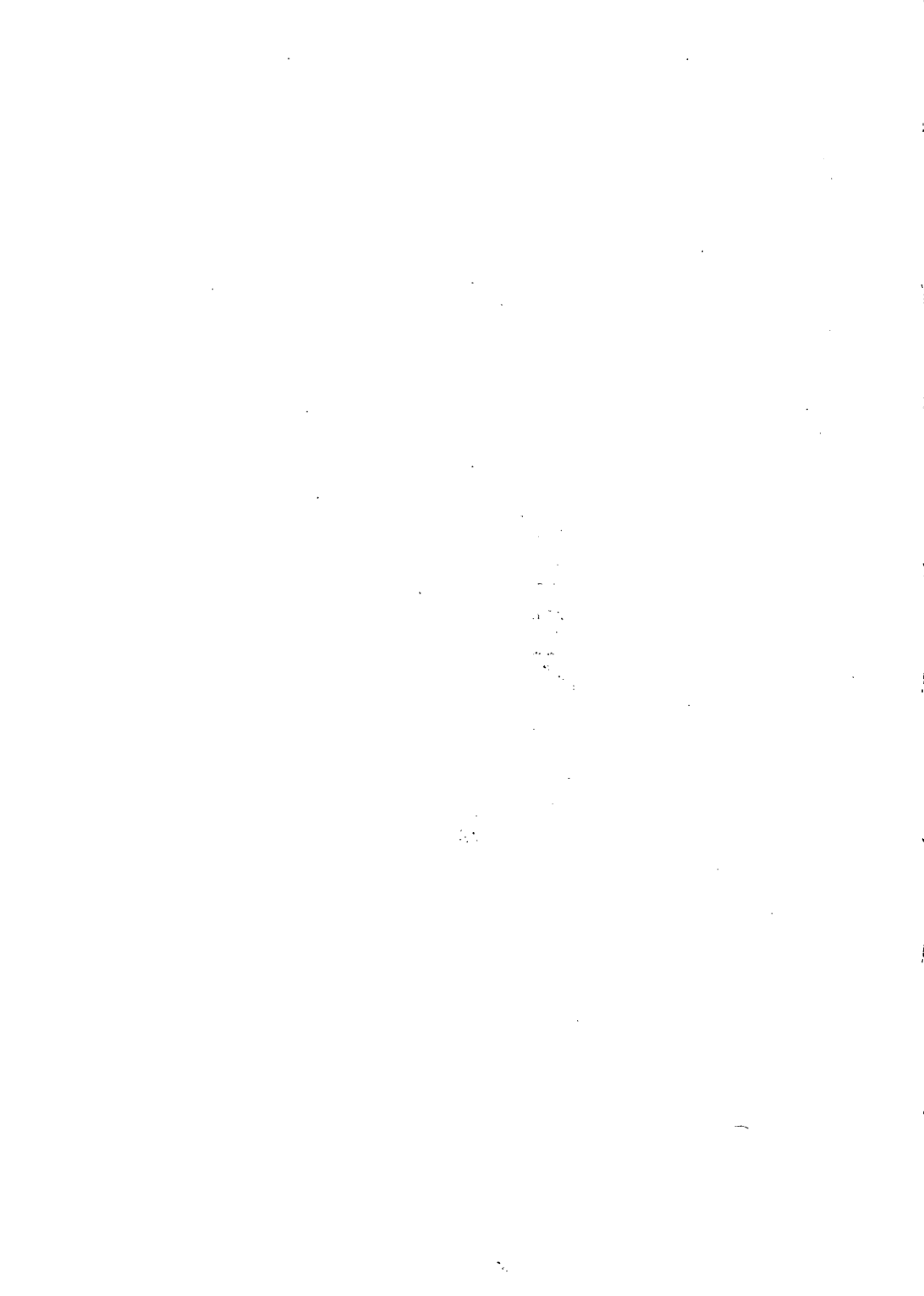
In the early Spring this sheltered sunny hollow is an ideal



ALL READY TO PUT OUT



THE FAIR EXHIBITS



T H E K I T C H E N - G A R D E N

spot for the first June pea and sweet white radish, but as the high trees leaf out and the underbrush thickens in the surrounding forest, the August planting of peas demands more air and is likely to mould. This, however, is the only thing that suffers.

We try to have our three favorite vegetables join hands, as it



THOSE PROUDLY ANNOUNCED FIRST PEAS

were, and accompany us through the summer months. By early May comes the asparagus, purple and green to match the violets creeping under the fence to greet it; this lasts until the middle of June, when those longed-for and proudly announced first peas are due. After the morning greeting between neighbors on the train, one casually remarks, trying not to let his pride appear in his voice, "We had fresh peas for dinner last night." If the other neighbor

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

is remarkably polite, she merely answers, "How nice!" and does not boast of *her* crop harvested two nights before! With good fortune the peas last until early August, when the dwarf limas begin. It seems to me few people appreciate the lima bean. I am not referring to the fat, wilted, yellow article which one buys in the city markets. That is a libel on the name. Picked when very small and flat and never allowed to grow fat, they are a most delicious vegetable, taking their proper place as the successor to the green pea.

We find in this climate great difficulty in wintering the French artichoke and we do not try to raise melons. Cooked like celery with a brown or Hollandaise sauce, the Swiss chard is a welcome addition to our early summer fare. In salad, too, it makes a pleasant change.

Although mushrooms do not grow in our kitchen garden, they form an important part of our bill-of-fare, for nearly all the season in one corner or another of the place, appear the richly flavored morels, the shaggy-mane and inky coprinus, the well-known field mushroom, the dainty psathyrella disseminata, or the panæolus ritirugis of particularly exquisite flavor. Nothing can be more toothsome than these delicacies from one's own lawn. There is a certain taste about them, an indefinable essence, which tickles the pride as well as the palate. Mushrooms should be cooked very simply. After peeling them we put buttered toast on a flat baking-dish, pour cream over, put the mushrooms on, a dash of pepper and salt, and bake for ten minutes.

T H E K I T C H E N - G A R D E N

Egg-plant is usually either fried in thin hard slices or baked in its own skin; but we have a way between the two. Peel it and cut it in slices half an inch thick. Soak it in salted water for an hour, roll it in flour, put it in a buttered pan, and cook on top of the stove for five minutes; turn once. Serve at once, so that the outside may be crisp and the inside soft.

I wonder how often, in America, sorrel soup is made. We are very fond of it, and the gardener is charmed to have us uproot it. A big handful flavors enough soup for eight people. Only the leaves are used, chopped fine. Thicken the milk in a double boiler when heated, with a little butter and flour. Have about two cupfuls of soup stock in a pan, put the sorrel in the stock, mix with the milk the last minute, and strain it before serving. Whipped cream may be added if desired.

Part of the beauty in a kitchen-garden lies in the well-drained ground kept free from weeds, and the rich black earth crumbly and yet moist lying ready to receive the new seed and return to the air new fruit from its abounding fertility. Every Fall one-seventh of the whole garden is trenched to a depth of two feet, a layer of manure put in, the top soil put at the bottom, another layer of manure at a depth of one foot and the bottom soil turned on top. The rest of the garden is all roughly spaded in the Fall, but in the Spring it is trenched to a depth of one foot and a layer of manure put in. Every seven years the whole garden is thus turned upside down, leaving only the asparagus and pie-plant undisturbed.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

Farther up the hill beyond the cottage and the stable, bounded by the long woodshed on one side and the greenhouse on another, lies the berry garden of half an acre. Here are gooseberries; red, white, and black currants; blackberries; red and white raspberries; not to forget strawberries, and even a tiny patch of blueberries! Here the small cherry trees are planted, and plums, pears, and apples, with more mint beds, tarragon and caraway, anise and sweet savory, sage and lavender. Behind the greenhouse are the cold frames, the rose-beds for cutting, and the compost heap. Who but the Constant Improver would have tried to make the compost heap a thing of beauty? After building a high brown fence about it, with double gates on the roadway leading through, and training roses on one side and wild grapes on the other, not yet wholly satisfied, he planted vegetable marrow directly upon the mound. This soon completely covered it with a mass of big, tropical-looking leaves, yellow flowers, and pale green gourd-like fruit.

Beyond this enclosure rises the forest in gentle undulations, and the little path beside a winding brook leads temptingly into its depth.





CHAPTER VII.

THE FORMAL GARDEN.

IT did not take long to evolve a simple, sensible, and comfortable costume for working. This consisted of a sailor blouse of cotton cheviot, thick enough, like the Irishwoman's shawl, to keep out the heat, while giving full liberty of movement. Being unstarched it was easily laundered. With it was worn a short, straight, nine-gored skirt to match, a wide-brimmed hat, stout low-heeled shoes, and large loose-wristed gloves. The latter were pieced out to the elbow with heavy silesia finished by an elastic, to keep them from slipping. As a poor pocketless female, I evolved a kind of carpenter's apron for practical use and found it a great convenience. This was made of heavy white galatea with three deep compartments beginning six inches below the waist and long enough to hold a hammer. In addition, they also held a paper bag for mushrooms, a small pad and pencil, a ball of twine, scissors, a large knife, and a pair of the pruning shears which were

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

designed for the gentlemen orange-growers of California. These were given me by a kindred spirit, and are one of my most cherished possessions. They have a strong and easy cut and yet are small enough to be held comfortably in the hand. Inch staples for the big vines and double pointed tacks for the smaller ones, with a few hairpins to coax back refractory brambles from the path, complete the outfit. After I have tucked in my small Bird Book, hung the glasses around my neck, and snatched a few peanuts for the squirrels, I am ready for work in any direction.

Like the little girl who was asked to choose between a white candy and a pink one and answered, "Both," so when I was asked to choose between a wild-flower garden and a dear little shut-in garden of old-fashioned blossoms, I too chose both. Just beneath my window, at the edge of the terrace steps, lay a level or nearly level bit of ground just the right size for a tiny garden, with plenty of sun, protected on the north by the kitchen-house and service-yard wall, and on the west by the forest. It measured fifty by sixty feet. We put around it, first, a beautiful barberry hedge, — not a clipped hedge, but one heavy with graceful sprays of crimson fruit. This proved anything but practical, for it was sharp and inhospitable, and grew bare and brown below,— I think the technical term is "leggy." Then we piled up a loose boulder wall. This was better, but too rustic to be in keeping with the terrace wall which it joined. Finally, we continued the terrace wall, three and a half feet high, of split boulders laid in cement. It has three



THE FORMAL GARDEN, FIRST STAGE



THE BARBERRY HEDGE



T H E F O R M A L G A R D E N

entrances. On the south the path leads to the pier, on the north to the service-yard, and on the west straight away down the hill to the depths of the cool, dark forest. The outer southern side of this wall is covered with a mass of Dorothy Perkins roses of a wonderful pure pink, and in front of them hardy chrysanthemums which blossom long after the roses cease, so that their colors never clash.

The brick paths, three feet wide, leave a border of ten feet to plant, on three sides of the garden. There are also four inner beds of equal size, and a small circle in the centre, where a simple travertine stone fountain plays. The cement basin under it is lined with coarse gravel, with a few rocks for the goldfish to hide under, and has a border a foot wide which is always planted with rose geraniums growing rank in the blazing sun.

On descending the steps from the terrace, two small pyramidal box trees stand on either side of the centre path, flanked by two Japanese quinces beyond at each end of the flowering border. By these grow clumps of bleeding-hearts, one in very truth from my grandmother's garden, where it flourished forty years ago. Old-fashioned fringed pinks fall over the path, and a mass of heliotrope is tucked in by the pier gate, from whence down the southern border, across the western end, and back along the northern border, rise towering dahlias, pink and yellow and crimson and white, with phlox of varying tints before them. Snapdragons, larkspur, and marigolds fill in all spaces to the lobelia border on the southern

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

side, while on the northern side of the garden grow the nicotine, white and pink and purple, so deliciously fragrant in the starlight, a group of hyacinthus candicans, and masses of peonies and marigolds, the African and French, and sanvitalia, which if it is n't a marigold ought to be, it is so like a baby sister. Lilies spring up unexpectedly everywhere among the peony leaves, the auratum, the speciosum album, and rubrum; even the tiger lily appeared one season, where from no man could tell. On each side of the forest gateway a white, crushy rose, the blanc double De Coubert, blossoms all summer through. The boltonias and golden glow topple over the wall toward it, and the Japanese clematis is kept from strangling it only by constant vigilance. The duty of the clematis is to cover the gate-posts; and by the aid of strings tightly drawn it does so in exquisite beauty. Here blossoms the pale blue salvia, beloved by the bees, and in September the Japanese anemone and hardy chrysanthemums.

The squirrels and the chipmunks like the walks in the little garden. They amble around the fountain and scud along the bare bricks. The robins and the catbirds find good eating in the mossy interstices and hop gravely out through the forest gateway to their homes not far away.

There is something about a garden which brings out the genuine side of a person's nature. It is impossible to be formal or artificial in the presence of the plants you work over yourself.

To my shame be it said that there are a few flowers which I



JUST OUTSIDE THE FORMAL GARDEN



FROM MY WINDOW

T H E F O R M A L G A R D E N

positively detest. Zinnias, except the burnt orange and yellow varieties, I can not endure. Neither have I any patience with the weak-backed asters that can not stand the least rain, but hang down their mud-bespattered faces; nor with the sickly ageratums, even the best of which fail so utterly to live up to their title of blue.

We get a world of entertainment trying experiments in this little garden. For the four small beds we want something that will be a mass of blossom from June to frost, and that is not so easy to find. We agreed to put petunias in one bed, they are so fragrant, and the "rosy dawn" variety is a lovely clear pink. Of course, they will sprawl over the edge late in the season and grow a little yellow and brown through the middle, but altogether they are quite satisfactory and require no snipping.

Every year I say I will not have another of those careless china pinks, but every Spring when I see their cheerful faces and clear bright colors I succumb, and that is the end of my leisure. With care—which means at least an hour a day without a break—in snipping off dead blossoms, these also last until the frost.

The other two beds have had many tenants. Yellow is my favorite color, and one bed of that tint we must have. One year the golden-ball chrysanthemums bloomed from the fifth of June to the eleventh of August, when the rain demolished them. Nothing could have been more glowing than this mass of yellow flowers and finely cut green leaves. They require much care, for they must not be allowed to go to seed. Another year the California poppy outshone the sun most of the summer through;

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

but this must be seeded anew each year and is apt to grow straggly by August. The baby rambler put forth its big bunches of crimson flowers for one season, but I could never keep the faded ones cut, and they did not cover the ground quite enough to be satisfactory. Once we had snapdragon — dwarf snapdragon, I want to emphasize, — but owing to either the too favorable conditions or a mistake in the seed, great stalks shot up and lopped over and lay down, until I was quite in despair. I did not want to stake them, for it would have looked like a beanpole patch, and I could not peg them. I like snapdragons too in their proper place.

A woodbine hangs its strands gracefully over the wall at the foot of the terrace steps, and the white jasmine reaches out from under the wild cherry tree until their leaves mingle. A tall high-bush cranberry stands sentinel behind the bleeding-hearts, and over the northern wall the euonymus radicans struggles to climb. A big clump of elms is entirely out of keeping in a tiny formal garden; but here my old prejudice sways me. We found it there, and I cannot bear to cut it down. Moreover, it is usually full of birds, and shelters a nest or two in its thick foliage. Still farther on, beyond the kitchen house, the service-yard wall of rough plaster, six feet high, extends to the west. The woodbine clambers over it and fringes the old monastery doorway, low arched, and brown and banded with long iron hinges. In front of the wall stand hollyhocks between high lilac bushes and the wild rudbeckias, *Newmanni* and *triloba* and *sub-tomentosa*.

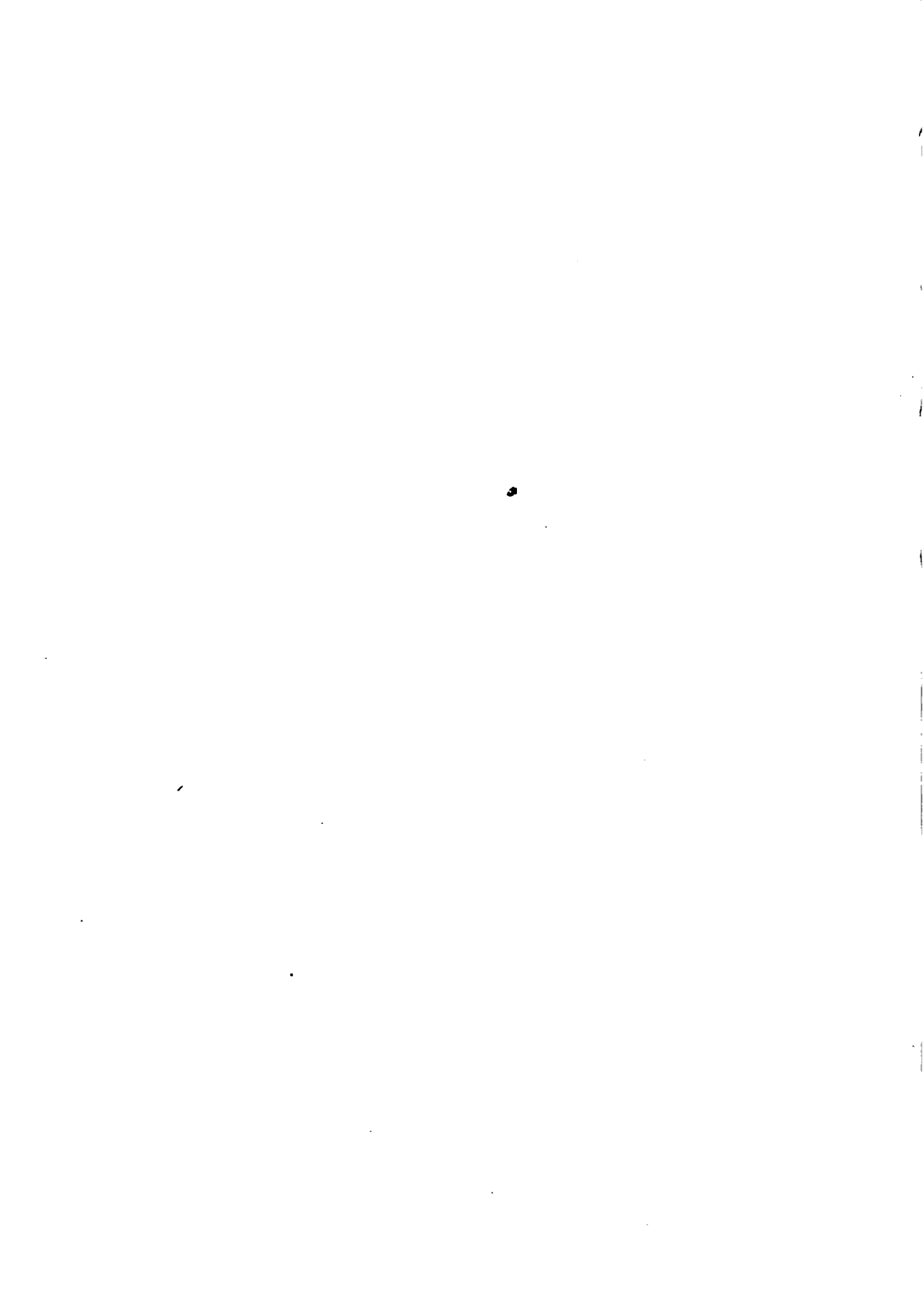
Just outside the formal garden to the west are Shasta daisies,



IN WINTER COSTUME



LONG STRANDS OF WOODBINE



T H E F O R M A L G A R D E N

the cultivated evening primrose, the yellow loosestrife, *Achillea* the pearl, the pink spiræa and the blue wild indigo, all running riot as if they had escaped from man's control and were having a good time by themselves. Beside the path leading into the forest, grow demurely the prim clumps of showy stonecrop, setting the example as it were in the midst of all this frivolity. But the yellow buttercups dance on undismayed. The Sieboldei polygonum from Japan, rustles her cloud of white blossoms, and a clump of wild gooseberry under the maples and hickories tell us we have reached the woods again.

That first frost of Autumn, how unnecessary it seems! In the morning the garden was a blaze of marigolds and dahlias; the Japanese anemones and blue salvia, the saucy petunias and phlox seemed to speak of midsummer. The plentiful buds of the chrysanthemums almost convinced one that the blossoming season was just beginning,— only the feathery masses of the clematis and the rich red of the Virginia creeper on the wall told us that Autumn had come. Suddenly a wind arose out of the north, bringing a chill of ice. Surely there could be no frost with this gale, but all the tender plants in pots were carried quickly under cover, the great sheets of cheese-cloth and canvas were spread wherever possible, and the wind died down. Brilliant starlight followed, with crisp air — exhilarating to us, but not to the garden! Alas! the daylight disclosed a piteous spectacle. All the proud dahlias bent black against their posts, the anemones hung their waxen heads, the marigolds fell in limp dismay, there was even a film

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

of ice over the pool of the fountain, and the goldfish sought the shelter of the bedraggled rose geraniums which hung miserably over the chilly coping. Only the phlox here and there held up its cheery head, and the chrysanthemums looked on calm and unmoved as if to say: "What did you expect? That the summer would last always? Cut down the withered dahlias, they have done their work for this year and will rest until another springtime. Look yonder on the brilliant maple leaves, the glowing sumac and yellow hickory, for this is what the Frost King has done for your pleasure and your delight."

"When do the roses rest here?" I asked an Italian in Rome, translating literally.

"Oh, how sentimental you Americans are!" he answered. "We never use such an expression in regard to flowers."

Perhaps because the roses never do stop blooming entirely, in Italy; but after all I like our changing seasons best, and I like our thoughts of the flowers as beings that rest and work, that sleep and waken as do we ourselves.





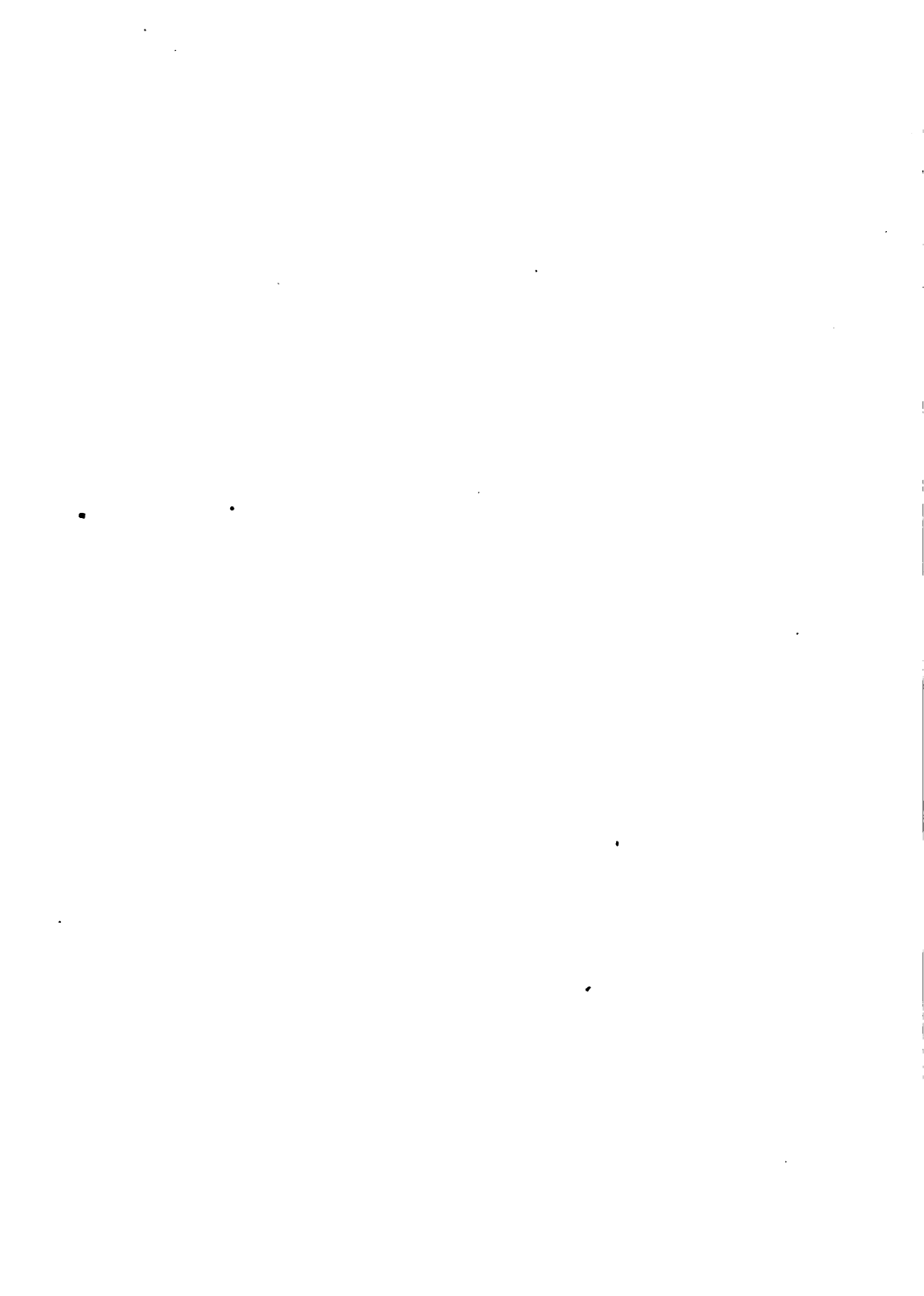
CHAPTER VIII.

THE PERGOLA.

FROM the out-of-door dining-room, following the outline of the house, extending along the west side of the lawn, runs the rustic pergola. Built from the trees which we had been obliged to cut, their bark left on, the larger ones for the posts sunk four feet in the ground and placed ten feet apart, the smaller ones for the roof projecting three feet on either side, it did look at first quite bare and hopeless. As a neighboring farmer put it: "A nice lot of wood you have there, but I should n't say it was piled real economical."

This arbor, two hundred and fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, would in time, we felt sure, make a fine support for the vines, a good background for the hardy border, and link the wild woods with the smooth expanse of lawn. Paved with brick, laid herring-bone fashion in sand, it became a favorite walk on dewy mornings.

Company in plenty was always there. In early Spring the robins were busy with their nests and broods overhead, yellow warblers flitted in and out of the climbing roses, the grosbeak and his little brown mate sought a building-site, and a pair of thrushes were



T H E P E R G O L A

from Florence, and a convenient bench; at the other the pergola broadens into a square tea-house with old wooden seats in the corners, a stump for a table, and in the centre a spikenard from the woods, growing in one of Nature's *jardinières*.

To the north a narrow path leads from this end of the pergola,



THE WOOSY SIDE OF THE PERGOLA

under the lindens and maples, to the kitchen garden not far away; while on the west another path lined with meadow-rue, columbine, and the spikenard, connects with the service road and cottage and upper garden.

On the woosy side of the pergola grow the golden glow, and plumed poppy, the tall *Eulalia* grass, and the plumed ravenna reed,

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

which my grandmother used to call ribbon grass. Here are the scarlet balm and wild sunflowers and ferns and brakes of every variety, and wild lilies where they like, the old wood lily and the yellow Canada, the Turk's cap, and the Carolina, the Grayi and the Elegans. Nearer the house are the bane-berries, both red and white, the ginseng and columbine and Jack-in-the-pulpit, mixed with violets and hepaticas and asters and golden rod, all blending imperceptibly into the underbrush of the thick woods.

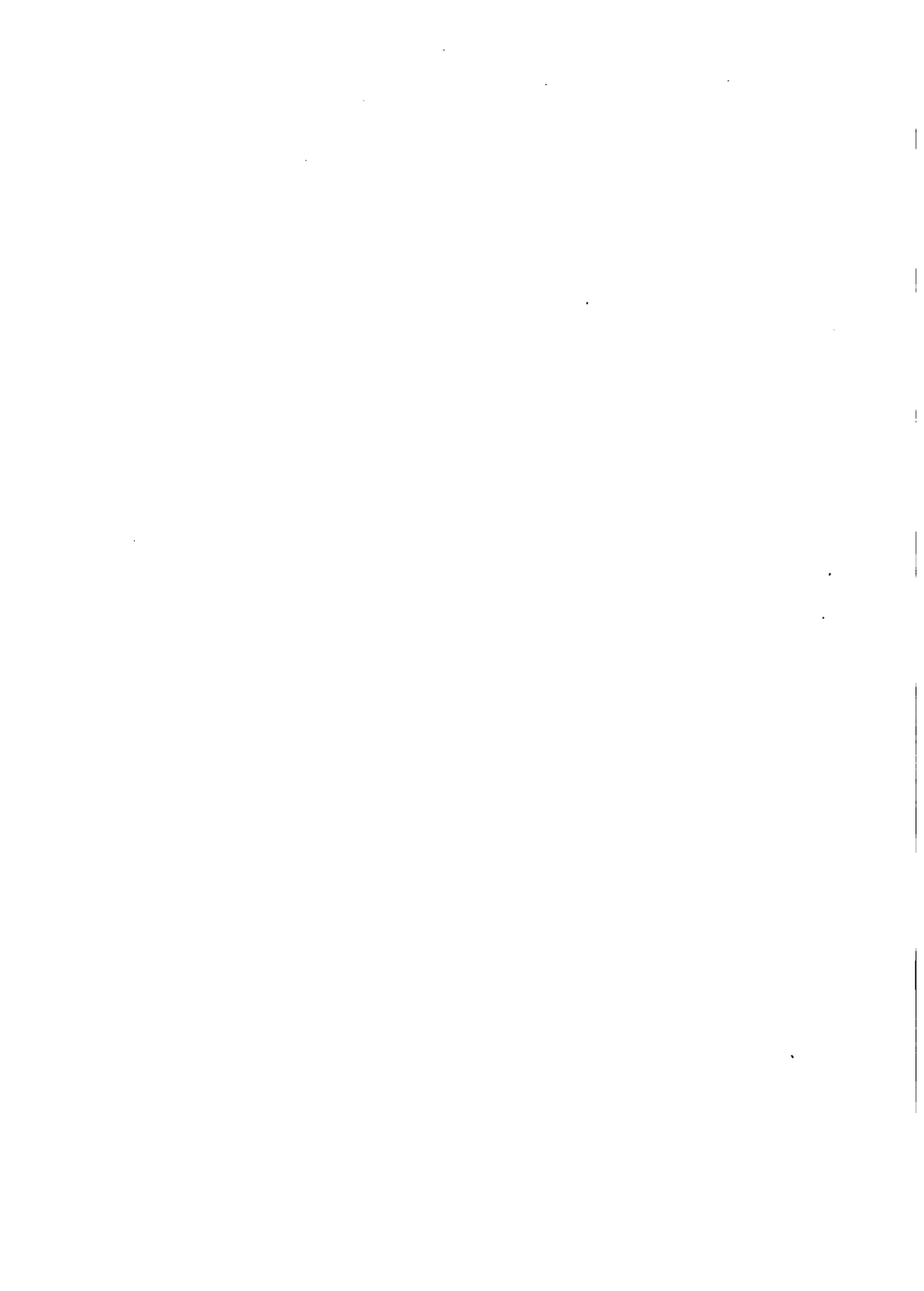
On this side extends the laundry-yard wall. What a time I had trying to find a spot wherein to dry the clothes! It must be in the bright sun and yet hidden in a corner; it must be close to the house yet not visible from it. In our dilemma one daring soul ventured to suggest a steam drying machine! In the country! On a seventy-two acre lot! No, I scorned such a solution; with the Constant Improver's fertile brain, I knew in time the right place would be found, and found it was. All housekeepers will appreciate my satisfaction when I was given a grassy space flooded with the southwest sun and enclosed on the east and north by a wall six feet high. The English have learned the beauty that lies in long surfaces of wall, and do not hesitate, even in small estates, thus to enclose the space necessary for working purposes. This rough plaster wall, extending from the kitchen-house some fifty feet to the north and topped by heavy brown timber, had at its southern end a dear old-fashioned latched door of rough brown planks, bound together with long iron hasps. On either side of the door



THE DOOR TO THE LAUNDRY YARD



THE LAUNDRY YARD



T H E P E R G O L A

were inserted bits of plaster heads and the whole wall was soon draped in the prolific folds of the kudzu vine. The grassy yard was so bare, so clean, so practical! What was my astonishment to discover one morning a thrifty rose vine, climbing vigorously up in the corner! Now roses are one of my treasures, but not in my laundry yard, as thorns and clothes and wind are not a felicitous combination. I protested, but the Constant Improver said it was such a sunny corner, he didn't believe the clothes would get torn. Wouldn't I let it stay for a month and see? This sounded reasonable enough, and I gave orders that his clothes should be hung nearest that sunniest corner. The rose grew and flourished, it put forth great bunches of sweet blossoms, it also sent out long stalks; but the Constant Improver as usual was right, and no damage was done. So now we have a whole row of roses on the south side of the laundry wall, and the effect is charming.

On the east side of the pergola lies the hardy border, in irregular outline. The lawn creeps up to the edge of the brick walk temptingly in two or three places as if to say, "Come try my yielding turf; let your foot sink into the clover deep; come hunt for the mushroom's fairy ring, and see for yourself how the violet blows."

Every three years the hardy border is trenched two feet down, fertilized and replanted, the peonies only are not disturbed, nor the vines, of course, nor the old-fashioned yellow roses. On the

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

outer edge along its entire length the yellow jonquils blossom in the early Spring. Under the bending oak and straight young maple tree, where the vines did not get enough light to cover well the posts, we put a high-bush cranberry and a Sieboldei polygnum, supposed to be a dwarf, but it turned out to be a verb instead of a noun, and dwarfed everything within reach of its roots.

This border is an everlasting topic of discussion. Every year we try something new; it is so tempting an experimental station. Do the results ever equal the highly colored prints in the seed catalogues? Much less would satisfy us. With a space over two hundred feet long and from four to six feet wide there certainly should be room for everything. But we like great masses of color. Twenty feet of cherry phlox against as many Shasta daisies; quantities of Sweet Williams and pyrethrums; a big patch of columbines with their varied blooms and finely cut foliage, the old-fashioned favorite, with the pale yellow variety, and the exquisite blue, sent to us by a friend from Colorado. It was quite a revelation to us to find seven different species of columbines, thus prolonging their season from May to September. Gradually they seem to have been trained to lift their modest heads until one pure white variety frankly looks up at the sunshine and is not afraid. One July morning I counted one hundred and sixteen Madonna lilies rising from the peony clumps, and later the Japanese golden-banded variety took their places.

All hardy borders should have plenty of white and yellow



THE BALTIMORE BELLE



THE ROOF IN OCTOBER



T H E P E R G O L A

flowers, they blend with everything else and separate any clashing colors. The scarlet of the Oriental poppies, the lychnis, and the salvia need careful management. They should have a far corner to themselves, in the midst of fine greenery. Along the brick walk the star of Bethlehem opens to the early sunshine, and the Virginia waterleaf lifts her cups of nectar to the knowing bees.

At the farther end of the border were some curious flat mullein-like rosettes which I watched all one summer, but nothing happened. The rain and heavy dew rested in great globules on their thick hairy leaves, the sun shone as encouragingly upon them as on the blossoms of the yellow chamomile close by, but it was not until the following year that my patience was rewarded. In a night, apparently, a tall spray some two to three feet high suddenly shot from the middle of each rough rosette, bearing graceful rows of curious long-lipped creamy flowers, and the battle of the bees began. This white salvia is most amusing, — such masking of batteries, such bombarding of pollen; and, at the close, both parties are victorious.

How many blue flowers we find in this hardy border! The Greek valerian, sent by a dear friend from the White Mountains, has taken kindly to its new home, and in the middle of May fifty great clusters of delicate blossoms greeted us at once. The whole tribe of larkspur is a delight. To our surprise even the annuals sowed themselves this year under the sweet-brier bushes and put forth great stalks of pure pink the exact tone of the roses above.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

They grow also in deep purple and pale lavender and greenish white; while the perennials in immense long spikes of indescribable pinks and blues, and pure blues, and blue-and-purples, blossomed gayly twice during the season. The Chinese is perhaps my favorite, the color is so pure and it lasts for days. The Canterbury bells are another joyous family, from the baby harebells faintly tinkling in the grass to the ten-foot stalks of the pyramidal, blue and white and gaudy. The rampion in the herb garden is a humble relative, and the Chinese bellflowers both blue and white, single and double, carry on the family characteristics. The veronica too is a most exquisite shade either in the tall or dwarf species, and keeps green after even ten degrees of frost.

Fortunately we are allowed to cut flowers from the hardy border, and the Constant Improver looks most picturesque, though quite unconscious, as he saunters down the shadowy walk laden with great stalks of blazing star, or leopard's bane, or the obedient plant whose blossoms stay whichever side of the stalk the wind or the mischievous boy may place them.

The pergola is a favorite racing stretch for our boy visitors. One, two, three, and away from the stone bench to the goal,—the stump at the farther end. The young girls in white frocks, their arms about each other's waist, exchange confidences, as they stroll demurely back and forth; the shadows from the vine-hung rafters touch them gently as they pass. Even our "most grave and reverend seigneurs" I find pacing up and down the moss-



THE PERGOLA BROADENS INTO A SQUARE TEA-HOUSE



AT ONE END IS A SMALL WALL FOUNTAIN

T H E P E R G O L A

edged walk, drinking in the fragrant air of early morning. Sometimes they are nature-loving "seigneurs" and come in with bunches of "yellow daisies," as they call the lance-leaved coreopsis which apparently grows wild in every spare corner, the whole length of the hardy border.

Down through the pergola comes every morning the kitchen-gardener laden with his baskets of freshly gathered fruits and vegetables. If the children are near, they rush to meet him begging a few strawberries or raspberries for their doll's tea-party on the stone bench under the Florentine fountain. Every one knows how hungry dolls get about the middle of the morning, and here are food and drink in one. Such an opportunity must not be neglected!

The only thing which one very conventional lady could find to admire about our place was the smooth acre of turf which lay at the back of the house and was bounded by the hardy border of the pergola on the west, and the woods on the other two sides, making the foil, the contrasting element to all our wildness.

Not but what we had pleasures and pictures on the lawn too. Could anything be more graceful than the squirrel's leap or the sweeping flash of the tanager? In early Fall the marigolds and salvia, filling in all bare spaces along the hardy border, are a favorite field for the humming-birds, and the New England asters' rich purple attracts the white butterflies by the hundred. With what keen pleasure we watch the rhythmic swing of the long rake as it gathers into heaps the freshly mown grass, or the slow moving of the low latticed leaf-cart on its broad tires!

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

After a rain in October, indeed during it, if possible, the sower with his big bag of grass seed under his arm appears at the end of the pergola and, stepping on to the lawn, slowly crosses it, back and forth, throwing in graceful curves the clouds of fine grass seed, hunting out the brown spots where the dandelions have flourished and carefully avoiding the mushrooms cropping out in all sorts of unexpected places. Finally the bag is empty, turned inside out with a parting shake, and the old sou'wester and slouch hat disappear slowly down the winding path, in search of further work.

Somehow, few of our guests seem to feel its importance when I announce the great events happening in our daily existence. For instance, when I exclaim, "The small thrushes in the long-path nest sailed out into the world to-day," or "There are ninety-three blossoms on that one spray of crimson ramblers over the south terrace wall," or "The first monkshood opened this morning," our visitors politely answer: "Indeed!" but I can feel their thoughts are wandering. Only a few really enter into our inner joyous eventful life, where each day brings forth a revelation and a miracle.





CHAPTER IX.

THE GRAVEL PIT.

FROM the lawn behind the linden tree a winding eastward path, thick with low underbrush and carpeted in Spring with violets and liverwort, leads in and out among the big trees, across the roadway, through the Iris Glade, to the Gravel Pit. Every May all wood paths have to be cut, for the wild-flowers take special pleasure in open spaces, and one can hardly walk without stepping on some treasure of the wilderness. The paths are made by swinging a scythe from side to side. The Constant Improver chooses the way, then comes the scythe, and I as Ruth follow, gleaning my precious harvest for the household vases.

The iris glade is a feast of color, from late April through May and June and July, until the early part of August. The different varieties are planted side by side, so that when the earlier ones fade, the next to bloom straightway take their places. The Ger-

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

man, the Spanish, the English, the Japanese, with their wonderfully varied combinations of purple and yellow and brown and white, how indescribable they are! What impression could a blind person get from the technical description of an iris? Take one of the commoner species, the Sibirica: "Limb bright lilac blue: outer segments one and one half to two inches long, with an orbicular blade gradually narrowed to a slender claw, veined with bright violet, whitish toward the claw: inner segments shorter, erect." Could the inadequacy of language go further? In and out of the grassy hollows, following the windings of the brook on either side, these brilliant blossoms extend for about two hundred feet. Over nine thousand bulbs and rhizomes were planted and they increase from year to year. In our imagination vast fields of fleurs-de-lis stretch before us, and we stand in ecstasy among their gorgeous velvety blooms.

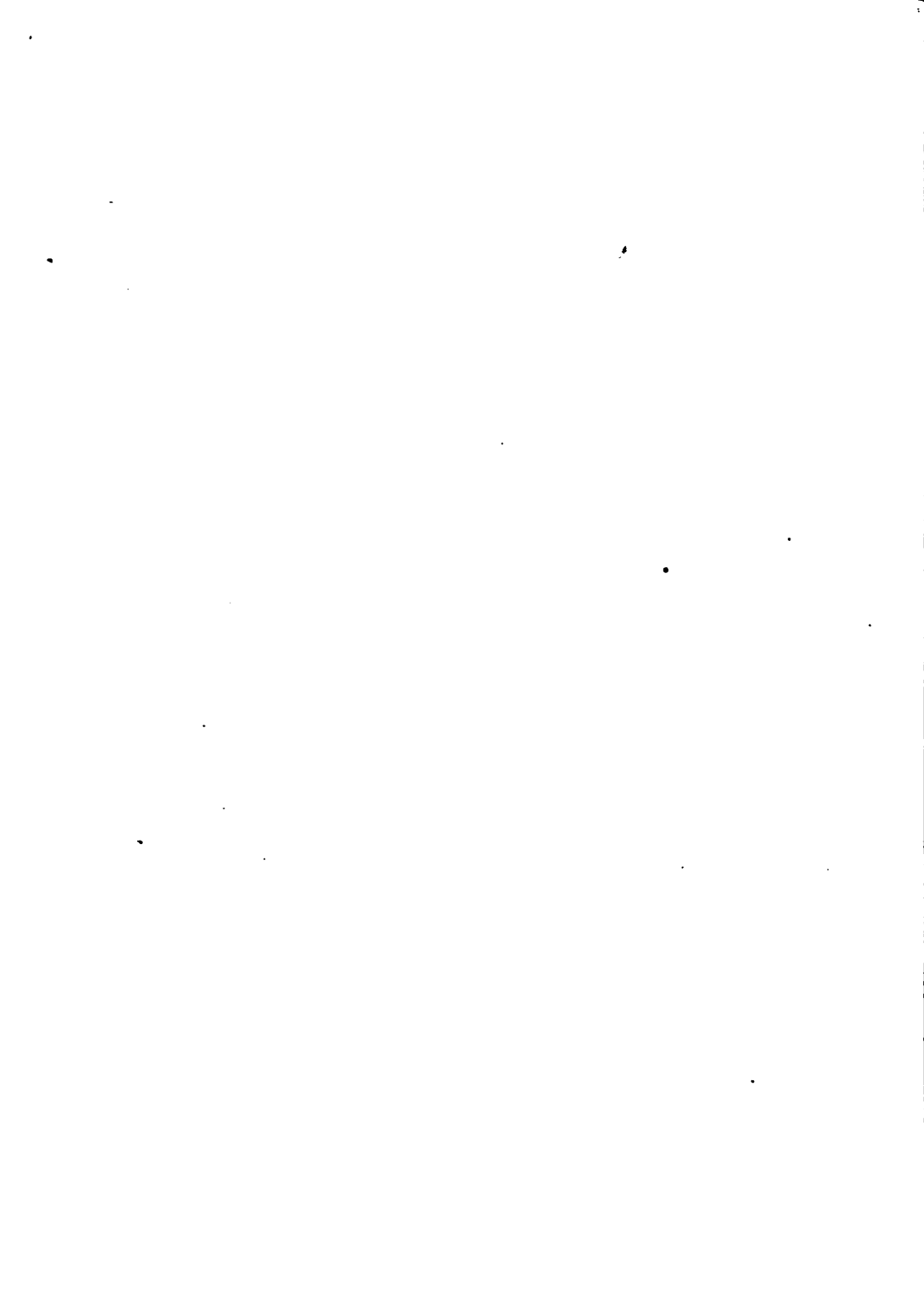
On the north, where the brook makes a sudden turn, thick plantations of sumac hide the gravel pit. This was once a hole in the ground, the worst kind of a hole in the ground, one with steep ragged edges, where the sand had fallen away from the rootlets, leaving them to hang helplessly and move restlessly in the air. A rutty, ugly road led into the pit from the main avenue, and the water lay, a dismal pool, some six feet deep, over its muddy bottom. We had taken over five thousand cubic yards of gravel and soil out of this gravel pit, leaving an excavation about seventy by one hundred and fifty feet, and about eighteen feet deep. We looked at it from



IN AND OUT OF THE GRASSY HOLLOW



THE IRIS GLADE



T H E G R A V E L P I T

all sides, and every time we looked it seemed more hideous. Half a dozen stumps partly submerged, struggled to put forth a bit of greenness. All about the high banks, big trees gazed pityingly down upon the desolation below, half bending over as if in an attempt to cover its unkempt state. Here huge thistles towered, the ragweed flourished, and the burdock grew six feet in height; long blackberry branches clambered and twisted, and the plantain, ever faithful, industriously struggled to cover as much as possible of the rudely disturbed soil. Nature, if left alone, would in twenty years, possibly in ten, have made this an attractive spot; why not examine her methods, find out what she would do, see how she does it, and try it ourselves at once? The Constant Improver was charmed with the idea.

We spent many days in preliminary study and at length decided on our plan of work. First, tile had to be put in so that there might be no stagnant water. The whole bottom with the approaches at each end was ploughed up, and the land graded in a gentle sweep. We watched with deepest interest the scrapers transferring the soil from one part of the pit to another. We admired the strong horses tugging at the call of the men. "Git-dap, Maud!" one would cry and the feminine leader would respond nobly, bending her utmost energies to the task. Over and over again, backward and forward, went the horses and the shovels. It was many a day before the ugly old rutty road became a soft hollow, thick with green clover, and bordered with brakes and

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

blackberry vines. A footpath through the middle led to the gravel pit itself.

After the bottom of the pit had been filled in about four feet, three sloping landslides were made, one on the east and two on the west, irregularly arranged as if in some storm they had slipped down from the steep overhanging sides. On these, huge boulders were placed, just as they once lay half buried in the soil, a part of the glacial deposit which swept down from the Lake Superior region in bygone ages, bringing curiously wrought limestone and rounded granite boulders to this rich, stoneless prairie.

The only native evergreens on the place when we took possession were two small cedars about ten feet high; these we carefully protected during the building operations, as one happened to be close by the cottage and the other at our own front door. Later we supplemented these by a young plantation of white pine and spruce as well as cedars, on the western boundary, and here in the gravel pit, among the boulders, we planted more cedars with dwarf pines, junipers, and spruce. Here also we found room for some laurels as an experiment, and a native cactus; *Leucothoë*, *Catesbaei*, whose dark green leaves are edged in November with a rich plum color; the *Andromeda floribunda*; the bright little partridge-berry; the rattlesnake plantain, and valerian, both white and pink, which sprawls over the ground delightfully and keeps green into December. All through Touraine this great vine-like plant covers the ruined walls and bare rocky hillsides. I remember particu-



WHERE THE BROOK MAKES A SUDDEN TURN



THE LAND GRADED IN A GENTLE SWEEP



T H E G R A V E L P I T

larly, over the moat at Chenonceaux and on the old ramparts of Luynes, its masses of ivy-like branches with many shades of pink and white blossoms.

We brought to the gravel pit all manner of ferns, from the tiny sweet-scented shield-fern to the huge brake from the swamps, also wild columbines, by hundreds. We put in two hundred and fifty cardinal-flowers raised in the green-house from seed, as we wanted color at once; the blossoming stalks grew two feet high and made a brave showing. We expect they will seed and give us a yearly account of themselves but — *nous verrons*.

Lower down in the hollow we planted the meadow rue and ribbon grass; opposite, the pink lady's-slipper, two hundred bulbs; we even transplanted budding fringed gentian from the swamp ten miles away, and it did well and seeded,—but where, only the future can tell. Beyond came tall grasses with plummy blossoms in October, the bamboo-like donax reed, and the cow-parsnip. It is shameful that so effective a cluster of flowers, so richly decorative a plant with its acanthus-like leaves should be cursed with such a name.

Above on the east the barberry bushes, red-stemmed dog-woods, the wild gooseberries, and linden clumps, the polygonum Sieboldei, and young hickory shoots looked down in approval at our work. The hickory bough in the springtime, with its bursting buds, its rich variety of tones, and its curiously folded leaves, is like a bouquet of wonderful orchids.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

On the highest part of the bluff, at the west, a cyclone has, apparently, broken down one of the big trees about twenty feet from the ground, and in falling it has caught another smaller tree, making a tangle of roots and stumps and branches which we planted all along its seventy feet with trumpet-vines and wild grape.



THIS CYCLONE-LIKE EFFECT

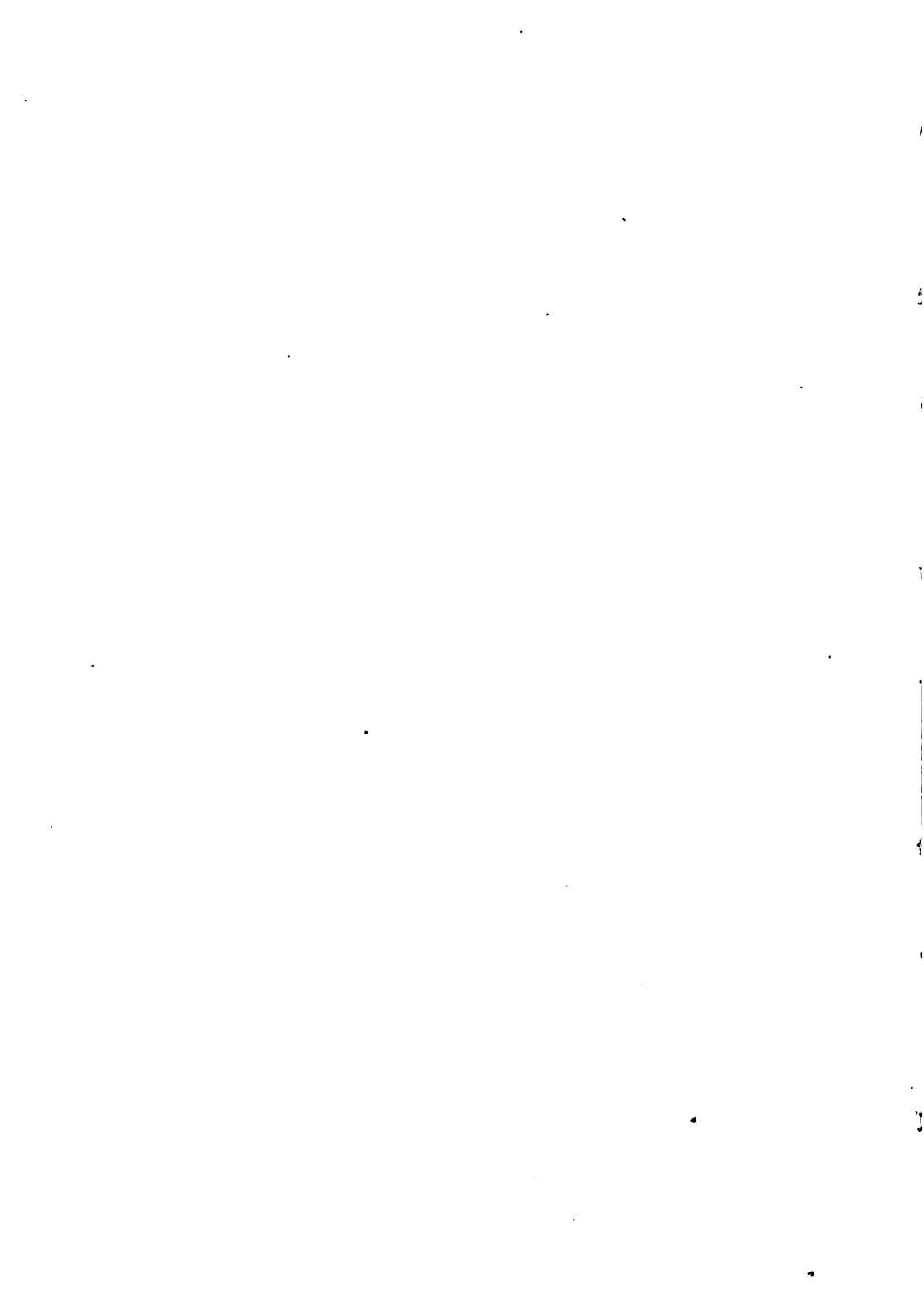
It requires only a little imagination to see the swinging green curtain and orange bells which soon will still further shut in this secluded spot. I am sure in five years it will be difficult to convince people that any part of this cyclone-like effect was artificial, that actually with chains and pulley we hoisted that lower tree, to be crushed down by the higher one, most carefully marked and cut and pulled over to a special point.



HUGE BOULDERS WERE PLACED



THE GRAVEL PIT FINISHED



T H E G R A V E L P I T

It is so quiet here that the birds are perfectly at home. The scarlet tanager sweeps down to drink under the water-tap left purposely aleak, the oriole calls from her swinging nest and the white-throated sparrows flutter among the sumac bushes. In September the warblers arrive in flocks and hie them to the curled-up leaves of the linden, and the goldfinches are busy with the aster seeds. The nuthatch runs up and down the fallen tree trunk and turns his head with many a pert inquiry as to my intentions; but I sit perfectly still, restraining my excitement when the redstarts flutter down close to me, or even when a woodchuck slowly emerges from behind a boulder not far away. Scattered about the rocky hollow all kinds of wild sunflowers and black-eyed Susans are planted, and here in early Spring the poet's narcissus nods to the violets both yellow and blue. The lobelia and the golden-rod, the thimble weed and the catnip, cinquefoil and agrimony, the wild peppermint and the figwort, each has its bit of earth; and at the north a small buckthorn grove leads to the narrow path straight up the hillside, into the deep, wild woods.





CHAPTER X.

OF SHRUBS.

IN beginning most country places the first thing to be done after the water system is in and the land graded is to plant trees. We did not have this to do; on the contrary we had to cut them down; but we had to plant shrubs. The whole two acres between the house and the lake was to be a shrubbery, with grassy paths between, and everywhere along the edges of the woods and the borders of the lawn there was to be a wild tangle of shrubs.

We did not wait for the house to be built, but enclosed the site with a temporary fence, so that all building material might be kept within those limits, after which we went on to complete our planting. Every bush in the shrubbery was selected with direct reference to the needs of the birds, every one must be fruit-bearing, so that during the entire year there might be a constant succession of berries. From the red-berried elder in May, to the Virginia



ENCLOSED THE HOUSE SITE WITH A FENCE



THE SHRUBBERY



O F S H R U B S

winterberry at Christmas, and the sea buckthorn in the early spring, there must always be a granary for the feathered folk.

The Man of Many Maps injured our feelings sometimes by his ruthless slaughter of worthy objects, but he entered into our ideas in regard to the wildness of the place so heartily that an experienced



MOSTLY LABELS

farmer upon contemplating the finished product, was overheard to say: "Some folks has queer taste, look at the —— house, a regular nigger's cabin, with a front yard full of *weeds!*" Did this affect our enthusiasm? Not the least in the world. We gazed at our stubby little shrubs from one to two feet high scattered through the long curving beds, at our grassy paths — mostly weeds then —

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

about twenty feet wide, for we knew the expansiveness of the growing shrub. Each year taking a foot at least from the sod, the weedy spaces would soon resolve themselves into green alley-ways between tall overhanging bushes; and when this desired effect was accomplished, then, if too crowded, the plantations could be thinned out by transplanting.

There is one shrub on the place which strangers are sure to ask about, and that is the sea buckthorn. It deserves to be better known, at least in the West, for it adapts itself readily to our fresh-water lakes. Its brilliant orange berries, clinging close to the stem all winter and ripened by frost, form a tempting feast for the first catbirds and robins. Its silvery gray foliage makes more vivid the rich greens of the forsythia and aralia pentaphylla planted close to it. On the other side a mass of wild olives eighteen feet in height reflects in deeper tones the grayish note of the buckthorn, while across the path the thick leaves of the mountain sumac shine in the sunlight, gorgeous alike when green, or in vivid autumnal tints. Beyond, a clump of rosemary willows flanked by the delicate tamarisk leads to the huge Wisconsin willow overhanging the water.

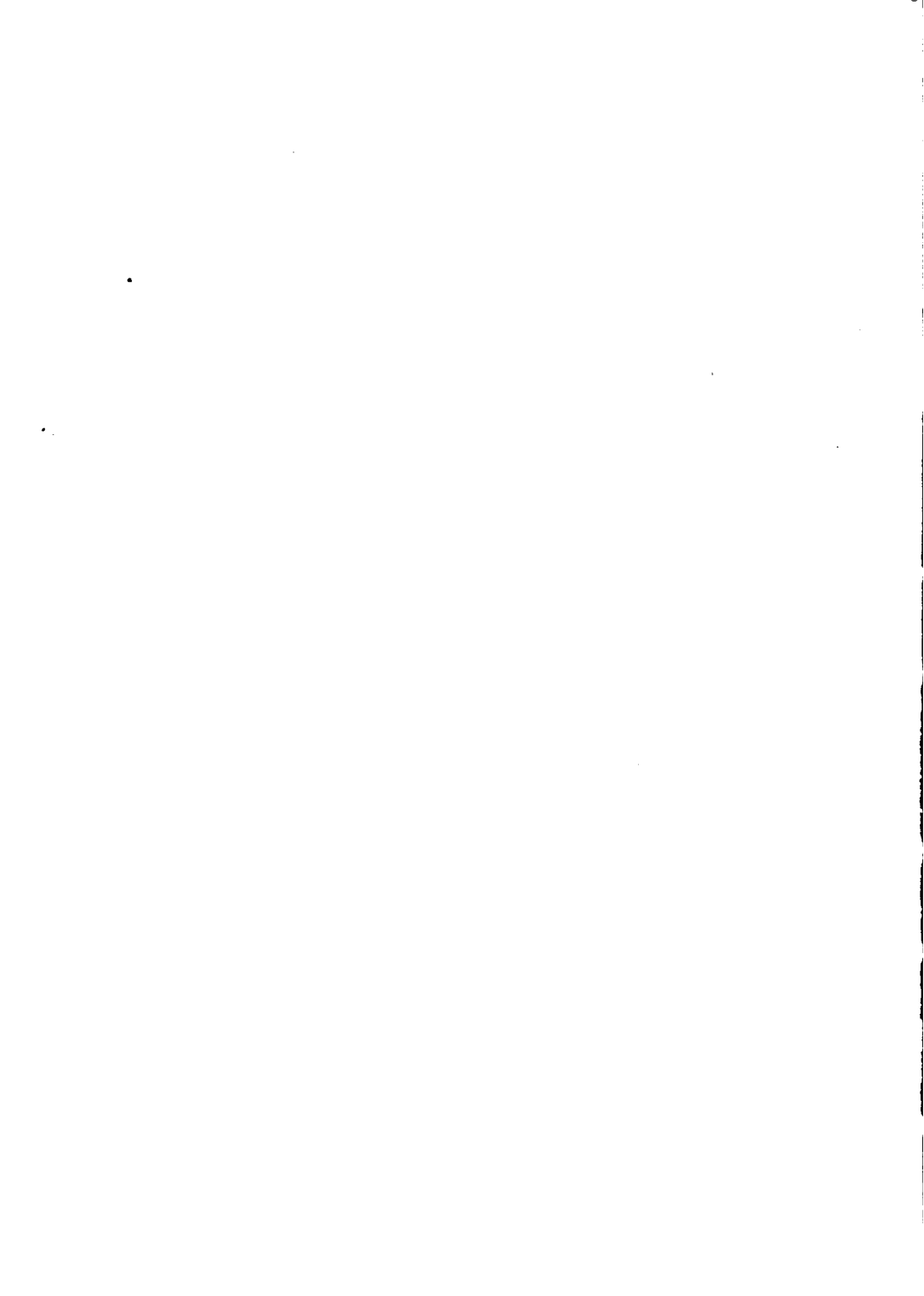
Along the shore path on the north, is a tangle of wildness, mostly thorny things, with a tracery of brambles all through, which leaf out early in the spring, making green curves of color amongst the dark stems of the wild olives. Here the sweetbrier grows in high towering sprays, with its rival the prairie rose, the dog rose,



A TRACERY OF BRAMBLES



THE SEA BUCKTHORN



O F S H R U B S

too, with its stout hooked prickles and splendid scarlet fruit, the highbush cranberry and the barberry, the winterberry and the Rocky Mountain plum, the Missouri currant and the low white New Jersey tea. The fragrance of the *Rhus aromatica*, the bayberry, and the sweet fern of New England — what memories they bring to us!

By the bridge leading to the island a mass of button-bush grows, with its white sweet balls. The lythrum's tall pink spikes, and the yellow iris, the jewel weed, and the red-stemmed dogwood follow the water's edge to the tangle of wild grapes and milkweed, where the forest touches the lake. Directly in front of the house, at the water's edge we planted, literally, thousands of wild roses, the *rosa blanda* and *Carolina*, *lucida* and *humilis*.

I never can decide which I like the best, the deep shell pink or the ivory white. I go from blossom to blossom, scissors in hand trying to make up my mind to cut the very choicest for the vases, but — I hesitate, and the choicest ones remain on the living bush, while the soft summer breezes waft their delicate fragrance through every open casement.

My three favorite shrubs are the *hippophæ rhamnoides*, the *aralia pentaphylla*, and the *viburnum cassinoides*, and this in spite of their names. Of course, women are likely to be narrow, and I would not be understood as wishing to confine my garden to these three varieties. But as I look over the graceful lines of the plantation, my eyes rest gratefully on the orange fruit and soft gray foliage

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

of the buckthorn, the vivid green of the aralia and the thick-leaved withe-rod, whose berries change from white to rose and deepen to purple, while its leaves become vivid scarlet and orange. When I say these are my favorites, the cut leaf and the staghorn sumacs seem to wave their feathery fronds in gentle protest. I have no sooner pacified the sumacs than the forsythias rustle and sway their pendulous branches, exclaiming: "Ungrateful one, have you forgotten our glory in the springtime, our sunshine when the sky was gray, our cool greenness, the whole hot summer through? I must add too a word for my sister, the bridal wreath; surely your memory is very poor if her lovely sprays have not remained engraved upon your very heart. Are you going to ignore the old-fashioned lilacs, which now in different varieties bloom from May to July? Does the scent of your grandmother's mock-orange no longer charm you? And where on your list of treasures do you put the exquisite soft deep rose of the winged-stemmed spindle-tree and the white plummy seeds of the groundsel bush or the privet, the full untrimmed, gracefully drooping, rich-flowering privet, with its masses of blue clustered berries? What has the barberry done, your own, and its cousin from Japan, but flowered and berried and turned to scarlet and gold for your pleasure? How about the dogwoods and the roses?" But here I cry, "Hold! Enough!" It is true, I cannot discriminate, I love you all! Even the chokeberries and the brambles, the bush honeysuckle and the Indian currant with its graceful magenta sprays, but *not* its cousin the



THE BRIDAL WREATH



THE GROUNSEL BUSH



snowberry,—no, we have parted company. It is a shiftless and indolent character with not enough self respect to present a proper appearance before the world. The *Lonicera Alberti* too, we have put off in a corner; it deserved no better fate, it had plenty of sunshine but it sulked.

Madame *Viburnum* has such a large and interesting progeny, and so individual are they, so varied in their tastes and styles, that when meeting a bush unknown to us we used calmly to call it a *viburnum*, or in case a look of incredulity appeared upon the face of the interlocutor, we changed it to *cornus*. This weakened our position as an authority, but still gave us *some* credit for knowledge. We were like the man who, knowing nothing of horticulture, became very much interested in planting a bare field of land with fine shrubs and flowers. When a sceptical friend asked: "Does Mr. Brown know the names of all his shrubs?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "if he gets started right!" So we have to get started right on our *viburnums*, for they are a puzzling lot.

We have eleven species,—(1) the withe-rod (*cassinoides*) which belongs to my trio of favorites, although it has one curious blemish which I have not found noted in my nature-books; in the late Fall it gives forth a strangely disagreeable odor, pungent and penetrating, a worthy rival to that of the motor car; (2) a Chinese variety (*dilatatum*) which came to us by accident and which we treasure as the very apple of our eyes; its leaves turn an unusual bronzy purple which, combined with its scarlet fruit, makes it wonderfully attrac-

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

tive even as late as November; (3) the nanny-berry (*lentago*) which grows wild in the place and near the water has developed into a tree some twenty feet high; (4) the maple-leaved viburnum (*acerifolium*) which is also native in our woods and makes lovely patches of rose pink in the late Fall; (5) the high-bush cranberry (*opulus*) from whose berries we have made delicious jelly, whenever the birds have left us sufficient quantities; (6) the hobblebush (*lantanoïdes*) which turns a deep claret red, while (7) the Sieboldei keeps its rich green very late; (8) the lantana which is so gray and rough, it does not look like a viburnum at all, it blossoms earlier than the others, and when once settled in a location to its taste develops into a handsome shrub; (9) the Japanese snowball (*plicatum*) which will soon take the place, I hope, of our aphid-eaten variety; (10) the downy (*pubescens*) whose foliage changes from purple to deep red; and (11) the arrow-wood, (*dentatum*) which has shining blue berries that the birds love.

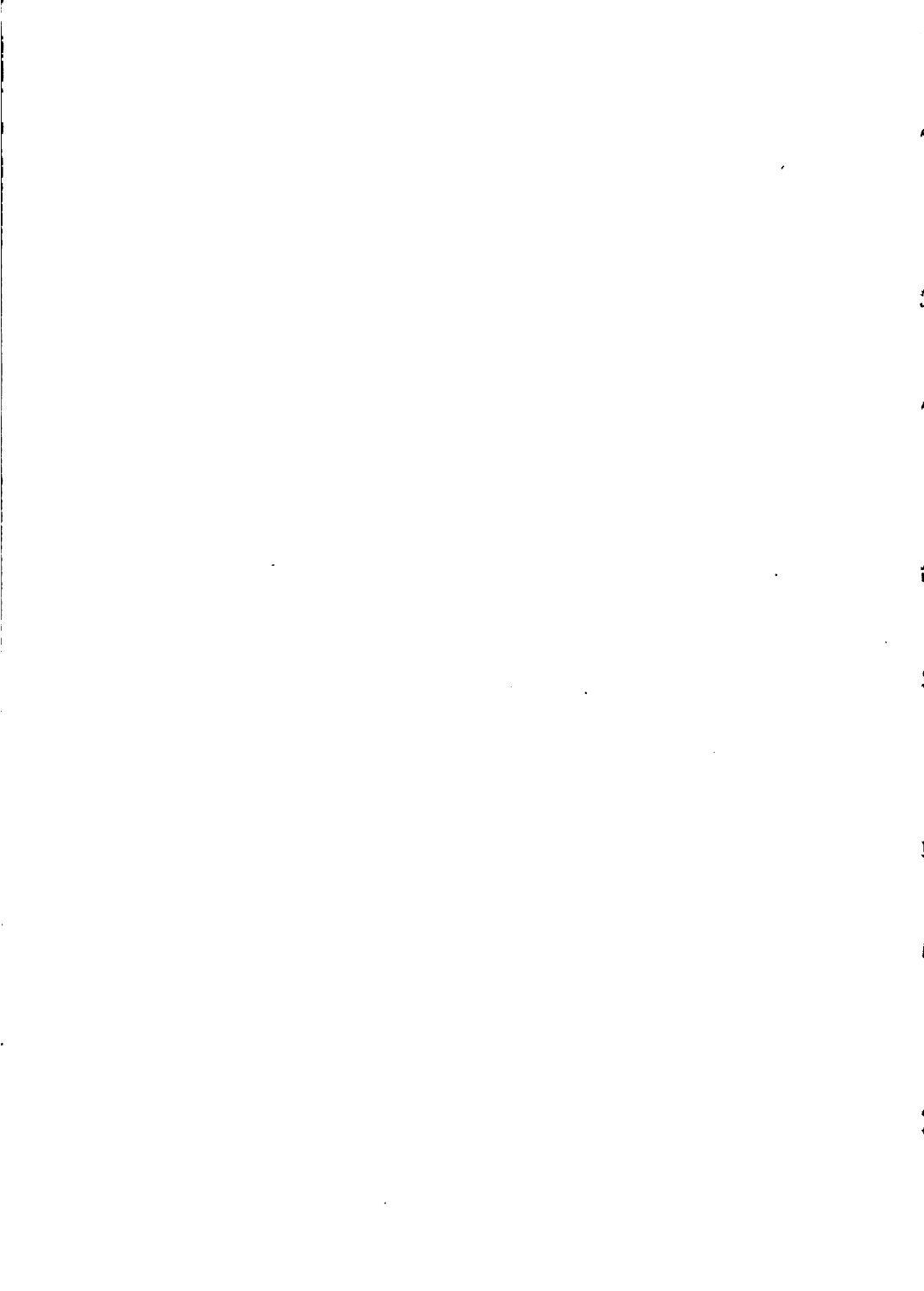
In fact they seemed to relish them so keenly that once I was tempted to taste them. Once was enough! More puckery, sickish things it would be difficult to imagine! Although the birds feast upon the fruits, as building sites the viburnums seem to lack in favor, quite a contrast to the clumps of tartarian honeysuckle bushes which are immediately seized upon by the earliest robin or cat-bird. To raise a hungry family in the midst of those pink and white juicy globules! No wonder the opportunity is not wasted. I did not sample the honeysuckle berries, one experience was



VIBURNUM LANTANOIDES OR ALNIFOLIUM



VIBURNUM LENTAGO



O F S H R U B S

enough. I prefer to consider them as satisfying to the palate as to the vision.

When we first took possession of our bit of wildwood, down by the huge Wisconsin willow which overhung the water stood a large paniced dog-wood, a splendid great bush some twenty feet



SHRUBBERY EDGING THE LAWN

in diameter, the constant refuge of the song sparrows who had adopted the neighboring willow-grove for their own. Our idea was not only to acclimatize the various eastern wild shrubs but also to increase the number of those growths we already had, so we put in small colonies of this dogwood, edging the forest in various places. We planted many of the red-stemmed dogwoods too and the round-leaved with its light blue berries; the silky dogwood

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

with its bluish white fruit; the red-osier dogwood which also has the white berry but bright reddish purple stems; the alternate-leaved too, which grows into a tree; but the beautiful large flowering dogwood is too delicate for our northern climate.

Along the roadway to the house we spread samples as it were to tempt the visitor to further explorations into the woods beyond. The clumps of maidenhair fern took most kindly to the open road, and even the old-fashioned American elder, finding itself high and dry on the hillside, took heart of grace and consented to blossom and put forth its purple berries.

At the farther end of the lawn where the pergola stops, the white Japanese astilbe, which looks so much like a hardhack, grows in profusion bordered by the rich blue salvia; then come the white cascades of the spiræa Van Houtteii, loveliest of the shrubs of Spring. Beside it is the gray foliage of the wild olive contrasting with the rich green of the purple-flowering raspberry, while next it spread the long branches of forsythia, both *intermedia* and *suspensa*, then hardy hydrangea before the high honeysuckle bushes which edge the forest. A mass of syringas, both fragrant (*Philadelphus lemoinei* and *coronarius*) and scentless (*gordonianus* and *grandiflorus*); with yellow lilies on one side and low Japanese barberries on the other, balances the big lilac plantation, consisting of Marie le Grey, Princess Alexandra, Charles X, Louis Van Houtteii, Emile Lemoine, the *villosa*, and *sorbifolia* and of course the common white and violet, flanked by spiræa *aruncus* and privet and the quick-growing wild senna with a profusion of cherry and



THE SHORE PATH THE FIRST YEAR



THE SHORE PATH THE THIRD YEAR

O F S H R U B S

white phlox. Here in the early springtime under the leafless bushes, the ground is covered with wood violets, from among which rise brilliantly colored tulips,— an unusual, but most successful, combination.

At the southeast corner of the lawn against the hooded entrance we planted a small grove of thorn-apple and wild crab-apple trees, the strawberry bush and the bladder-nut from our woods, the maple-leafed viburnum and the wychhazel, carefully selecting those already entwined with bitter-sweet or wild honeysuckle or the friendly grape. All down the hill beneath them grow violets and hepaticas, maidenhair and the meadow rue, wild asters and a dwarf golden-rod, shutting in the lawn from the roadway below.

On the other side of the steps, the *rhodotypos kerrioides* which often dies to the ground in winter, the *spiræa Thumbergii* and the Indian currant, always flourishing in sun or shade, the *spiræa Van Houttei* and “that glorified elder,” as one visitor called it, the Hercules’ Club, extend to the corner of the south terrace, where the *rosa rugosa* from Japan, with its thickly set prickles and huge scarlet haws, makes a brilliant mass in leaf or fruit, a feast for the eye in summer and fall.

Part of our pleasure in this country life is to explore the small nurseries within a radius of thirty miles and to buy from them all we can, as naturally those plants do better that have been acclimatized. We found one very interesting little place, only two acres in extent, devoted to raising evergreens from the *seed!* It is

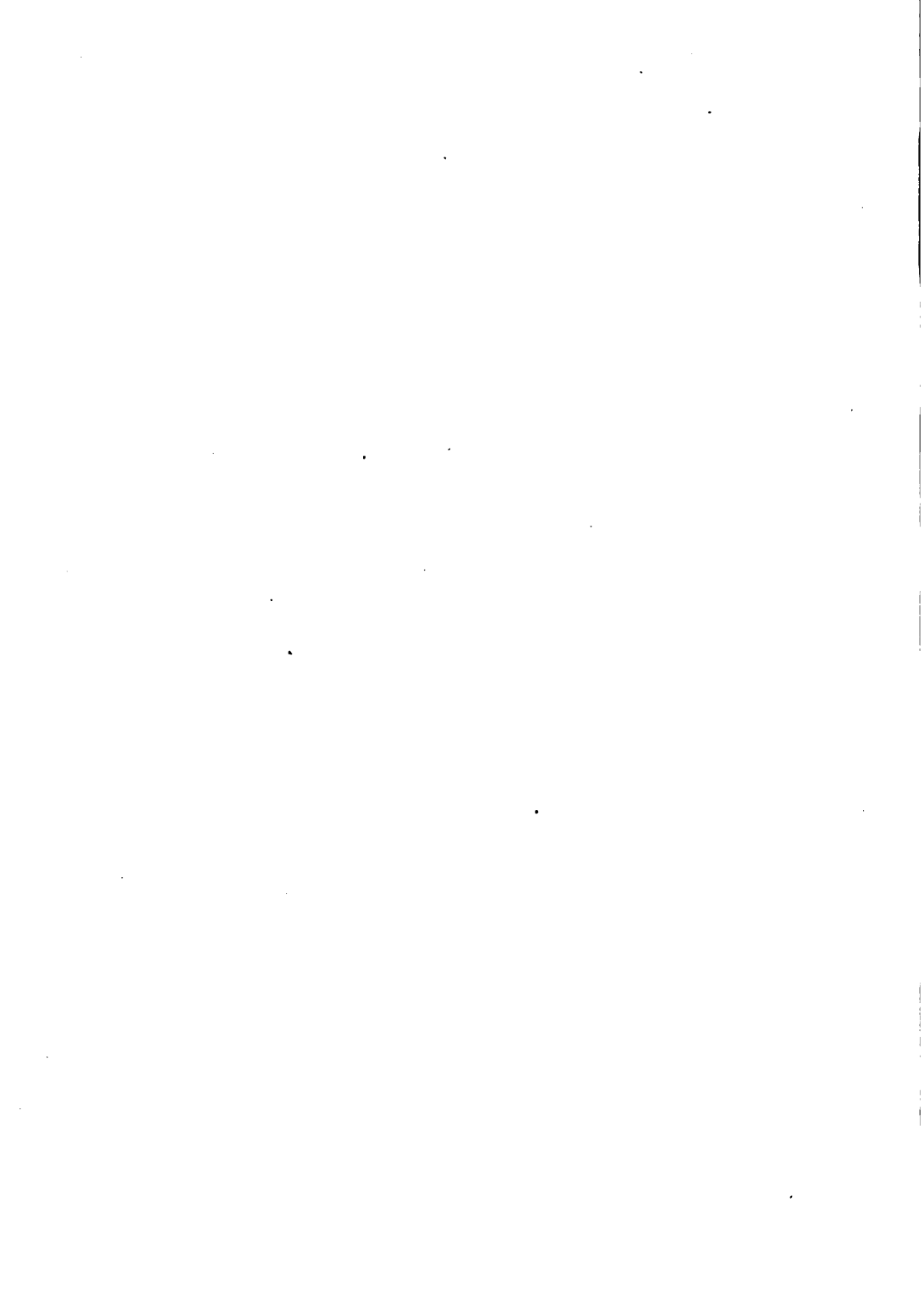
O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

needless to state this man was not an American. He had all the patience and perseverance that long centuries of training have given our Teutonic brothers, and his fad outside of his business was ginseng. I suppose the fact that ginseng seed takes two years even to germinate, and five to seven years to produce a root large enough to sell, made the progress of the sturdy little baby pines and spruces seem lightning-like by comparison. We induced him to part with some of his precious roots to renew their scarlet berries in our glades and pathways. The kindly, delicate little wife presented me with "a mess of sweet corn" from her early stock, apologizing for her tiny neglected flower garden as she had been in the hospital for weeks. Knowing a woman's fondness for sweet scents, at the first opportunity I sent her a big box of rose geraniums and some sprays of white jasmine. She hung in rapture over the fragrant package and from that moment we each felt a special interest in the other, for we had each ministered to the other's happiness.





SHUTTING IN THE LAWN FROM THE ROADWAY BELOW





CHAPTER XI.

OF VINES.

AT the end of the island where the summer breezes always blow, where the wild honeysuckle clambers high up into the overhanging maple trees and the bitter-sweet not only covers bushes and tall milkweed with its twisted sprays but pops up its swaying stems all through the grass, beseeching a support, where the wild grape in tangled masses hangs from the iron-woods and small poplars, — here would be an ideal place to build a rustic tea-house covered with vines, looking out over the dancing waters. No sooner said than done — all except the “covered with vines!” Those vines of all descriptions avoided that little arbor as if it had the plague. The bitter-sweet at its feet, touching its floor, when coaxed along with a staple or two, merely withered or refused to grow. The wild grape clinging to the tree on the east side had no place in its life for a rustic arbor. We tacked branches of the poplar, vine and all, to the tea-house roof, but the grape turned its back and went to the other side of the tree; we put some better soil in about the posts and planted woodbines and Japanese clematis but they only made a stunted attempt at living, until finally we

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

- learned the reason why. “Where the summer breezes blow,”—there lay the secret: a *shelter must be made* before the vines *could* take hold. The way vines depend on the wind for aid in reaching and clasping the next support is a curious study by itself. We planted a clump of dogwood and linden on the southwest side,



THE RUSTIC TEA-HOUSE

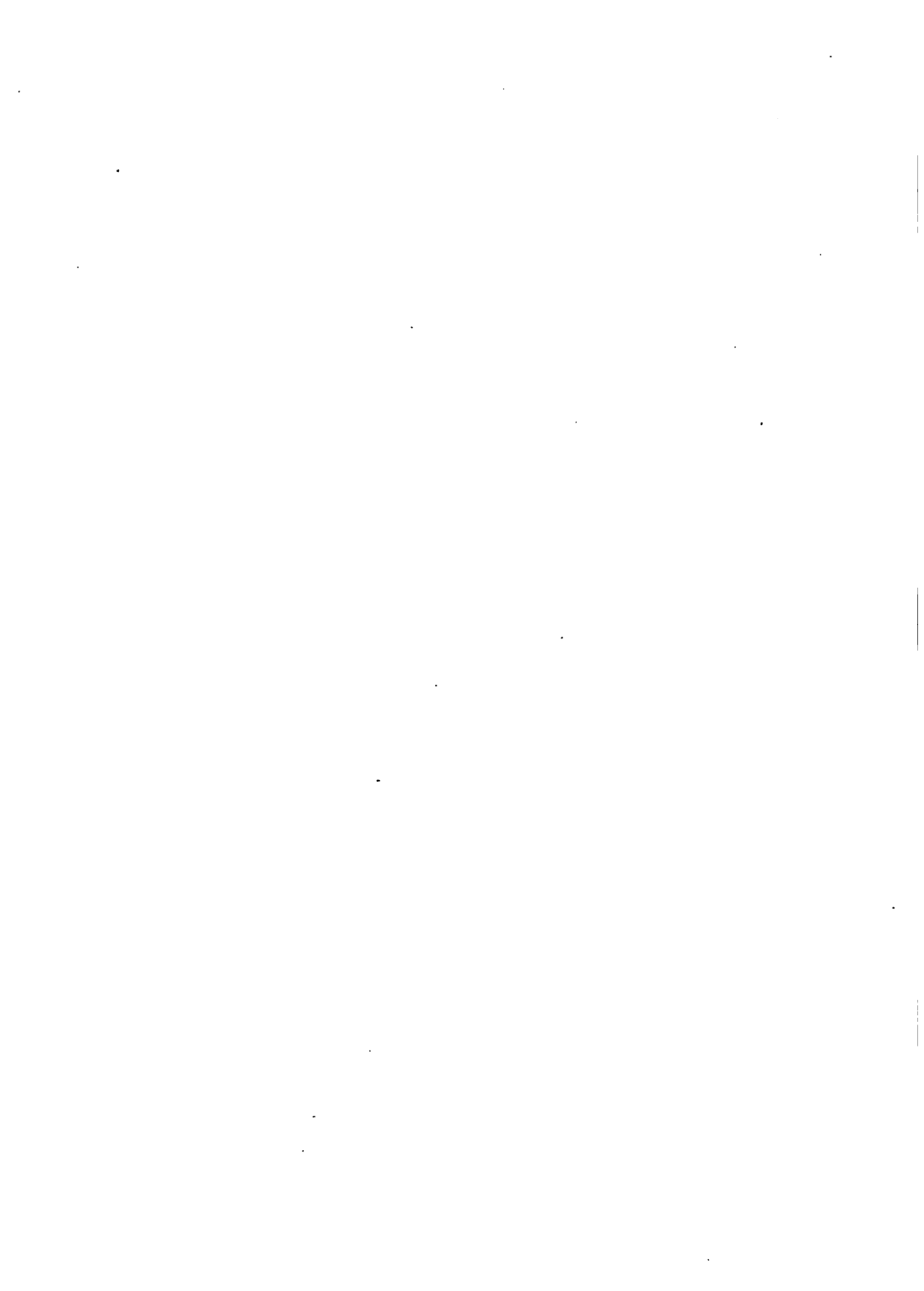
whence blew the prevailing summer winds. In a month the wild grape had tangled itself beautifully about the smooth stems; then we attached both vine and bush to the arbor. Immediately the wild grape ran along the roof and hung down from the eaves, and in a year or two we shall have our vine-covered arbor in spite of summer breezes.



THE WILD GRAPE IN TANGLED MASSES



THE SMOOTH-LEAVED HONEYSUCKLE



O F V I N E S

I regret to say that we found the poison ivy growing in profusion on the island. It is a pity it should be so poisonous. No maple was ever more brilliant than its leaves in autumn, but we conscientiously tried to eradicate it. After four years of weeding I can only acknowledge that its clinging nature has been too much for us; the only sure way to get rid of it I believe is to turn over the sod and burn all the roots! In contrast to this pest the bedstraw family is a favorite of ours, with its long sticky stems and whorls of from four to six leaflets, and its misty white flowers, like the "baby's breath." It blossoms from June to August and has a faint sweet perfume. Later, the tiny burrs are somewhat overfond of company, but even under the first snow its green leaves peep up at the daintily dancing leaflets of the cinquefoil. I discovered the wild balsam apple over some dogwoods the other day; its three-forked tendrils, its prickly soft green balls and star-shaped leaves, looked their prettiest, but it too much resembled the wild cucumber to stand high in our favor.

To our great joy we found the smooth-leaved honeysuckle in many open spots throughout the woods. It seemed like an old friend, with its trumpets of cream flowers, its characteristic bluish leaves, and bright scarlet berries. Near it grew the moonseed with its twining stems, its clean unusually marked leaf, its delicate clusters of flowers, and bunches of grape-like fruit. We mean to transplant this from the wood where it wanders over weeds and grasses, and see what a little cultivation will do for it. The

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

leaves are not eaten by the insects, and remain a fresh green until frost.

The virgin's-bower pulls itself over the low bushes with its interlocking leaf stems and turns its delicate starry flowers and later its great clusters of bearded seed to our admiring gaze until Christmas-time. We must not forget the wild pink morning-glory or the rose-tinted hedge bindweed, which when kept within bounds are ornamental. But the dodder — how perfectly its Frisian name expresses it — “A tangled hank of silk!” Has anyone a good word for it? I shudder when I hear there are ten distinct varieties. We may be thankful that we have but one, and that it is an annual. It is a parasite of the worst character, for its long brittle threads wind tightly about the stems of its victim and stifle the circulation of the sap until the whole plant withers and blackens. Its masses of tiny white flowers appearing in bunches upon the stem of the victimized plant resemble those of the poison ivy; fortunately it withers at the first touch of frost, but if one is unwilling to wait for that propitious moment, a lighted torch applied to bush and parasite is an absolute remedy.

The climbing false buckwheat too I find myself compelled to regard as an enemy when it invades my dogwood and spiræa and twines about the aromatic sumac, and flaunts its pale green blossoms arrogantly above the top of my rarest rose.

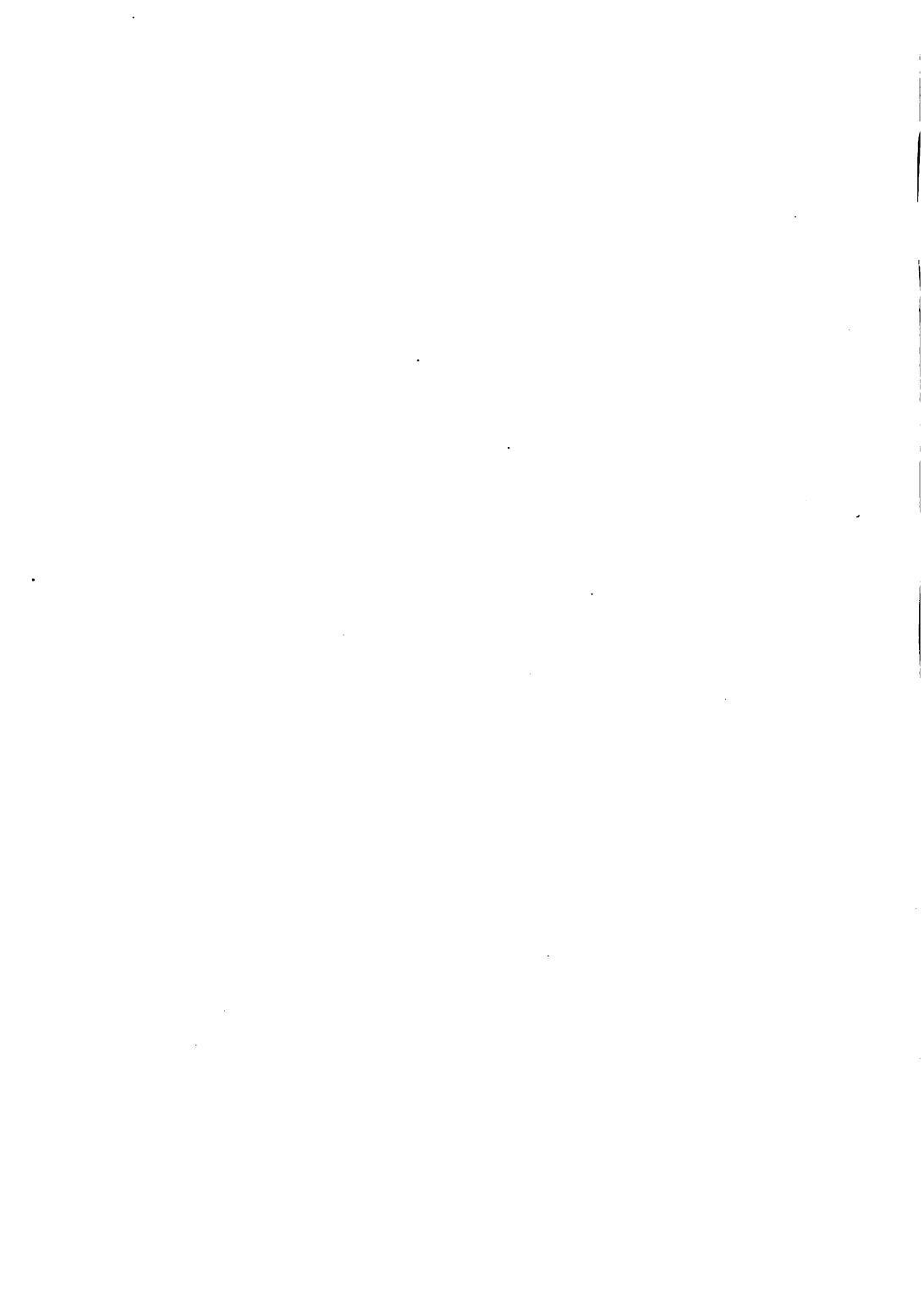
The matrimony vine has its good points although it needs a certain environment to show them well. With proper and careful



THE KUDZU THE MIDDLE OF MAY



THE KUDZU IN SEPTEMBER



O F V I N E S

training and pruning it makes a good screen and keeps green until December. It flowers too, persistently, even if those flowers are small and not pretty in color; they have a sort of faded futile look about them, but their intention of well-doing should be recognized. The bees certainly appreciate them. Curiously enough our vines have never berried, but have kept on blossoming until after the first frost.

I wish some one would write an apotheosis to the kudzu vine, that enterprising and willing worker, that vigorous and constant grower which, starting out of the ground about the middle of May, a weak and helpless shoot without tendrils or clasping leaf-stems, under the least kindly encouragement in the way of staples or string, bounds upward and onward over all obstacles, arriving at the window ledge, reaching up to the awnings, and still not content until the roof be scaled and it can see what is beyond. I fully expect, if the season were long enough, that it would drape my tallest chimney with its ivy-like green leaves and hang its long, straight, limp strands over the entire length of the house. Fortunately, nature has so arranged it, in this climate at least, that it dies to the ground at the first touch of frost. What it accomplishes in its native haunts in Japan is beyond my imagination! I am sure it must have been the kudzu vine which the Fairies planted by the house of the Sleeping Beauty, "and it grew and grew and covered the house, and still grew into a green tangle in the middle of the wood, reaching out its long fingers, twisting itself around any

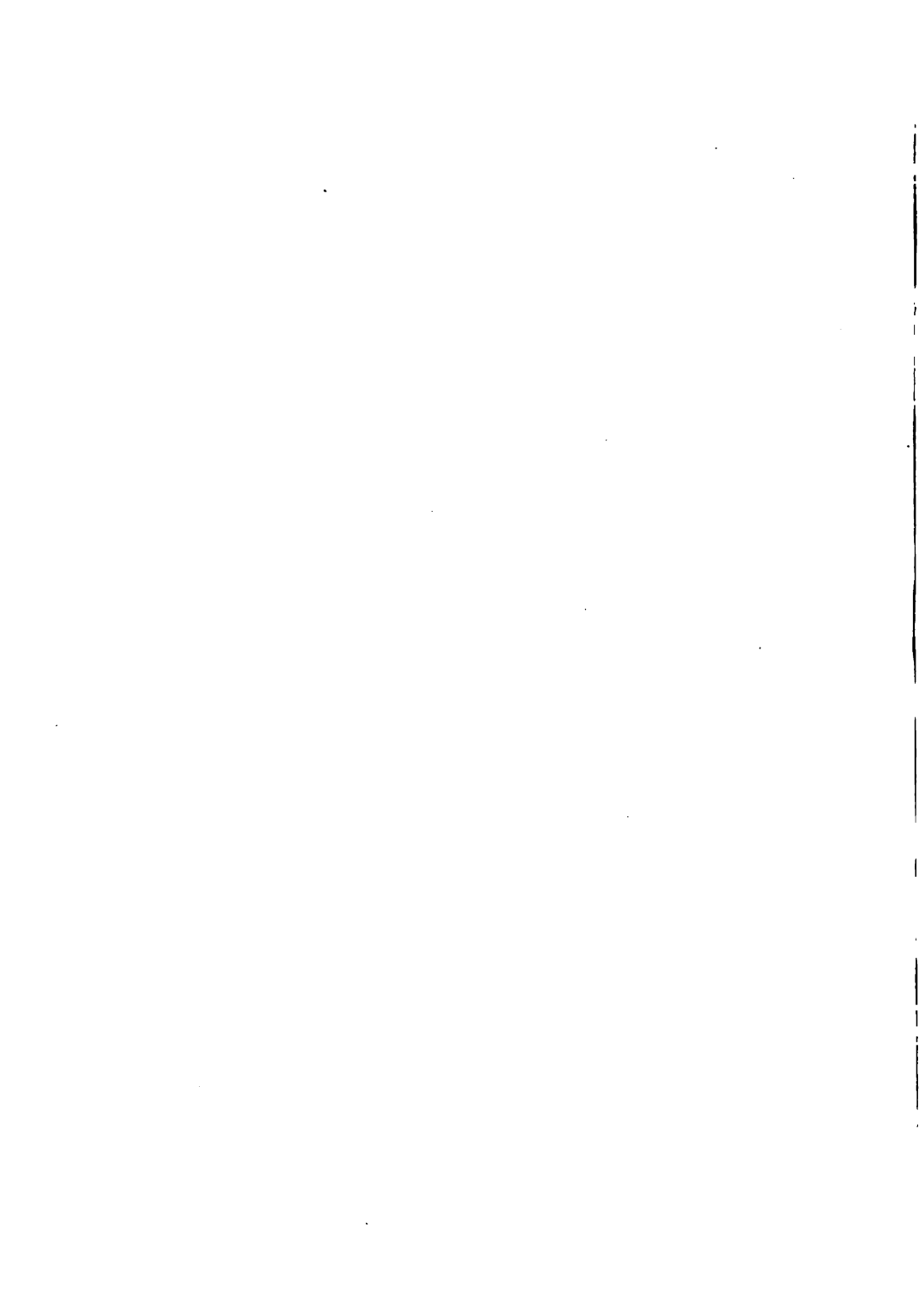
O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

support, falling over the low bushes, pulling itself to the top of tall trees, and still unconquered waving its restless arms in the summer winds, until the next friendly poplar welcomed it." Small wonder that the Fairy Prince had difficulty in finding her!

In Jack and the Beanstalk too — without doubt the kudzu again! "Jack took a piece of stick and made some holes in the ground and put in the beans. At dawn he went into the garden. What was his amazement to find the beans had grown up in the night and climbed up and up till they covered the high cliff that sheltered the cottage, and disappeared above it. The stalks had twined and twisted themselves together till they formed quite a ladder." The kudzu is also like Antæus, who every time he touched his Mother Earth gained new strength; for at the axils of the leaves not only do new stems start upwards, but if they touch the ground new rootlets start downward, and so new plants are formed. It does not rebel at training nor even at mutilation. I have carried it up a pier underneath a trumpet vine, cutting off all its leaves until it had attained a height of twenty feet, where I wished it to cover a railing. Nothing loath, in four weeks it had covered fifty feet of that railing. If a column in the pergola looks ragged or the vine over it ripens early, lo, at a moment's notice the kudzu is ready to come over and drape it. No child fears the dark more than does this curious climber. It makes but one demand — sunshine. How it shrinks and shrivels on reaching a shady corner! The small inconspicuous bunches of pale lilac flowers resembling the



THE HOUSE FROM THE LAKE



O F V I N E S

pea family come in October, but often the vine is overtaken by the frost before it blooms. It has a delicate sweet perfume reminding one, as does the flower itself, of the ground-nut in our wild garden.

This latter is attractive, with its five to seven smooth egg-shaped leaflets and its short, fat, dull, pinkish-brown blossoms in August. It twines around the willow sapling and sprawls over the fragrant sumac and admires its own reflection in the water at its feet. They say it has edible tubers, but woe to any one of an investigating turn of mind on *our* small woodlot! Here we found it, and here we encouraged its ramblings, and it has responded freely to our fostering care. Belonging to the same family — the pulses — is the American vetch waving its restless collection of tendrils at the end of the long leaf-stems; the lavender flowers form an agreeable mass of color from May to August, while the veined leaves stay green through October. We have also the Carolina vetch, and a creamy white variety which, for some occult reason, is known as a vetchling.

The wild bean and the hog peanut keep the vetch company through the late fall. They both have small lilac clusters of flowers, and at first to our ignorant eyes their three leaflets resembled the poison-ivy; but soon we learned that these *thin* bright leaves had an excellent character of their own, and covered in most attractive fashion bare ground where nothing else would grow. Who does not know the bitter-sweet with its orange capsules and scarlet

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

berries? It twines and twists its small leaved stems over itself if nothing else is near, and for covering an archway it is invaluable. The tiny white flowers are fragrant, but the clusters of berries on its leafless stems against the snow are a delight to the winter Rambler.

Besides the kudzu we have to thank Japan for another vine, the *Akebia quinata*. Its five rounded leaflets appear in May and keep a vivid green far into the winter. We have not been so successful with this vine as we should like, but we know the reason why. One-inch gas-pipe is the best support for its thin wiry stems. The face of the Constant Improver was a study when I proposed placing this horror in one compartment of the trellis on the south terrace. Gas-pipe! Gas-pipe, indeed! No, the *Akebia* could die first. But it did n't, it only sulked and made faces and yet struggled along. After three years, one twisting spray has managed to reach the second story and, after its leaves have ripened off, makes green the woodbine stalks. For of course we have the woodbine, trained on the timbers of the house to the roof, its lovely purple berries and crimson stems fringing the windows and attracting the catbirds and veeries in September. How curiously it attaches itself to the walls by little flat, red, sucker-like disks at the tips of the tendrils! It has been supposed that it secretes some kind of cement, for it adheres to smooth surfaces though it prefers rough ones.

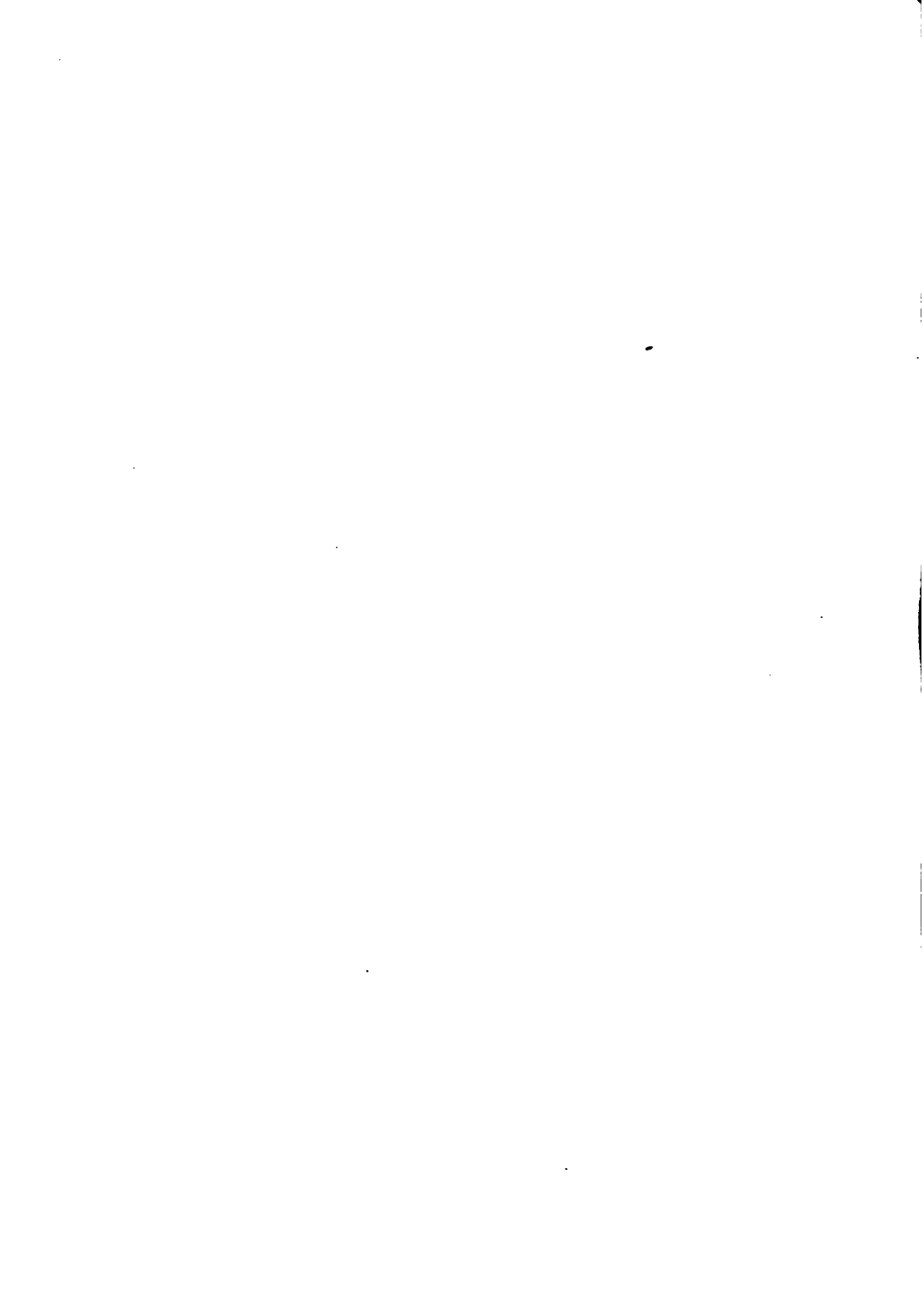
On the boulder wall of the terrace are clumps of the old-fashioned *Halliana* honeysuckle, which blossoms more or less all



THE AKEBIA QUINATA IN DECEMBER



THE WOODBINE



O F V I N E S

summer; it is well named, its flowers are so honey sweet; and sprawling over rose bush and spiræa, over the posts and flower-boxes, climbing the house-walls in one snowy perfumed mantle, is the Japanese clematis.

It has recently been suggested that possibly plants have senses, and perhaps they have. I know they have wills of their own, as witness my experience with the fragile cobæa vine. That first summer in the big house when the window-boxes looked so bare, I conceived the brilliant idea, as I thought, of planting in the front of the boxes some cobæa, which should fall gracefully to the brick floor, its purple bells all dangling, its curious seed-pods ornamenting the terrace after the frost had blighted the leaves. The cobæa was duly planted, and the first fresh shoots were carefully tied down to the wood. I noticed that instead of hanging down, they had a tendency to turn upward, frail as the stems were, but I persisted. Inch by inch Madame Cobæa and I fought; her aspirations pointed to the heavens, mine were sadly earthly. It was a lesson to me in more ways than one. Madame Cobæa did not give up the fight; no more did I. When she found she could not rise, she did not die, she simply refused to grow at all, and the entire summer passed without one flower on the cobæa vine and only a few protesting leaves.

I think perhaps the trumpet vine is our favorite one after all, so splendidly rich in its graceful growth, so gorgeous its clusters of orange flowers, so fraught with promise its long beans filled

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

with the brown velvety winged seeds. Although capricious in this severe climate, even dying to the ground some winters, it seems to emerge again with renewed vigor in June, ready to make up for its tardy appearance. Its stiff stems do not take kindly to training, but by constant tying I have induced it to grow horizontally along the front of those same window boxes, where it blossomed and seeded in a most gratifying manner.

Perhaps the nature of vines, or creepers, as our English cousins call them, appeals particularly to womankind. It certainly is wonderfully interesting to watch their varied methods toward success. Apparently the most helpless creations in the vegetable world, with what skill and grace they manage to get their own way, and what garlands of beauty and fragrance they offer to the sturdier inhabitants of the forest that are willing to support them!





CHAPTER XII.

OF WILD FLOWERS.

AS SOON as we came to live in the country we began to learn the wild flowers by name, particularly those that grew on our own place. It was a fascinating study. I liked best the books with plenty of pictures, for some way technical descriptions were not easy to grasp. The Britton and Brown, as we called it — “Illustrated Flora of the United States and Canada,” by Professor Britton and the Hon. Addison Brown, as it is known in the book stores — should be in every country house library, so complete is it and with every plant illustrated. No weed was too insignificant for our list. We had the assistance of kind and interested neighbors in our undertaking, and when all other sources failed, on application to the botanical department of the nearest university we had instant and valuable aid.

I shall never forget our first springtime. The hepaticas grew in wonderful rosy and lavender clumps paling into white; each

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

little group above the dead brown leaves seeming more beautiful than the last. The cold wind did not seem to harm them, but only in the sunshine would they spread their petals wide. Soon afterward the bloodroot unfurled its curled leaf and rich ivory flower, and then came the pert young jack-in-the-pulpit standing arrogantly under his green or purple striped hood, preaching to us many a sermon if we would but listen — on the cheerful bearing of discomfort perhaps, for the north wind blows chill in cloudy April. The wild blue phlox joined him soon, with the anemones and spring beauties, the bellworts and pussy willows; for it was still early May. The shore path now was lined with marsh marigolds brought by hundreds from a neighboring swamp. The ground was blue with violets next,—the bird-foot and the meadow, the striped and the Canada; the sweet white and the downy yellow in quantities led us to the buttercups and wild geraniums, when the shad-bush gleamed white in the forest.

One spring we found a leaf-wrapped stem about six inches high in the midst of the maidenhair dell. On searching, half a dozen more were discovered; they looked like small corn, so sturdy and fat were their stalks. We watched them from week to week, and they grew and sent out long tapering leaves alternately on either side; then at the height of four feet they began to bow gracefully, and on the under side small tightly closed balls appeared. Still they grew, until one was six feet high — the giant Solomon's seal. Every year they come in the maidenhair dell, just six of them,



PINK LADY'S-SLIPPER



GIANT SOLOMON'S SEAL

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

By the middle of May the yellow lady's-slipper is nodding by the woody path and lighting up the little hollow where later on the mandrakes hide under their green umbrella leaves. The showy orchid in great clumps soon follows her taller sister, and a week later the brilliant yellow lithospermum hirtum appears on



THE SPIKED LOOSESTRIFE

the water's brink. The squaw-root in curious club-like spikes thickly set with tight white flowers, grows in clumps all through the woods, and the wild sarsaparilla is in blossom, for it is not yet June.

The wild strawberry, the yellow wood sorrel, Robin's plantain, and the black-eyed Susan first blossom early in June, but this

O F W I L D F L O W E R S

month is so sweet with the masses of wild roses, great sheets of fragrance and bloom, that the woody flowers pale by contrast. By the twentieth, however, the shin-leaf is raising its delicate spikes of pinkish perfumed blossoms all about the forest, and the tall milkweed lifts its pink and white hoods to our delighted eyes.

Early in July, the pure white Indian pipe gleams through the woods, greeting its fragrant cousin the false beach drops; and that curious little orchid, the small-flowered coral-root, appears with its tiny dull purple-brown flowers, followed by the beautiful clusters of elder-berry, and on the island the blue lobelia. The white sprays of the flowering spurge dance in the long grasses. What a time we had finding its name! I was sure it must be a milkweed from its sticky juice. Curiously enough it was not in my constant companion, Schuyler Mathew's "Field Book on American Wild Flowers." If the ends of the stalks are seared with a candle as soon as picked, it lasts for days; and it combines well with the cardinal-flower for the dining-room table.

Later in July great masses of spiked loosestrife wave their pink and purple stalks in the summer breezes, and the water beneath them blushes into loveliness, and the sky above appears a deeper azure. The rose-mallows on the other side of the willows blossom in eager rivalry, and the woods are blue with the tall bellflower.

In August the golden-rod arrives, and great fields of sunflowers and black-eyed Susans contrast with the Joe Pye weed and the asters. What a beautiful family the asters are, from the sky-

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

blue variety to the pale lavender of the common wood aster with its misty seed effects; the wavy-leaf aster, its pale blue to violet rays clustering about the yellow-turning-to-brown disks; the daisy-like purple aster, and the smooth aster high in the dry woods with its clasping, tapering leaves. The white and the tall white lettuce stand sentinel-like along the roadways. One can almost hear the tinkle of their tiny bells, nodding as the bees fly by.

Shall I acknowledge that even the smartweed and the lady's-thumb have a place in our collection, that the ridge-seeded spurge makes a delicate covering for the ground where the eglantine lifts high her thorny stalks, and that even the chickweed is permitted to spread its carpet of dainty leaves under the sea-buckthorn bushes?

On the western boundary of the place the woods stop within about one hundred and fifty feet of the shore, and here, where the land dips down a little into a hollow, we planned a field of sun-loving flora like the blue closed gentian, the turtle-head, the fragrant white fringed orchid, the old-fashioned butter-and-eggs, the bouncing-bets, the dogbane, the wild bergamot, the white sanicle, and her humble sister the boneset, the resin-weed, with all the cone-flowers, and sunflowers, the heleniums and the heliopsis, the wild asters in variety, and the milkweeds among the tall swampy grasses. Here in some mysterious fashion appeared the downy false foxglove and the fern-leaved and the tall wild lettuce with her sister the red wood-lettuce, both of which so resemble the thistle in leaf that the first year I pulled them all up. The Maryland fig-



THE SPIKENARD



BERRIES BELOVED BY ALL THE BIRDS

O F W I L D F L O W E R S

wort, beloved by the bees, and the small modest half-flowering stalks of the self-heal found their way to this patch of wildness, and nearer the water the jewel-weed chatted gaily with the Oswego tea, while the bur marigold whispered airy nothings to her neighbor the butterfly-weed.

In only one spot did the starry campion show herself, and then only in a tentative, half-hearted manner as if she were looking around to see if she liked the place. We left her severely alone, only protecting her from onslaughts, and now every August we have a good group of the delicate bell-like flowers, very near our hooded entrance. The spikenard is another discovery. It shrinks from sunlight, but give it a shady corner, a damp, narrow bit of ground against a wall, and it puts forth great beautiful leaves in drooping, graceful sprays, and large clusters of delicate white blossoms which later turn to tiny berries beloved by all the birds.

We have none of the laurel family indigenous here, no rhododendron or azalea or partridge berry or cranberry or wintergreen. We have not even the ox-eyed daisy or moss pink or sabbatia or milkwort or blue vervain. The trailing arbutus grows in this State, there are legends that it used to flourish in these woods, but too many young students, during too many springtimes, had eagerly plucked it up by the roots "for teacher" or idly carried it home for a brief life in water. We mean to make it grow again if possible. We did succeed in carrying it through one winter by covering it with glass, but the next year it died. A friend has sent us some

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

strong young rhododendrons as an experiment. One winter they have lived through; now we await the coming of Spring with its alternate freezing and thawing and *freezing* again. A member of the family driving in the Adirondacks saw a dainty plant resembling the paint brush, and promptly contributed it to our collection. We eagerly look forward to its blossom the coming summer to get more definite information in regard to it.

After we had noted each flower in its season and learned its two names, at least, we imagined perhaps as far as botany was concerned we had exhausted our field. Not at all. The late summer and autumn developed another form of beauty, and we had the world of wonderful seedpods to study. What were those tiny iridescent shot-like berries in bunches on the frail grass-like stalk only about eight inches high? No leaves were near, of course no flower, it was late October. One learns patience in studying Nature. A careful note was made, and the next Spring a tiny bunch of greenish white flowers appeared on the grassy stalk, which was soon labelled the wild leek. In November tall spikes of curiously grooved stems set with whorls of bright orange berries clinging close to their sides attracted us throughout the woods. The strange stems helped us, and we learned it was the horse gentian. It was on the Fourth of July, I remember, we found one year some dark blue, round, smooth berries on a leafless stalk, about two feet high, the berries were loosely clustered, of varying sizes and we kept meeting them in our ramblings. It was not until the next year that we discovered for ourselves

O F W I L D F L O W E R S

with the assistance of the leaf and flower that these were blue cohosh berries.

In a sheltered hollow the very last of October I found a blue lobelia in blossom near a white clover and belated bit of golden-rod. At this time of year we look with affection on the strong



NEW ENGLAND ASTERS BY THE SHORE PATH

green of the catnip and the peppermint, the cinquefoil and the fig-wort. The blue-gray bloom on the blackberry stems contrasting with the green leaves shading into deep claret, forms a lovely bit of color along the roadside. And although the thimble-weed's starry blossoms come in July, now it is like an overflowing fountain, its fuzzy little seeds bubbling over and clinging to the brown stems as if afraid to launch into the cold, cold world.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

Before a mass of rich purple asters hanging over the shore path, some country women stopped in admiration one morning, until one exclaimed, "Why, they're nothin' but wild flowers!" The rest followed her retreating footsteps in shamed dismay. What have the wild flowers done to deserve such scornful treatment?

When I pass an unpainted little house by the wayside with its bed of faded dahlias and purplish phlox, I long to go in and ask the good woman if she sees the possibilities in those clusters of feathery asters, and the decorative qualities in the yellow resin-weed on the dusty highway, so near her garden gate. Why does she not cultivate the wild thorn-apple tree and the haw, both of which should appeal to her housewifely instincts, as both fruits make such delicious jelly! I wish she could see our golden-rod field, a waving mass of sweetness in September, which the bees know well! The high sumacs shelter it, and the pale asters, both white and mauve, carry the exquisite color scheme on into the depths of the forest. Tall evening primroses and mulleins lift their delicate flowers to the lips of sphynx moths and butterflies, and everywhere the bramble clambers, always beautiful from early Spring's green leaves and crimson stems through flowers and unripe berries to perfected fruit.





CHAPTER XIII.

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBORS.

WE found our nearest neighbors rather exclusive at first and not disposed to receive strangers into their charmed circle, but our circumspect behavior and consideration for their feelings finally overcame their prejudices, and they deigned to visit us, even to break bread with us, figuratively speaking, and some of them became very friendly indeed.

As the little striped chipmunks, or hackees, that darted over the lawn and from shelter to shelter along the terrace, seemed the most difficult to conciliate, we began with them. A brass jar half full of English filberts which happened to be in the house was set outside and we watched to see whether or not they would find them.

In less than ten minutes Jerry, as he was soon named, sniffing along in a jerky, roundabout fashion, had climbed over the edge

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

and dipped down for the slippery nuts. After once discovering them he wasted no time, but stuffed his cheek-pouches, and dashed back to his home near the cellar window. Over and over again, until the jar was empty, did he go back and forth. I put out shelled corn. Again the provident Jerry filled his household bins until the supply was exhausted, always returning for a final look into the empty receptacle. I went out and sat about a yard from the jar, dropping shelled pecans in a little circle around me. It took half an hour of timid reconnoitring, of sudden dashes backward and sudden plunges forward, before he could persuade himself that this exceedingly tempting food covered no danger, and that the objects sitting on the bench near had no harmful purpose. Nearer and nearer I placed the brass jar day by day and unconsciously nearer and nearer came my neighbor, but with one eye always on guard; his soul was full of suspicion.

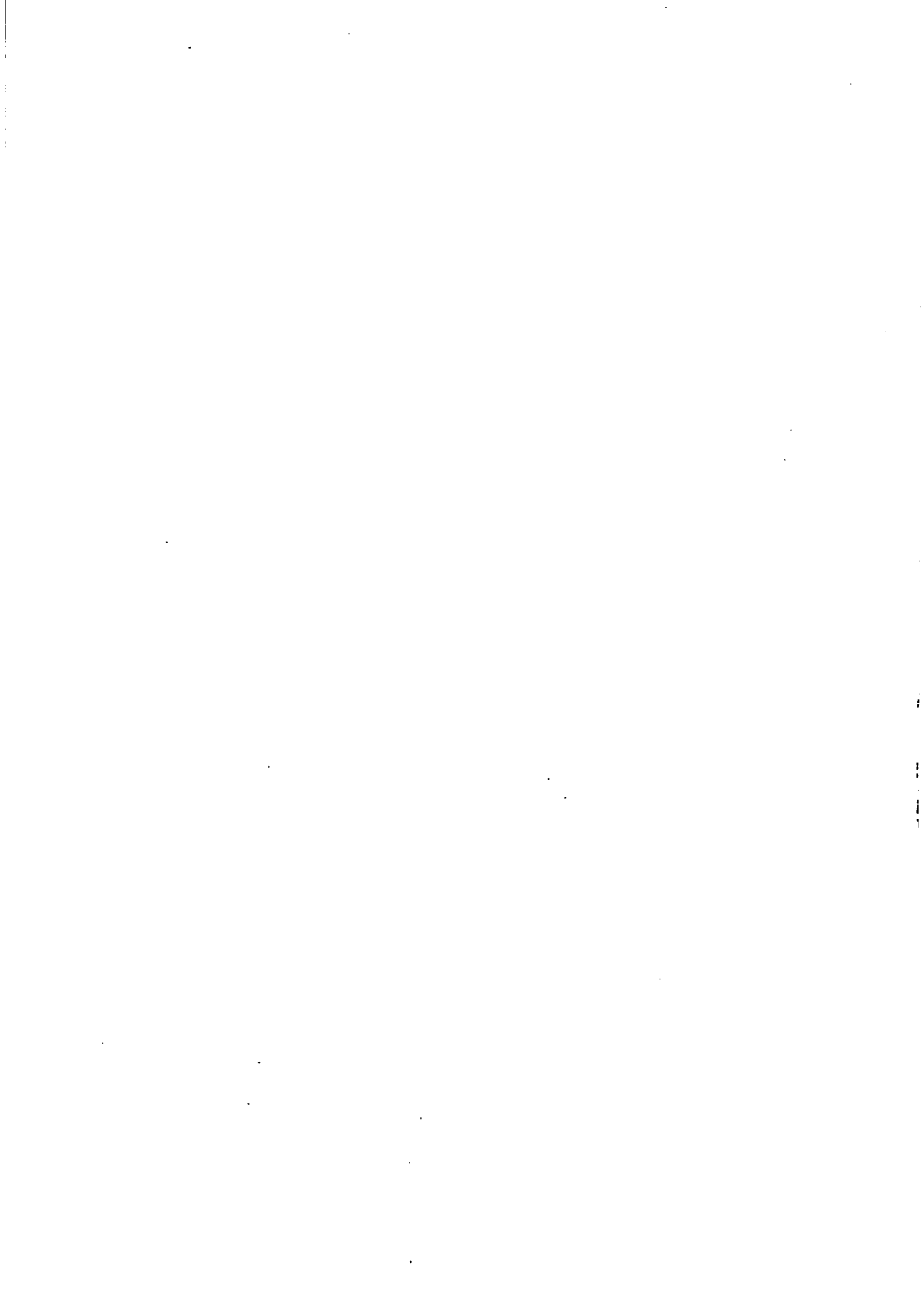
One day I settled myself down for a siege to his affections. I armed myself with shelled nuts and white grapes and sat motionless, the brass jar in my lap. It took him two hours to make up his mind to trust me. I occasionally dropped an earnest of my treasures at my feet, making as little motion as possible. These were eagerly snapped up. I held a nut in my hand on the ground until my arm was stiff, before he finally snatched it. I placed more nuts along the bench and up into my lap; and great was my satisfaction when I at last felt his trembling, palpitating little body resting against me, as he gave one deep look into my eyes, before he



HE HEARS A SOUND OF DANGER



INTENDING TO CARRY AWAY EVERY BIT OF FOOD IN SIGHT



O U R N E A R E S T N E I G H B O R S

took that dangerous plunge into the jar for food. Once done there was no further hesitation on that morning; he came and went with his accustomed regularity between the bench and his home until every bit was stowed away.

This patient process had to be repeated many times. No sudden movements were ever permitted on my part, and at last he learned to sit on my hand and eat, to wash his clean little face with his dexterous paws, and to scold sharply from my lap at any intruding mate. I carried a jar to the window-box of my own room on the second floor, and he in some way divined it and climbed up the chimney with zest for the food. Sometimes in the early morning, if the jar was empty, I could even hear a delicate scratching on the screen to attract my attention. They tell a tale, that once when I was absent, Jerry was found on the desk in my room looking disconsolately about, although how he got there no one could discover. Tom, from the east porch, soon found the new and curious food on the terrace, and immediately followed the example of his brother chipmunk.

It is astonishing how much they can carry in those expansible pouches of theirs. We once put eighteen kernels of corn a foot apart with a peanut at the end of the row, and one saucy fellow tucked every kernel into his pouches bit by bit, the peanut was caught by the end somehow, and away he ran with the whole loot. One of them, "Iris," because his home was close to the iris glade, has a wonderful underground system of galleries and chambers,

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

judging by the amount of provender he has stowed there this season, and I hope he has a dry and well drained storehouse, or some of his food will spoil. He formed the habit of cracking the peanuts and extracting their kernels on the spot, which enabled him to carry sixteen or eighteen at a time. I never saw the others crack a nut except to eat it at once.

We buy our corn by the sack and our peanuts by the barrel now, and if the entire quantity were placed where the chipmunk could get at it, he would not stop, I am sure, until every bit was safely stored in his underground burrow. He is untiring, quick, and single-minded. When there are no nuts out, he climbs up the back of the porch chair, places his small paws piteously upon his stomach and peers into the dining-room as if to ask: "Is there nobody at home? Are we to be neglected?" Must I confess that on warm summer noons, when I am alone, I have my luncheon in the dog-trot with only a screen to separate me from the table spread for the squirrels and the chipmunks? The robins, the catbirds, and the red-headed woodpeckers help themselves to the cherries so temptingly displayed, and there is no more quarrelling than there would be among the same number of young children if left to themselves.

By mid-November, it gets pretty cold for Mr. Chipmunk. Having a home fully stocked with provisions, why should he go forth? But the big gray squirrel with his thick winter coat, every hair tipped with white, comes wagging in bow-legged fashion to the



THOSE EXPANSIBLE POUCHES



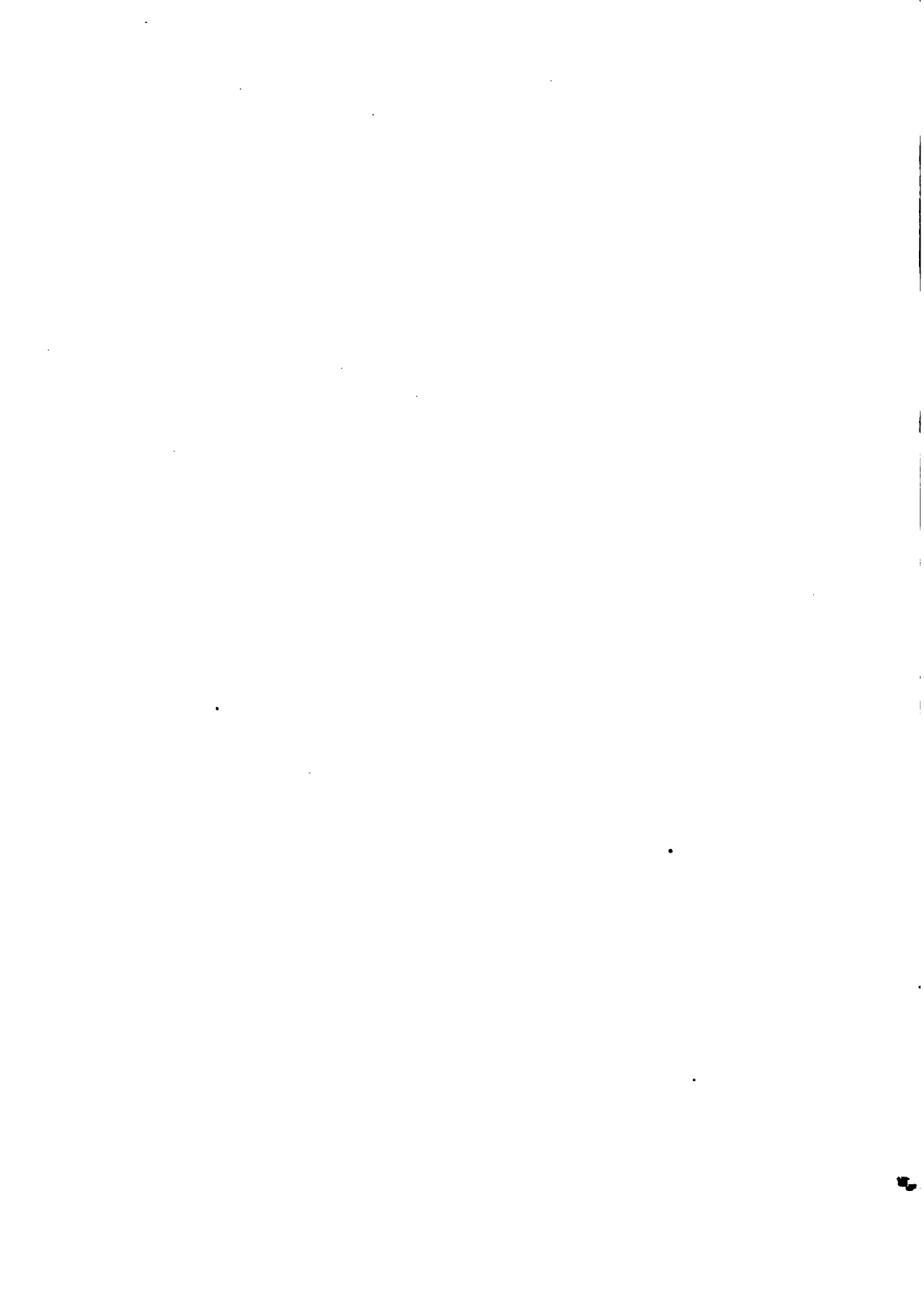
HAVING HIS BREAKFAST



PERFECTLY AT HOME



TIRELESS AND SINGLE-MINDED



O U R N E A R E S T N E I G H B O R S

stone bench. He, too, well knows the brass jar of nuts or corn, and when the stock gets low he has learned that a blow of his paw will send it toppling over, spreading in more convenient fashion its store of food. At first there was great leaping and scurrying at the sound of the falling brass; but now a mere turning of the body, hardly an interruption to the feast, greets it. The squirrels are beautiful creatures, leaping from branch to branch, making great bounds across the lawn and sitting in such contented fashion, five or six at a time, along the terrace at their midday meal. We named our first squirrel Mark because one of his ears was slit, so that I imagined I could always recognize him. I became doubtful about this later, when I found that nearly all squirrels have one or both ears so cut. As the season advanced I was chagrined to discover that I had mistaken the sex of my neighbor; but we had become attached to the name by this time, so we added Hannah, and Mark-Hannah he — no, she — is to this day.

We found the old squirrels more difficult to tame than the chipmunks; but by taking the young ones and keeping them in a box for three months, feeding and handling them, when liberated they were perfectly at home and trusted every man. One of these, Bob, was our special pet; he perched on my shoulder while I weeded, ran down into my pockets for nuts, followed us through the woods like a dog, and even crawled into the house, although that was against the rule. For two years he sat by us at our sewing, ate at our meal-time, and we loved him; but his lack of suspi-

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

cion cost him his life,—he was caught in a trap, and we truly mourned him.

The chipmunk is so much more active than the squirrel that the latter, despite his greater strength, has little chance in the race for food. Fortunately there was always enough for all. I wonder that we do not have peanut patches all over our lawn, for the care with which the squirrel pats down his nuts would, I should think, effectively prevent his ever finding them. That we have not, shows he must dig them up again during the winter. I have never known gray squirrels to molest the eggs or young of birds, and as for their driving birds away, look at Central Park in New York, or the Park at Richmond, and parks in many a smaller place. It is direct proof to the contrary.

I studied for some time to find out how I could provide a feeding place for the birds which the squirrels could not reach. One snowy morning I hung a basket filled with chopped nuts and suet by a long string from a slender branch of the maple tree. The chickadees discovered it at once, and the nut-hatches flew down in delight. Up from the snow sheet below stretched Mark the squirrel. No; it was too high to get at in that way. Like a flash he climbed the tree, balanced just above the basket and sniffed eagerly at the tempting food. The string was too small for him to clasp. Suspended by his toes he still failed to make the distance. A perplexed thoughtfulness possessed him as he sat there on guard, until his tail began to quiver a bit as if in anger, though



HAVING HIS PICTURE TAKEN



BOB AT BREAKFAST

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

gone. He is intelligent, too, and knows traps as far as he can see them; for him and for Molly Cottontail the only resource is a gun.

One other four-footed creature comes into our woodland without invitation and gets no welcome. Two polecats this summer, driven from a neighboring estate, took possession of a woodchuck's hole with its two entrances, a roomy and comfortable mansion ready to be furnished. Here in the solitude of the forest they lived peacefully. Perhaps it would not be best to inquire about their food. We keep no chickens. An enthusiastic but rather ignorant young visitor came in from the woods one morning with thrilling tales of a "wild cat all black and white," which he had seen, peering from a hole in the ground. A scouting expedition was sent out and, later, an armed detachment, with a result that there were five fewer skunks on earth; but the odor hung over the forest for hours.

I have learned to endure, even to admire, at a distance, that natural enemy of woman, the snake. This admiration applies specifically to the small and innocent garden snake which eats the aphides on the roses and keeps the spiræas healthy. In the woods they frequently dart across the quiet pathways, and for years they have made a nest in a bed of shrubbery near the lake. This summer one became so tame that he lived under the south terrace wall, frequently sunning himself on the top, and apparently not at all disturbed as I snipped and weeded near him. Being of an adventurous spirit he was soon at home on the terrace itself, and even



"THE CHIPPY IS COMING"



THE SOUTH TERRACE WALL



OUR NEAREST NEIGHBORS

meandered over the window-boxes. I felt he was doing such good work that I must not allow any foolish prejudice to bias me, but when one morning he was found actually inside the screened dog-trot, close to the dining-room door, I rebelled; and that one snake was sacrificed, a victim of overweening ambition.

I often wondered, those first few weeks as I looked from my window, what that queer-shaped object swimming across the bay could be — a turtle, perhaps; but even to my ignorant eyes the head seemed much too large, as he turned his pointed nose upward and his bright eyes looked warily about. It was only a muskrat doing his daily exercises. His nest remains an unexplored country to me. Probably the kingfisher knows all about it, for he seems to be always on guard and his kindly rattle warns the lesser birds when danger is at hand.

There are turtles, for we see them often basking in the sun on the flat boulders near the lily pads. One of them strayed toward the house the other day. We admired the beautifully colored marks upon his big body, but kept him only long enough to find out that he was the Western painted turtle, then took him back to his happy hunting grounds in the waters of the bay. One morning in July we discovered one of these turtles laying her eggs in a hole she had made in the gravel of the shore path. Whether our presence frightened her away or not I do not know, but after she had gone we took the four eggs and put them carefully in a big pottery bowl, covered them with gravel and placed the bowl on the

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

upper porch. We read everything we could find about turtles, for our ignorance was dense. It would be three months, our authority said, before the eggs hatched. We planned to mark the young turtles in some way in order to follow their career. The rain fell on them and the sun beat down upon them just as if they had not been disturbed in the gravel by the shore, but it all resulted in less than naught,—we had forgotten the one essential thing, drainage, and the eggs spoiled.

Sitting by the pier one afternoon, in October, looking idly but with a certain discrimination at the overhanging trees and the low underbrush, I was attracted by a quickly moving object, darting from shelter to shelter along the pebbly shore. A low, flat head, a long, crouched-down brown body, and a round bushy tail fled under the pier. I waited, my eyes fixed on the other side. In a moment he thrust his head out from under the timbers and looked cautiously about, his keen eye watching my very breath. Everything seemed safe, I was motionless, he ran rapidly along the shore and disappeared around the bay — affording me a good look at him. Yes, without a doubt it was a mink. Here was a sign of the wilderness indeed. I rejoiced. Did he occasionally regale himself with freshly laid eggs? We must forgive him, for his usual diet is fish, although he also catches rats and mice. When we took up the pier for the winter we found a great heap of empty clam shells. Evidently we had uncovered his favorite picnic ground.

Three years later we discovered more about the habits of the

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBORS

mink. It was always a pleasure to sit on the south terrace in the fading twilight, to see the sun's last rays touch grass and shrub and tree, until the water changed to silver and dark gray. At this time of night the air was filled with the fragrance of the roses, the sweet



THE GOLD-FISHES' HOME

geraniums, the honeysuckles, and above all, the rich scent of the jasmine growing close to the terrace wall. One evening in July we were about to take our usual big chairs under the open sky, when instead of sweet scents, a dreadful odor greeted us; the guests, at first too polite to be frank, sat calmly quiet, but the hosts hunted for the cause. Could our perfect drainage system have broken down?

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

Had an adventurous mouse been caught in a water jar? No, none of these things; a sensible mink, quick to adapt herself to new conditions, had built her nest in the terrace drain-pipe near the lake, and here she had naturally stored a fine supply of dead fish for her interesting family of four young daughters. We were loath to disturb so charming a household, but there are limits within which even the wild creatures of the wood must be kept.

I am very fond of pets, but I never strained my affections to the extent of including goldfish among them. So it was with rather a sinking sensation that one evening I received by express a pail of water with holes pierced in the cover and six small goldfish gaily swimming around therein. I put them in the fountain in the formal garden, arranging some flat rocks over the gravel in order that they might have secluded corners. They did look pretty under the softly dropping water, with the sun reflecting back from their golden scales. I began to feel my old prejudices fast disappearing. The Constant Improver brought out a collection of fish food, and I must acknowledge that our new pets were no more trouble. When I had to be away I am sure they were never forgotten, as my little maid felt so sorry for them. "They cannot come up and beg for their food like those fat squirrels and pert young chipmunks!" Of course when the Ice King appeared something had to be devised for the goldfish. We put a cork in one of the big terra-cotta saucers thirty inches across and, with the aid of gravel and rocks and sea-weed, made an excellent imitation pond, where,

OUR NEAREST NEIGHBORS

in the dog-trot among the chrysanthemums and the jasmine the goldfish might think summer had come again.

Although we have formed for ourselves an attractive social circle among the inhabitants of our wild woods, we have by no means made the acquaintance of all the neighbors. We trust that our discreet conduct and recognition of their rights and privileges may in time lead to that complete understanding which is the foundation of true friendship. For no living organism in this small domain of ours is too insignificant to awaken our wondering awe as we perceive, little by little, the habits and daily life of all the creatures about us, and marvel greatly at their variety and beauty.





CHAPTER XIV.

A LINE A DAY.

WHEN we first conceived the happy idea of entering upon a country life, a dear friend gave me a Line-a-Day Book. Every one knows it — blank leaves, a kind of diary, but with the pages dated for five years. For any one contemplating such an experience as ours, this little book should be enrolled among the necessities. When I look at its pages a series of half-formed pictures floats across my vision, and each day brings a story to my mind. In mine I noted the first and last appearance of the flowers and the vegetables, and when they were at their best. I also set down the coming and going of the different birds, with something of their habits, as I saw them. That first summer every feathered creature was to me a bird and nothing more; the only one I knew with absolute certainty was that wretched imitation, the English sparrow. How many years I had wasted — learning the languages of mankind, for instance! Here was the whole bird-world to explore!

Some one has said: “It is the acquiring of knowledge, not the knowledge acquired, that adds to our happiness.” It may be

A L I N E A D A Y

so. In either case I saw a delightful field opening temptingly before me, and after the manner of all converts I rushed into it with enthusiasm. For example, robins may seem an ordinary fact to experienced country residents, but when they adopted our house as their home and established eight nests on as many different



ROBIN'S NEST IN BITTER-SWEET TANGLE

window ledges, we felt that we had become one with the wild life about us. I shall not forget the protesting expostulations of one prim New England woman who cried, "Did you let them stay? The untidy things!" I wanted to take her to my own window where a robin had used the same nest two years in succession, that she might see what model housekeepers, what neat and particular mothers, these same robins are.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

My Line-a-Day Book always lies on the library table ready for reference or the entertainment of an idle moment. Although it has no illustrations it does not lack for pictures. I open it at random.

April 26 — It was a still, cold morning without a breath of wind. Not a twig stirred, and the lake was like glass; the song-sparrows poured forth their joy in the sunlit air, while a chorus of clear, musical, rhythmic whistles greeted my waking ears. What bird was it? This was a new song. I searched the branches and favorite perches from my open window. To be sure the white-throated sparrows were hopping about the terraces unconcernedly eating their breakfast of oats and chopped peanuts with the juncos. Could they be the songsters? Yes, there on the swaying rose-stem was one of the beautifully marked little creatures; I shall not soon forget my sensations as he looked straight into my eyes while he opened his tiny beak and deliberately sang me one of his choicest bits.

April 30 — To find the first song-sparrow's nest in the long grass! One confiding specimen built in some straw left overnight close to the garden walk. The straw containing that nest was carefully walked around and thoughtfully guarded against all intrusion for weeks, until four small song-sparrows were able to fly off in safety.

May 2 — On either side of our hooded entrance are small shelves, exactly the right size for a good home. No right-minded

A L I N E A D A Y

robins could neglect such an opportunity, and there they built, slightly disturbed when too much company, in too hilarious a mood alighted at that front door, but quickly back to their duties when quiet reigned again. Just above the robins' nests a phoebe found a shelter and glued her mossy cup against the rough brown rafters.



THE ROBIN'S ARAUCARIA

Another has for three years used the same nest just over the upstairs porch, and there are always two broods. Once a baby phoebe, too young to fly, fell out — and such a calling and fluttering! We brought up a step-ladder and, amid great protests from the parent birds, the Constant Improver picked up the fledgling and replaced her snugly in the nest.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

June 5 — Hoping to furnish our bare expanse of terrace at once, we brought from the city our big palms and araucarias. Later we found that they clashed with their surroundings and took from the woodsy look of the place, so we gave them all away. One morning, when the wind was blowing a gale, we moved the big araucaria, twelve feet high, to a sheltered corner on the north, close to the coat-room window. When we went to put it back on the south terrace, the next day, behold a robin had taken possession and with bill half-full of straws, watched us in apprehension. Did we carry out our intention? By no means. The tree stayed in that cosy corner for over four weeks, and we watched the entire home life of those industrious birds from the little window not three feet away. The last one left the nest at half-past seven o'clock on Monday morning, just as our guests were going to the train. It was a pretty sight to see his daring swagger, his outlook on the big world, the coaxing parents not far away, and finally his courageous start and successful swoop down to a bush, where a fat grub rewarded his bravery. At one time we were watching more than thirty nests of various kinds, and a fascinating study it was!

June 13 — We found at last the redstart's nest in a lilac bush close to the south window of the cottage. They were the first birds I learned to identify after the robins. It was impossible not to become acquainted with them, they were so friendly and tame, so cheerful and busy. And no wonder, with four small — I mean



THE BIRD BATH



THE BIRD BATH IN EARLY SPRING

A L I N E A D A Y

large — mouths to fill. It was a constant amazement to me, this seeing a nestling split in two, as it were, when the mother arrived with food.

June 16 — I watched a yellow-billed cuckoo feeding her three fuzzy little ones this morning. What a rickety, tumble-down nest! It was only four feet from the ground in a honeysuckle bush at the edge of the lawn. I saw a cuckoo in May and heard her curious call. There are plenty of tent-caterpillars about to tempt her to stay with us.

July 2 — The humming-bird family down by the greenhouse are almost ready to fly. In fact, the little ones seem the same size as their parents, except that their bills are shorter. It has been most entertaining to watch them. The mother did not mind the hammering and sawing or the constant presence of workmen within thirty feet of her nest. To be sure, she was on a maple branch twenty feet from the ground, and admitted no nearer acquaintance, as the Constant Improver found to his cost when he climbed a ladder to get a closer view; she darted at him viciously, and he retreated before she could strike. We took our camp-stools and glasses and watched the tireless industry of this wee creature. What is she bringing now? Surely not one of those hideous seventeen-year locusts almost as big as herself! It is the locust! She dashes him against the branch until he has become pulp-like, then tears him to pieces and stuffs incredibly large mouthfuls down the baby's throat.

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

July 7 — The oven birds are calling "Teacher, Teacher," in the deep woods, the great ruffed grouse whirr into the air at our approach, and melt into the surrounding foliage so completely that the eye fails to discover them. How wonderful is the unerring flight of a bird through the thick forest! Does he touch a twig or



WAITING FOR THE HUMMING BIRDS TO FLY

turn a leaf in his swift motion? And their silence in the autumn! They alight not far from you, and you have not heard a sound; you turn for the glass, and they are gone.

July 8 — This morning a red-headed woodpecker came over to the bird bath and, seeing cherries hanging on the forsythia bush, helped himself joyously and flew away. Soon after, another ap-

A L I N E A D A Y

peared and he also carried off a cherry in his bill. We began throwing the cherries in the grass when we heard the birds calling, and down one would sweep from the tree close by and off he would go, returning in an instant for more. By watching, we discovered their nest in the linden tree overhanging the entranceway. The braver bird, the quicker to learn faith in humankind, I took for the father, although the markings of the sexes are identical. A few days later we saw two young ones as big as their parents but without the red heads; they clung in a crotch of the linden and the father and mother fed them, turn and turn about. The week after, hearing a great scolding from the suet-tree, we rushed to the window; there was the red-headed woodpecker, and there were the cherries, but what was the trouble? No enemy was in sight. The mother bird threw herself from side to side on the tree calling vigorously, her mate joined her, and they took turns in calling. At length, fully twenty minutes later, timidly, but with a rush, one of the young ones appeared on the next tree, soon followed by the second, more afraid to be left alone than to brave the unknown perils at the other side of the lawn. Much pleased, down flew Papa Woodpecker, but he did not touch the cherry, he waited. That was too much; no young one was going to feed himself. Mamma Woodpecker called and *she* flew down and looked up at them, saying as plainly as a-b-c: "Do come down and get this fat fruit!" But the children still clung sturdily to the tree-trunks, refusing to budge. Papa took a cherry up to them and there were sounds expressive

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

of great joy. "Now you know how nice it is, you will come down and help yourselves like good children." And little by little, from one tree to another, to the bush, and finally to the grass, down came the babies and were glad. After that, for many weeks, we had the whole family on our hands. They would snatch the fruit



THE THRUSHES' NEST IN THE TRIANGLE

on the terrace floor within three feet of us, and they splashed in the hollow boulder and enjoyed themselves hugely. One pair of red-headed woodpeckers stayed here all last winter — of course, I am not sure that it was this same one.

July 9 — The wood thrushes sing morning and evening in the deep woods; theirs is the loveliest song of all. I found the nest

A L I N E A D A Y

to-day, about nine feet from the ground in a small hickory, twined with bitter-sweet, close to the path. With my long-handled mirror I watched these little thrushes daily, waiting to see them leave the nest. Finally, one morning they were so lively that I took my small folding stool and glasses and sat down, note-book in hand, not more than six feet away. It was the last day of July, and hot. The sun was shining brightly and there was little wind, — in fact a most propitious moment. For three hours I sat quiet while the small thrushes were being fed, while they balanced themselves on the edge of the nest, nibbled a leaf which swayed temptingly near, preened themselves, rested quietly, called eagerly, and at last sailed forth, one at a time, to a friendly branch near the ground. When I left them the mother had them all together in a secluded corner and was teaching them already to hunt on the ground for their food.

July 12 — This afternoon just before dinner two baby chimney-swifts fell down into the dining-room, followed by the exquisitely wrought nest. What were we to do with them! They were barely fledged, and cried continuously. One we put back up the chimney as far as we could reach, and he really did climb up; his call grew fainter and fainter until a soft whirr of welcome greeted him and reassured us. But the other seemed weaker. The only thing I could think of to feed him was milk, so we procured a dropper from the medicine closet and proceeded to administer this healthful beverage. He spluttered a good deal but he swallowed it, and we

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

began to be more hopeful as his cries ceased, but in the morning, whether from cold or from hunger, the poor little chimney-swift was dead.

Aug. 1 — Even when working with my back to that tempting window a shadow darts across the sunlight, and before I can reason I have turned and am looking out. Was it a falling leaf or the downward flight of a wild bird? How exquisite the poise of the wide-winged hawk overhead, the almost imperceptible turn, the lift, and the graceful sweep away into the azure! Is he an enemy to the poultry plant? We do not keep chickens; we look upon him as a thing of beauty only.

Aug. 13 — A rainy day, not our usual brief thundery deluge out of the northwest, but a soft patter of drops on the brick terrace when I awoke, and a smooth gray curtain all over the sky. How pungent the perfume of each aromatic shrub and thirsty leaf! It is as if the earth and all it produces could not be grateful enough for its keen refreshment. Even the birds voice their thanksgiving; the song-sparrow trills forth his exquisite notes, and from his hanging basket the oriole calls in delicious melody.

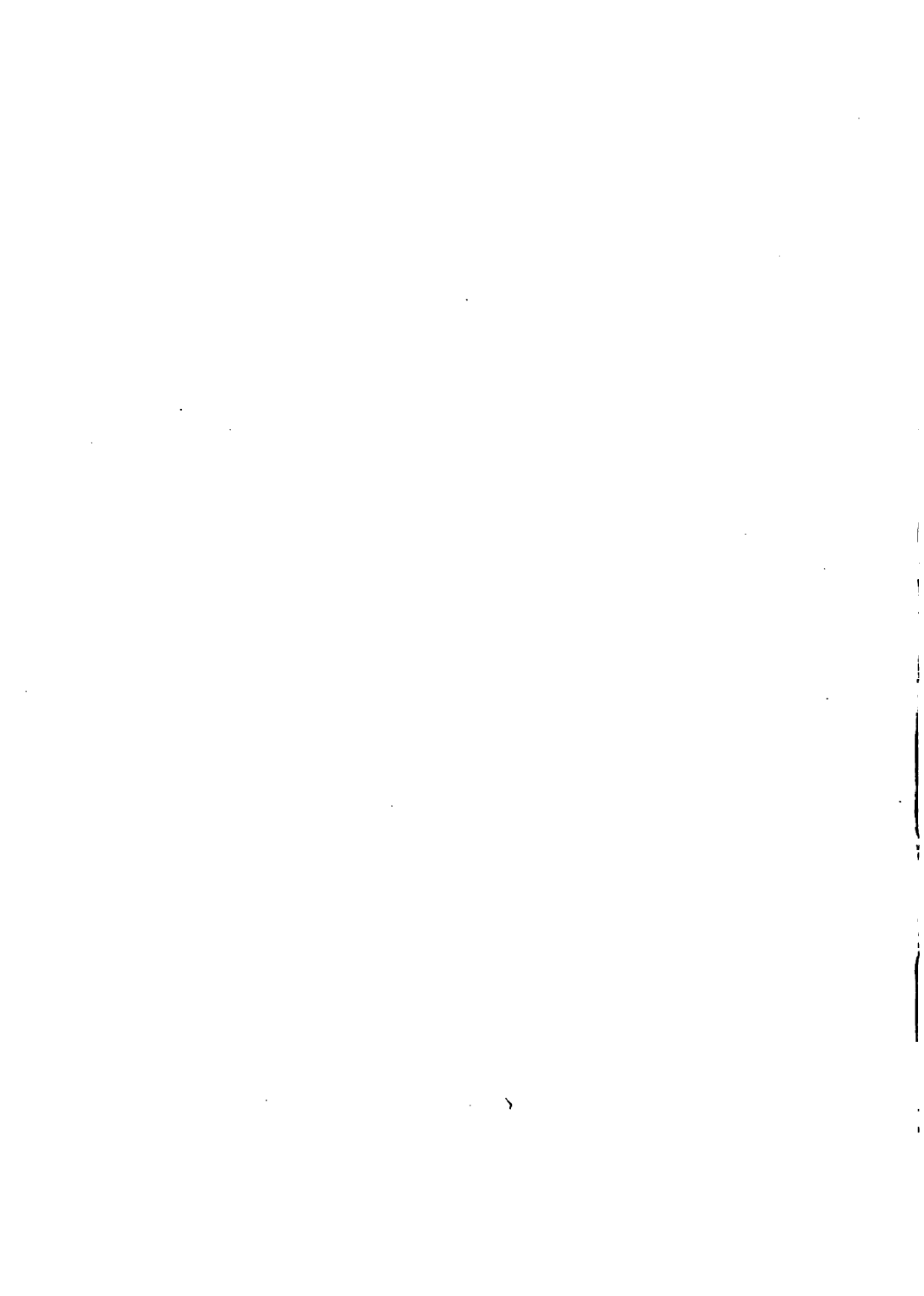
Aug. 24 — What peculiarly attractive birds the wax-wings are! They sit quietly and in so polite a manner that you may examine their neat and polished appearance. They have exactly the same taste in dress as the high-class Japanese, exquisite grays with a rose tinge, lovely browns with the sunshine almost coming through, a spot of red, a touch of yellow. Every year a colony nests in the



MASTER WAXWING AND HIS NEST



THE FLICKER



poplar grove on the island. It is a tradition on the countryside. This year we found a couple of cedar birds had gone to housekeeping close to the path, only about ten feet from the ground. As the nest was placed in a tangle of wild grape, it was difficult to push the long-handled mirror in far enough to see the downy bodies of the babies. We watched the feeding, the different approaches of the parents, and the cleaning of the nest, this last being usually done by Madame alone.

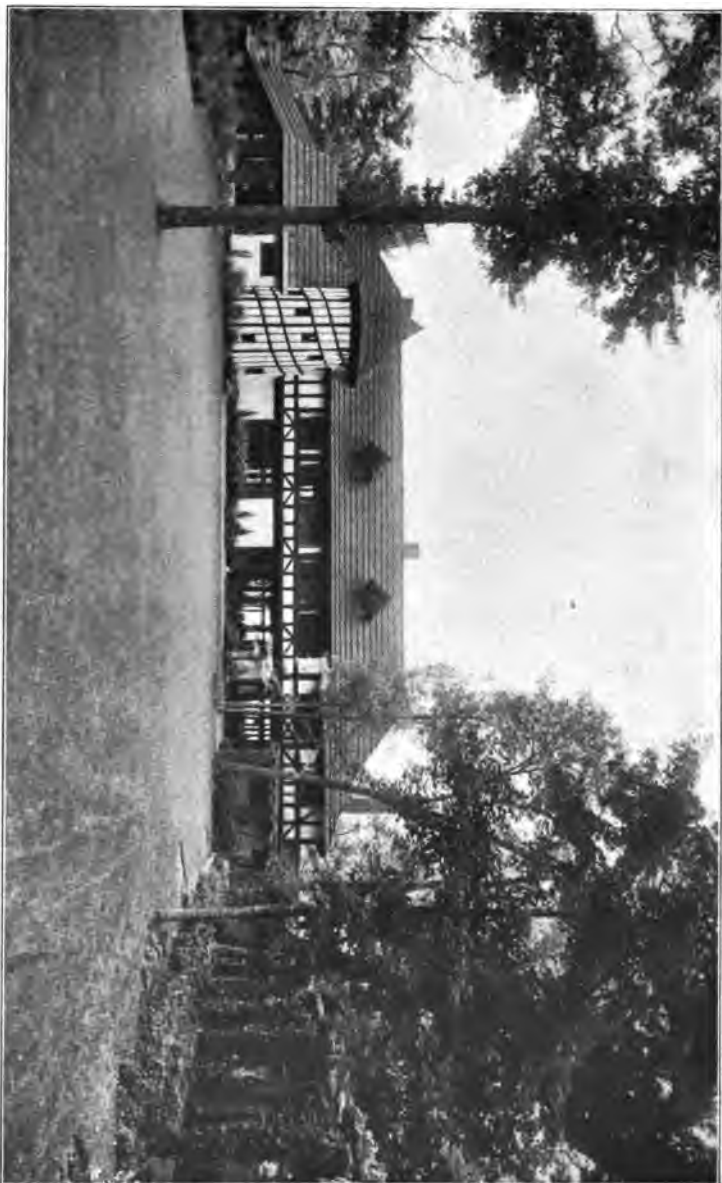
We went in solemn procession at about half-past nine one evening to see where the cedar birds slept. The man with the step-ladder first, the Bird-Lady carrying the lantern, and I, tagging on, ignorant but enthusiastic. How unfamiliar every bush and tree and vine looked in that flickering light! I began to have a fellow-feeling with the wide-eyed little maiden on the stairway "where bears are so liable to follow one." If a rabbit had leaped across the path or an owl hooted, I know I should have turned and fled to the safe shelter of the house; but everything was perfectly silent. Down the path and over the bridge, quietly creeping up to the poplar tree, we turned the light of the lantern upward. There sat the father and mother birds on the nest, keeping the three little ones warm beneath them.

Later on there was a big wind storm, and in the morning but one little cedar-bird was left in the nest. We could hear the other babies calling like locusts, in the grass, but find them we could not; we finally made up our minds that we must take pity on the nég-

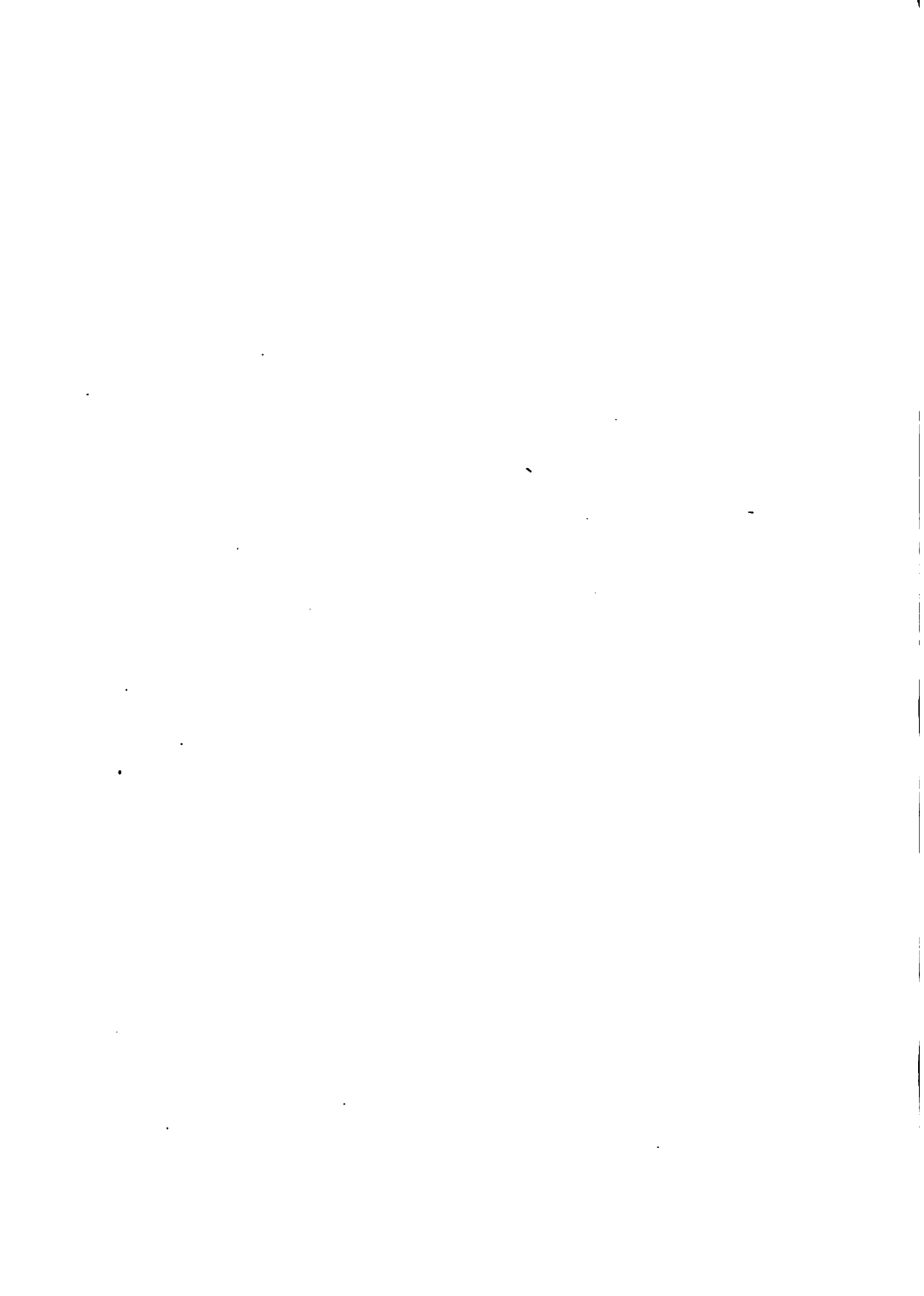
O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

lected one and try to bring it up by hand. We saw in the nest a curious seed and hunted high and low for this food. We tried the wild grape and the woodbine berries, and the dogwoods and viburnums, at least four species of each; but this seed had a different shape. At last we experimented with the sweet berries of the spikenard and the astringent wild grape. Master Waxwing obligingly swallowed these, but the Concord grapes he devoured with exceeding relish. He was very cunning, and without a particle of fear. He curled his small toes around my finger and looked at his new home in the dog-trot with quite an air of proprietorship, and it was such fun to feed him. We could keep him quiet only by covering him with a tiny cotton quilt. After his nap he would fairly shout for food. Even the Constant Improver was pressed into the service, and Cherry, as we named him, had plenty of attention. The Bird-Lady was to take him to her home where she had other bird babies, and in the spring he was to come back to be freed on the island, there to find his kinsfolk. Alas and alack for human plans! Poor Cherry met with a sad end. In some way, he fell on the azalea bush while helping himself to the aralia berries near, and a twig pierced his eye.

Oct. 12 — The nuthatches fearlessly dart quite near to the squirrel or alight on the terrace, just below the bench. I wonder if these birds store away food. It does not seem as if they could eat the amount I have seen them take away in an hour. Seventeen times, at intervals of from one and a half to three minutes,



THE HOUSE FROM THE LAWN



A L I N E A D A Y

they have returned to the stone bench to carry off a whole peanut each time. Occasionally the nuthatch rests from his labors and permits himself a little needed refreshment. He carries his nut in his bill to the heavy bark of a neighboring oak where he fits it in tightly, then strikes it smartly with his bill until he can get at the kernel. If pecans or peanuts are not available, he will eat corn, or even crackers; but he loves the suet hung against the tree, close by the terrace. So does the hairy woodpecker, who awaits his turn in most gallant fashion; but not so the haughty blue-jay. With a caw of warning, he darts at the dainty morsel, whatever it may be, and woe unto the creature who gets in his way! He sweeps down to the squirrel's brass jar, cocks his head on one side, flirts out one peanut after another until he finds one to his taste, hastily swallows it whole, snatches another, and is off to the garden to bury it. Generally his mate follows, selecting her food for present emergencies first, and eating it on the tree close by, before she assists in the storing process. The pair carry away easily fifty nuts in a half-hour. We do not see the blue-jay in the summer; indeed, we do not encourage his settling near; but in winter we cannot begrudge him his share of our dainties. There is enough for all. He is such a splendid-looking creature, and I actually like his "swing-gate" call.

Oct. 25 — Down by the shore in a forsythia clump to-day I heard a low warbling song and looked for a stray canary, but the note was too subdued. The gardener said it looked like a linnet,

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

but his English training did not satisfy me. In spite of patient search with the glass no bird was to be seen, but every now and then came that lovely trilling song. Finally my curiosity drove me too near, and a brown bird flew into the air, its white tail-quills betraying it at once — the vesper sparrow. Still later I heard his sweet notes, until the snow flurries of December drove him to warmer climates.

Nov. 3 — What a joy to welcome the winter birds to our out-of-door dining-room! Quite a luncheon party to-day,— four squirrels, two chipmunks, three nut-hatches, two blue-jays, one little brown creeper with his insect-like call, a downy and a hairy woodpecker, four chickadees, and four vesper sparrows. What a good time we had!

Dec. 4 — The golden-crowned kinglet is another winter visitor. One can hear his sharp insistent notes among the berry bushes and see him hopping along the bare tree boughs. He finds plenty to eat for himself and scorns my tempting table, but he is a friendly little bit of sunlight, and permits me to look at him at close quarters.

Jan. 11 — The chickadees are too cunning! One alights on the basket hung close to the dining-room window and, looking in at our eager faces, sings a quaint little song before hopping down into the bottom for the nuts. Another carries off a peanut, shell and all, to the tree branch near, where she cracks it by striking it with her bill, extracts the kernel and, dropping the shell, flies away with her feast. Still another works many minutes over a



THE DOWNY WOODPECKER'S WINTER NEST



SHOWING ITS DEPTH

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

What a study by itself is the flight of the birds! How different the outspread soaring of the swallows and the spasmodic opening and closing of the wings which is characteristic of the woodpeckers! And the bird music! What a revelation to me was the catbird's varied song! Can one forget the first time the whippoorwill calls or the wail of the screech-owl in the still night air? How bewildering is that wild indistinguishable charm of bird songs to the uninitiated! It took me years to be sure of even the robin's notes, and I am still on the threshold of that music world whose beauty and purity touch one's deepest sensibilities.





CHAPTER XV.

WEEDS FOR DECORATION.

FROM the beginning a certain part of the weeding fell to my share. Every one was so busy with the first rough work that no time could be spared for uprooting thistles. Therefore, although in my heart I really admired the richly cut leaves and sweet purple blossoms, I conscientiously dug them up wherever I found them. Yes, I dug them up; but there was no embargo on my utilizing them. Arranged in high brown jars along the barren north terrace, they made a splendid effect. That was another discovery: weeds made such a fine decoration! Once started in this direction the field was limitless, and we experimented in all sorts of combinations.

Now, it sounds like a formidable undertaking to keep seventy-two acres free from thistles, but I soon learned that they grow only

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

in open spaces, that they follow civilization, and that there are none at all in the real woods. One finds them by the roadway, through the paths and hidden in the shrubbery, but particularly and always on the lawn. I hope that sometime I may find a sandy corner where I may let these really attractive flowers blossom in splendid isolation. I must promise, and I certainly will fulfil it, to cut off each head before its light down scatters; but think how gorgeous that purple mass will be!

I am afraid I am not a systematic person, after all. It is such joy to wander out in the early morning, fully equipped for any task that may appear, but not knowing quite what it will be. Suddenly, close by me, a low note sounds and a new bird rises in swift flight. I follow blindly until I find myself in a long unvisited corner, where the tropical-leaved burdock with its tall spike of green and purple balls is just ready to go to seed. I dart at the offending plants, rise somewhat dishevelled from the encounter, and wander still onward to new and further experiences in this blessed out-door life.

Two more real weeds I acknowledge,—the hogweed, which it is good fun to pick, the roots come away so easily that in half an hour you can make a small haystack, and the horseweed. The former is rather pretty with its fernlike leaf, and there was some hesitation about relegating it to the dump heap; but it settled the question for itself by taking possession, not only of every scrap of earth left bare for five minutes, but also of the planted spaces, choking everything in its way. The second, horseweed, is



FULLY EQUIPPED FOR ANY TASK



A VASE OF WILD CARROT



W E E D S F O R D E C O R A T I O N

absolutely without a redeeming quality. It always seems promising to do something,—to be green, or to blossom, or to seed; but it only looks sulky and dissatisfied. Its persistence is worthy of a better cause.

At the plantain I balked; the little weed-boy must attend to that and to the long-rooted, thick, radish-leaved dock, with its high stalk of rich brown seeds. The gardener looked dumb with dismay when I brought one to stand against the gray plaster wall. It was beautiful too,—but now I share his feelings, partially at least, and mercilessly destroy each plant.

How brilliant the dandelion is in the early spring! It carries the note of the yellow forsythia and the daffy-down-dilly far away along the sunny slopes, and it brings the sunshine to every one—except the gardener, who scowls and meditates upon the useful spud and the sharp knife of the weed-boy. As soon as the spring bloom is over we submit to the inevitable, the dandelion becomes a weed again and must be uprooted. Well we know that, by another spring, in some mysterious fashion, our sunny slopes will once more be a yellow glory, and the weed-boy's occupation will begin again.

Throughout the changing seasons we bring into the house our flowering and fruiting sprays and try all manner of combinations for decoration. Whenever a tree has to be cut down, we take advantage of the opportunity and deck ourselves with the spoils in true Indian fashion. That tree comes into the house, branch by

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

branch and bough by bough, and we live for a week in one long leafy bower of greenery. Always when the lindens are in bloom we steal half a dozen branches from the bees to lend their sweetness to our indoor life; the shadbush and wild cherry, the thorn-apple tree and the forsythia, the blossoming maples and the Hercules' club, each in turn shares our evenings under the lamplight and fills the rooms with its fragrant presence. The graceful sprays of the blackberry are always objects of beauty, whether in flower or shaded fruit, in green leaf or rich autumnal tints.

In our dining-room, too, the shrubs take turns keeping us company. The fragrant sumac has a dainty, yellow, spidery blossom which combines charmingly with cowslips for a May luncheon. Yellow buttercups and violets in glass receptacles only three inches high are most effective, and of course the sprays of all the spiræas arrange themselves in wonderful forms of beauty. The tiny white flowers of the rough bedstraw are exquisite with the wild rose; and the red stems of the elder after the berries have fallen make an extraordinary effect against the thick white snake-root. Still later the rose haws blend well with the blue privet berries and dark red leaves of the aromatic sumac; or the barberries and privet and sea-buckthorn berries, loosely arranged to show the natural growth of each, make an equally effective combination. The sneezeweed, a proud and sightly plant, is exquisite with pale purple asters. The white silky cockades of the groundsel bush make an admirable foil for the scarlet salvia or the high-bush cran-



WINDOW BOX FROM INSIDE



WINDOW BOX FILLED WITH SEED-PODS

WEEDS FOR DECORATION

berries. We bring in long sprays of nasturtiums full of buds just before the frost comes, and for a month have fresh blossoms and new leaves in the Japanese basket from which they climb over the mantelpiece.

A friend said to me in all seriousness the other day: "My little



GREAT FEATHERY HEADS OF GOLDEN-ROD

girl has been asked to bring to school as many different leaves as she can. The heavy frost has killed all the flowers. Of course I know the maple and oak leaves, but are there any others now?" She is a newcomer in our forest life, but she will learn, because she really is eager to know. When I showed her from the window the wychhazel, the Japanese quince, the wild cherry, the privet, the

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

syringa, the barberry, and some twenty more varieties of leaves she was amazed and delighted.

One day, it was the twenty-ninth of November, we discovered that our window-boxes looked bare. In fact there was apparently nothing in them but carefully powdered and well-drained dirt. I say apparently, for well we knew the beauty hidden beneath the surface in the tulip bulbs for early spring decoration; but, as we wanted some beauty at once, we started forth to see what Nature could offer us at this inclement season.

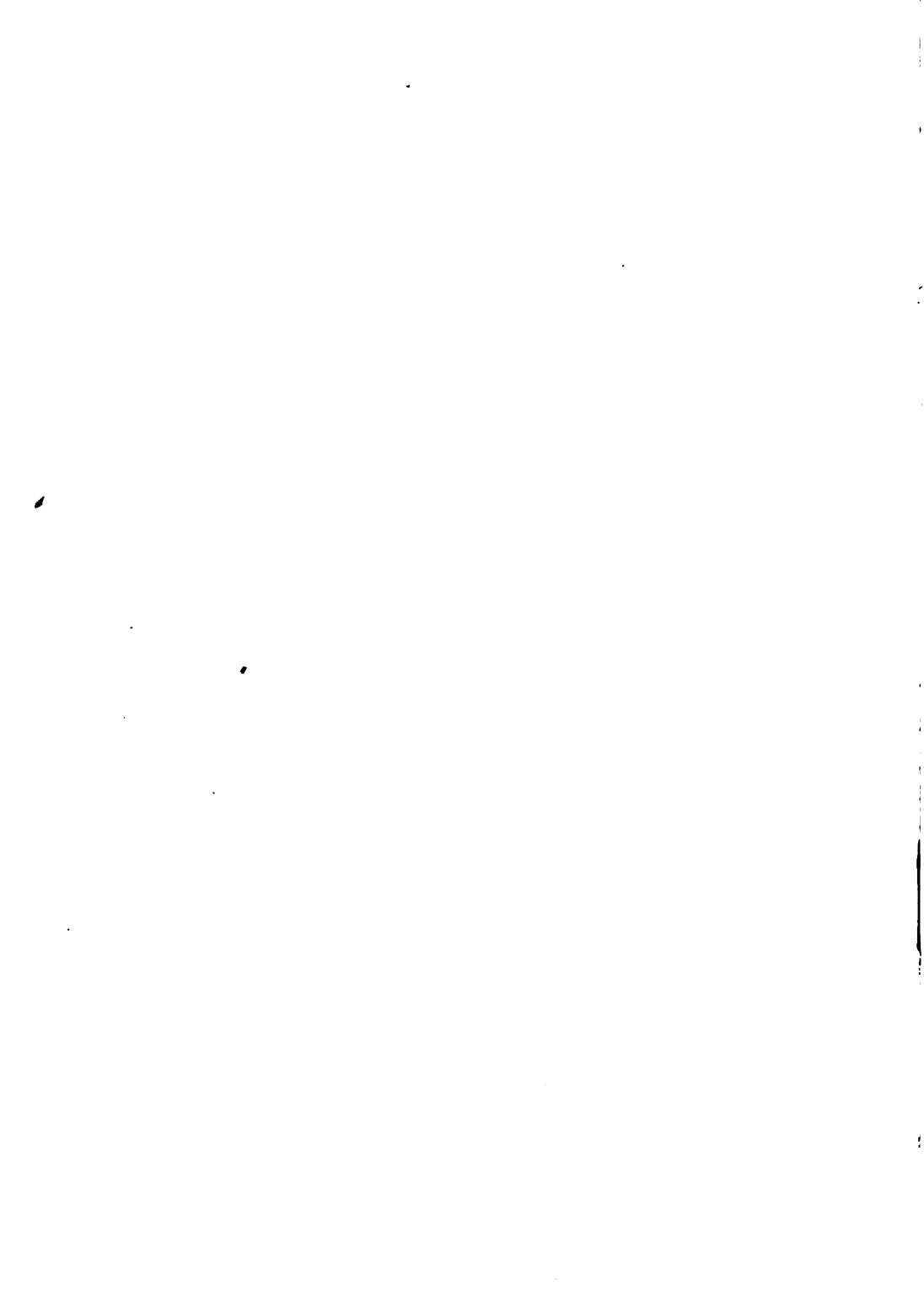
The Halliana honeysuckle was green in lovely flat sprays on the terrace wall, and the Japanese clematis still kept some of its feathery fruits, but we wanted something to stand up bravely and look in at us as we sewed or read by the sunny window. The mountain sumac offered her bunches of rich crimson berries. Yes; that would do for an occasional heavy note. The New England aster spread her starry seed-cups to our admiring gaze. The very thing! There, over beyond the dogwoods, was a waving field of great feathery heads of golden-rod. We must have an armful of them! In the wild garden, too, were tall spikes of the evening primrose, half-blown milkweed pods, and wild peppermint, brown and fluted. Just beyond the formal garden, along the path into the woods, we found the curved cups of the Turk's-cap lily, the prim flat bunches of the sedum spectabile, the delicate balls of the boltonias, the brown heads of the cone-flowers large and small, and in the gravel pit the exquisite white feathers of the pampas grass.



THE VARIETY OF TREE FORMS



THE HALLIANA HONEYSUCKLE IN DECEMBER



WEEDS FOR DECORATION

Down by the shore were curving branches of sea-buckthorn set thick with orange berries; nearer the house grew great bunches of privet berries, while close by the terrace swung the graceful sprays of Indian currant shading from pale rose to deep magenta.



THE INDIAN CURRANT

all begging to be used. Could one ask for greater variety or for richer beauty?

With delight we arranged our treasures in the long window-boxes, judging them from inside as well as outside, filling in and rounding out the delicate grouping. How perfectly their autumn browns and grays harmonized with the velvety surface of the rough brown timbers and gray plaster on the house! Our enthu-

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

siasm grew as our work progressed, and after the window-boxes were finished we looked about for more worlds to conquer! On the long broken flight of shallow steps at the entrance were four smaller boxes whose swaying fronds of fern had gone the way of all grass. Why should not these be filled too? No sooner said than done! Off again into the surrounding woods we hastened, returning with more armfuls of loveliness. Each box when completed looked more beautiful than the last, and we surveyed our work with keen satisfaction.

Later on the rain froze in wonderful pearls up and down the tall stems and on the edge of the brown leaves and seed pods, the sun shone in millions of spectra and the light danced in rainbow colors over the walls of the living-room. One morning in January we awoke to a marvellous spectacle. A fine, soft, wet snow had fallen in the night, and every separate spray in our window-boxes was clothed in its own delicate mantle of purity.

To a true Nature-lover the month of November has lost its bleak and desolate reputation to become the unfolder of mysteries. The variety of tree-forms is incredible to an ignorant city-bred person, while the contours of the land are a constant surprise, the steep hillsides and deep valleys, undisguised by underbrush or snowy mantle: — the face of the country has assumed a new aspect.

Does any one know the real beauty of the sunshine until he has seen it burst through the heavy dark clouds of a November sky, illuminating the fields of pale corn stubble, the soft rosy cream of



THE FERN-BOX FILLED WITH SEED-PODS



A MORNING IN JANUARY



WEEDS FOR DECORATION

the wind-blown marsh grasses, the rich brown of the oak leaves, and the rolling green fields of winter grain? A marble shaft on yonder hilltop gleams for an instant, and the church-spire rises near. The sky is patched with blue, and the old gnarled apple trees along the ridge, the tall elms about the farmhouse door, the rows of poplars and maples along the village streets stand sharply outlined. A clump of willows by a winding brook appears and disappears. There is a field of feeding cattle in the distance with a generous red barn not far away. How black are the furrows of newly ploughed earth! How yellow the seed-corn hanging under the eaves! The shadows fly across the open fields pursued by the crows in flocks and more and more the blue sky widens, the clouds grow fleecy and white and small, the sunshine reflects itself in tiny pools and waterways by sunken fences. Can this be grim November?





CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

WE have not sought to do everything at once; we try not to be impatient for results. For example, it took us nearly three years to learn a fully satisfactory way to put the name of the place at the entrance! It sounds simple enough, but —. On the highroad outside the almost invisible wire fence, we had planted a long thicket of underbrush from the woods within, while about the curving stone arms of the gateway we put masses of wild roses and bitter-sweet. In the split boulder which capped the gate-post we decided to carve the name of the place.

The Friendly Architect sketched roughly the letters, and the stone-cutter, who had had experience in the little local burying-ground, came from the village armed with hammer, drills, and emery stone, and began making round holes three-eighths of an inch in diameter, three-fourths of an inch deep, and one-eighth of an inch apart, up and down the penciled lines. It was not rapid work; the granite seemed particularly impenetrable, and the drills would get dull after every few strokes; but at the end of many days the holes all beautifully round were completed.

C O N C L U S I O N

Our growing suspicions proved too well founded; the shadows were not dense enough, and the name was indistinct. The Constant Improver looked at it critically, and asked, "Have n't you some black yarn?" I thought I was prepared for any demand, but this staggered me a bit, not associating wool and granite gate-



THE GATE-POST

posts. However, I managed to gasp, "E-er, no; I don't believe I have,—but we can buy some." Full of curiosity and impatient to put the new idea into practice, we harnessed the old gray horse and drove down to the village for the yarn. On our return we jumped out at the gate, and the Constant Improver filled every hole with the black woolly stuff, carrying the line loosely from one

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

hole to the next, making a beautifully soft outline for the perfectly clear inscription. We stood back and laughed in delight; we turned and walked away for some distance to see how it carried,— it was just what we wanted.

We returned to the house in triumph. But the rain and the wind played havoc with our work. In a few weeks ends of the yarn were waving in the breeze and a dilapidated and out-at-elbow announcement greeted the passer-by,— it looked as if the gatepost were ravelling. Why would n't black paint, following closely in the lines of the wool, produce the same effect? The Constant Improver watched as the gardener cautiously experimented. Yes; it was good. The letters stood clearly forth in soft velvety outline. We congratulated one another, for this had been on our minds for many moons, and now the Constant Improver could turn his active intellect to other problems.

Was there not the small greenhouse to build? Why should n't its sides, too, be of the rough-hewn timbers, and the potting sheds at the ends have the mossy roof of the woodshed? Even the sash which held the glass was to be painted brown, an unheard of innovation in greenhouse construction. Instead of an ugly chimney, a good terra-cotta chimney-pot was selected and carefully brought out "by hand" from the city. Only the martin-house sent us by a friend stood white and uncompromising in the midst of all these blending tones. To be sure, the martins had not yet found it. After two years the Constant Improver could endure it no longer,



THE GREENHOUSE



THE LEAF-CART



C O N C L U S I O N

and it too was stained a lovely soft brown. I cannot assert that this will entice these particular birds, but it certainly satisfies the artistic sense of those most concerned.

I have heard it said that if you put into your country place every penny you can spare, you are a horticulturist; but if you make it pay you attain to the dignity of a farmer. There may be differences of opinion about the form of "pay." I am afraid we resemble the countryman who was asked by his friend:

"Why did ye set out all them catalpa trees? They won't pay nothin'."

"Why, neighbor," he replied, "I git my money back every day a-lookin' on 'em."

So we take the utmost satisfaction in just "lookin' on" our weeds and wild flowers, our shrubs and forest trees.

It does not seem possible that one can hear in the early spring-time the honk-honk of the wild geese and watch their curious V-shaped flight without a longing to follow them into the wild, to feel the sweet-smelling earth under one's feet again, and to watch the awakening of all living things from their wintry dreams.

"Yes," some practical soul may perhaps say, "that is all very beguiling if we only lived like the birds, carrying our belongings on our backs and finding a shelter wherever we chose to stop." Truly, I think the talk about the care of a country house is exaggerated. Care is, after all, entirely a matter of the individual. Our grandmothers would doubtless have spent days in covering

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

up the furniture and putting away the bric-a-brac when leaving, which would entail even more work in readjusting and uncovering and vigorous cleaning in the springtime. In the early days I acknowledge that I thought this was the only way to be a good housekeeper!

But the Constant Improver is not so named for naught. "The important thing," he said, "is to have furnishings simple enough so that the house may be closed by turning the key, then it is ready for the week-end visit at any time of the year." After he had once persuaded me to try his easy method, moving lost all its terrors.

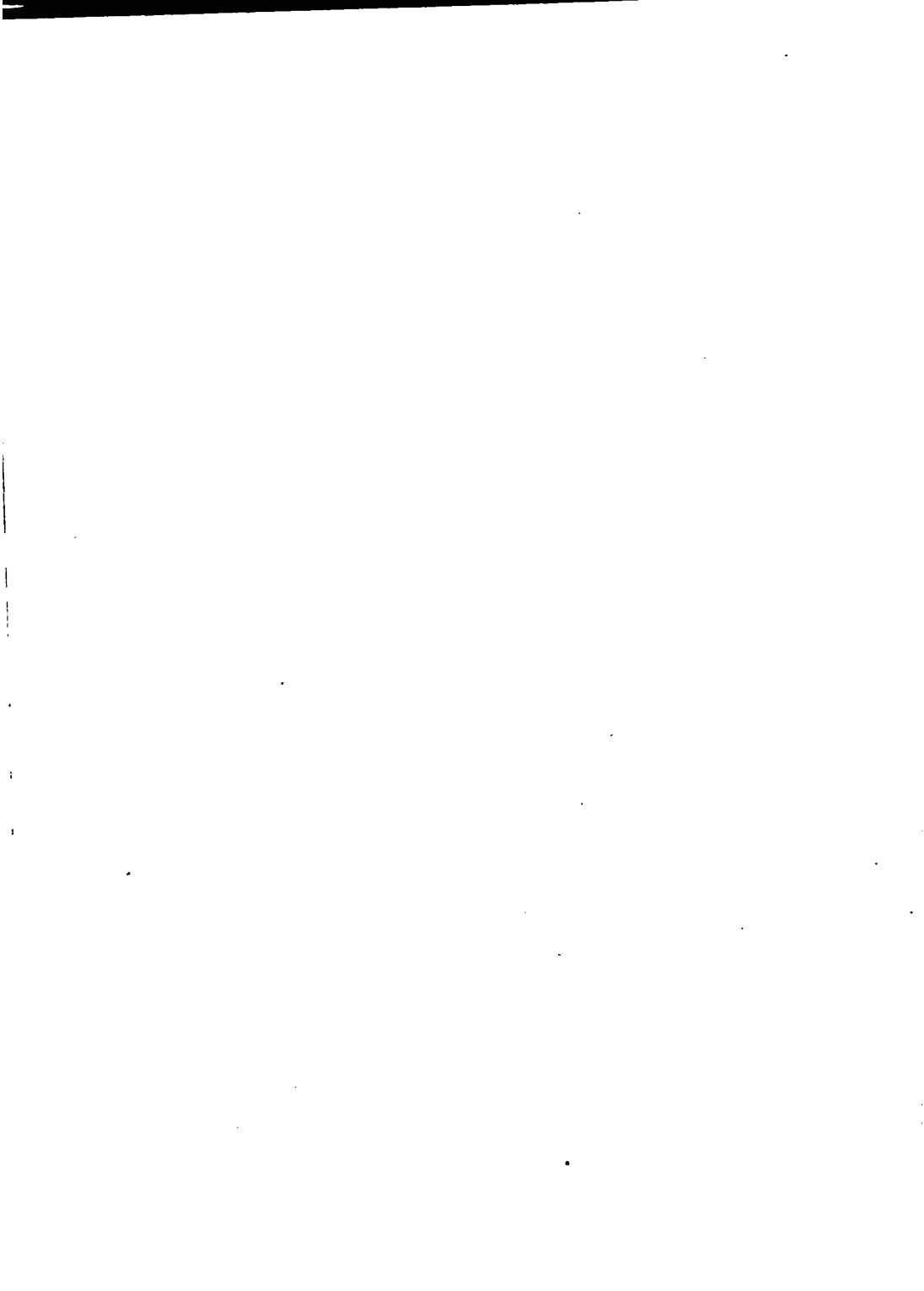
People who have never attempted it, often have the belief that it is easier to keep house in the city than in the country, that one is nearer the source of supplies, and that things in general are more convenient in the city. I wish to assert the contrary. With proper system and a little forethought at the beginning of the season, the house really keeps itself, and there is not that constant battle with dust and soot which makes the housekeeper's life in the city a daily martyrdom. It is easy also to arouse in the household a spirit of interest in the country life out-doors. One little maid, newly come, was so impressed with the knowledge of the Constant Improver, that, pointing to our collection of last year's birds' nests, she asked if he had made them and put them out for the birds to use! Later on, I discovered one day in the out-of-door dining-room that the dry crusts of bread thrown out to the birds had been carefully soaked



BRINGING IN BRANCHES



THE MANCHURIAN CHERRY



C O N C L U S I O N

in milk and a dish of cherries thoughtfully stoned, — “For the birds have n’t any teeth, they tell me!”

Always there is a pleasure in the beauty of the woods and a desire to know the names of the flowers brought in. Nothing is too much trouble if the result be satisfactory, and I have known my maids to scour the woods for hours in search of some precious branch and to get up at dawn to cut the flowers with the dew still on them. From the beginning we have been assisted in the accomplishment of our cherished plans by the hearty coöperation and real sympathy of our well-trained English gardener, who has become as enthusiastic as ourselves over the preservation of all our wildness. He has developed a genius for imitating Nature, taking careful photographs of desirable bits of scenery with the object of reproducing them on our own small estate. He is tireless in his quest for wild flowers and will explore the country for miles around in search of roots. A modest, self-contained man with unusual executive ability, he is an apostle of Nature among his fellow-gardeners and writes papers for the State Horticultural Society advocating his purpose.

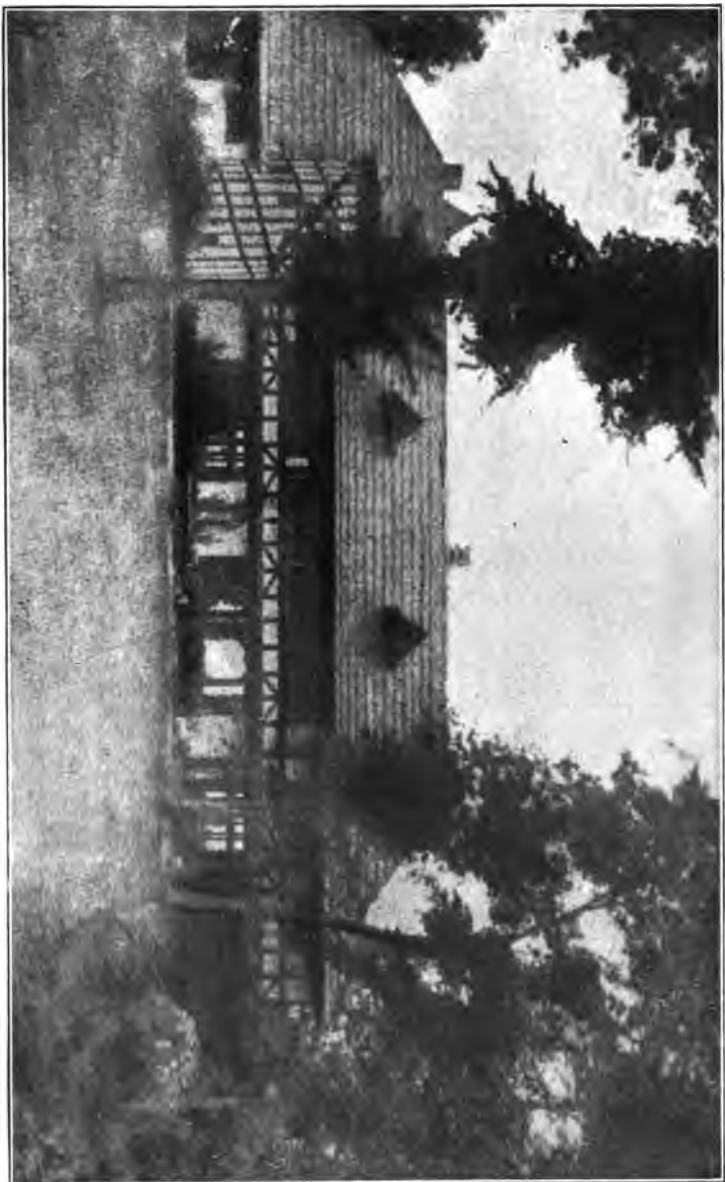
In America life is more interesting because we are young: we are the ancestors, so to speak, of a nation; we are establishing universities and museums; erecting monumental buildings of all sorts; and at last we have reached that desirable point in our civilization when country life reveals its charms to us. In various parts of our own land we are making beautiful homes, experimenting in

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

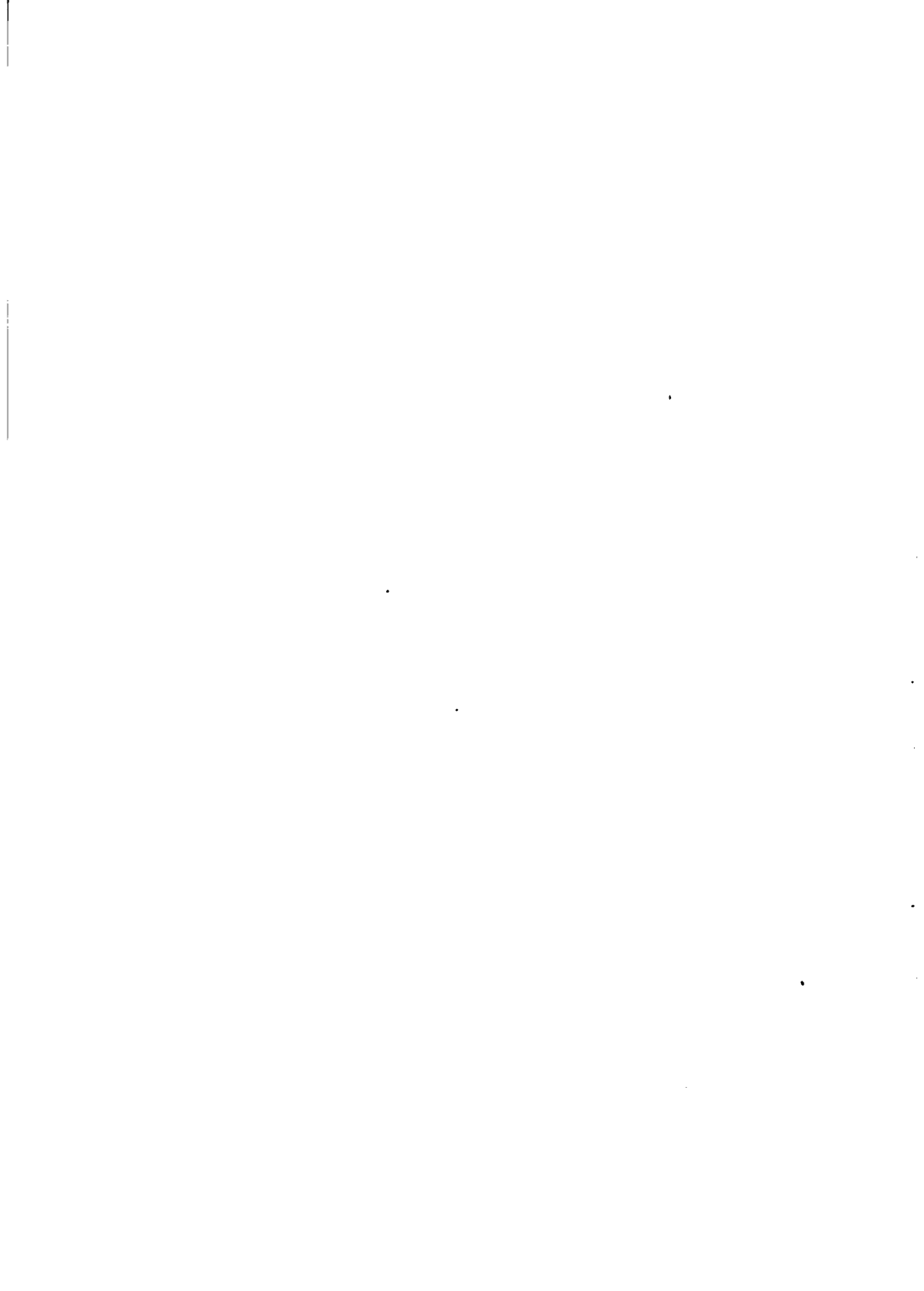
farm lands, even planting forests; as a people we are just learning the delights of real life. When we think of the vast treeless tracts in Michigan and Minnesota swept by fire or by the ruthless hand of civilized man, we must be grateful for this new spirit of upbuilding, of patient labor for the benefit of future generations. In the government reserves in both Germany and France, how pleasing it is to see the tiny spruces and pines, whole acres of them, perhaps a foot high, to be left alone for a sufficient time to attain their perfect growth. This takes, I believe, about twenty-five years. But has not our government evolved a much more beautiful system of forestry? Here all the trees of a certain regulated size may be cut down each year, yet the stately forest in all its growing comeliness is carefully preserved.

One comforting thought to that mass of people who have always lived in the city is, that they will enjoy each phase of country life much more than the old rural inhabitants. It was predicted that probably the charm lay for us too in the novelty of the experience, — and of course that could not last; but we find a continued novelty, and after five years our interest, instead of diminishing, has increased little by little until it fills our lives with its intensity and we see stretching before us long years of glad accomplishment.

It is fortunate that none of us wishes to profit by the example of his fellow man; half the joy of living is learning by experience. Another cheering circumstance is that few of us have marvellous memories; so we luckily forget, and each year must learn again,



AT DUSK



C O N C L U S I O N

something, if it be only the names of the birds and the flowers and the plants. By looking over one's own list each Spring, renewing the acquaintance as it were, soon the old familiarity returns. But it is the doing, after all, which gives the most pleasure! The tiny oak that I raised from the acorn and after two years planted in an open space where some day it will extend its branches over every passer-by,— suppose at present it *is* only ten inches high and I can count its eight or ten leaves! And the young Manchurian bird-cherry which looks like a man's walking-stick thrust in the ground,— do I not see in imagination its luscious fruit on spreading boughs filled with song birds grateful for their feast? That horse-chestnut sapling which we rescued from a tangle of grapevine and willow and gave breathing space in the open, — do not its leaves turn a deeper red and its bursting buds give us a keener joy for all our care? Do the long years of waiting oppress me? I have no time for that: each day brings so much of present interest that the hours seem overflowing. The dividing line between work and play has been eliminated: the daily task has become the daily joy! And it is astonishing what can be done in one lifetime with energies properly directed. The beautiful Hunnewell estate at Wellesley, Massachusetts, with its huge forest trees, its elaborate and ancient-looking Italian garden, its wonderful flowering shrubs, was within the memory of men now living a barren field covered with stones.

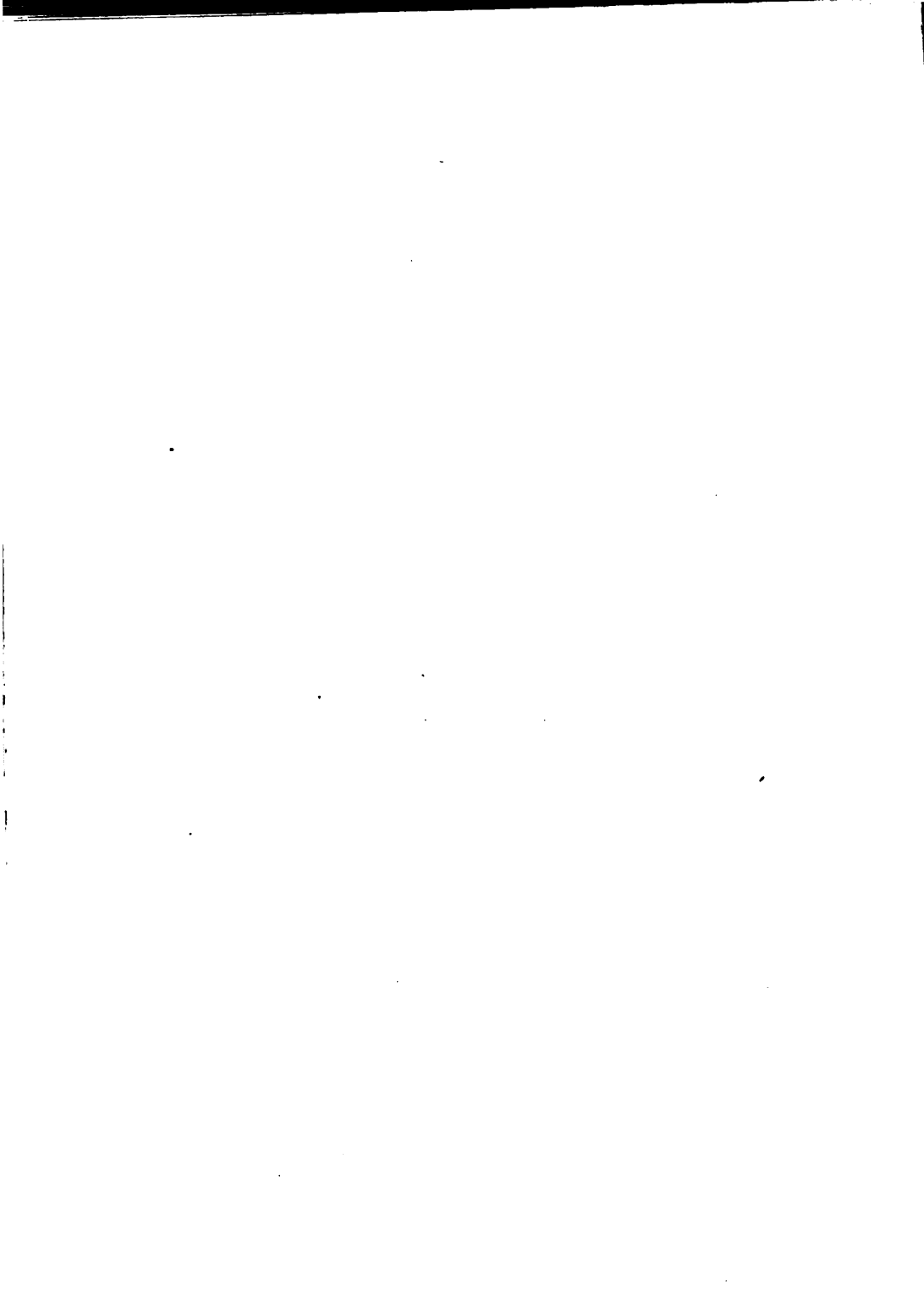
An Enthusiast is never wholly satisfied until she has persuaded some one else to go and do likewise. Her happiness is such that

O U R C O U N T R Y H O M E

it seems selfish not to share it. All through our Badger State are hidden small lakes surrounded by virgin forests, where the weeds and the wild flowers are only waiting to be appreciated. Here each season has its own particular beauty, and each day a separate charm. For joyful recreation, for healthful exercise, for novel experiences, for the development of individuality, the possibilities of the woodland home are infinite.



LIST OF PLANTS, SHRUBS, AND TREES



LIST OF PLANTS, SHRUBS, AND TREES

(This nomenclature follows "An Illustrated Flora of the United States, Canada, and the British Possessions," by Nathaniel Lord Britton and Addison Brown, 1896.)

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>Ageratum, Garden,
<i>Ageratum mexicanum</i>.</p> <p>Agrimony,
<i>Agrimonia</i>.</p> <p>Anemone, Japanese,
<i>Anemone japonica</i>.</p> <p>Anise,
<i>Pimpinella anisum</i>.</p> <p>Apple,
<i>Malus malus</i>.</p> <p>Apple, Japanese Crab-,
<i>Malus spectabilis</i>.</p> <p>Apple, Western Crab-,
<i>Malus ioensis</i>.</p> <p>Apple, Wild Crab-,
<i>Malus angustifolia</i>.</p> <p>Arbutus, Trailing,
<i>Epigaea repens</i>.</p> <p>Arrow-wood,
<i>Viburnum dentatum</i>.</p> <p>Arrow-wood, Downy-leaved,
<i>Viburnum pubescens</i>.</p> <p>Artichoke, French,
<i>Cynara scolymus</i>.</p> <p>Artichoke, Jerusalem,
<i>Helianthus tuberosus</i>.</p> <p>Asparagus,
<i>Asparagus officinalis</i>.</p> <p>Aster, Common Blue Wood,
<i>Aster cordifolius</i>.</p> <p>Aster, Late Purple,
<i>Aster patens</i>.</p> <p>Aster, New England,
<i>Aster Novæ-Angliæ</i>.</p> <p>Aster, Sky-blue,
<i>Aster azureus</i>.</p> <p>Aster, Smooth,
<i>Aster laevis</i>.</p> <p>Aster, Wavy-leaved,
<i>Aster undulatus</i>.</p> <p>Astilbe, Japanese,
<i>Astilbe japonica</i>.</p> | <p>Azalea,
<i>Azalea</i>.</p> <p>Baby's-breath,
<i>Gypsophila paniculata</i>.</p> <p>Balm, Lemon,
<i>Melissa officinalis</i>.</p> <p>Balsam-apple, Wild,
<i>Micrampelis lobata</i>.</p> <p>Baneberry, Red,
<i>Actæa rubra</i>.</p> <p>Baneberry, White,
<i>Actæa alba</i>.</p> <p>Barberry, Japanese,
<i>Berberis japonica</i>.</p> <p>Basil, Sweet,
<i>Ocimum basilicum</i>.</p> <p>Bayberry,
<i>Myrica carolinensis</i>.</p> <p>Bean,
<i>Phaseolus vulgaris</i>.</p> <p>Bean, Lima,
<i>Phaseolus lunatus</i>.</p> <p>Bean, Wild,
<i>Phaseolus polystachyus</i>.</p> <p>Bedstraw, Rough,
<i>Galium asprellum</i>.</p> <p>Beech-drops, False
<i>Monotropa hypopitys</i>.</p> <p>Beet,
<i>Beta vulgaris</i>.</p> <p>Begonia, Tuberosus,
<i>Begonia tuberosa</i>.</p> <p>Bellflower, Chinese,
<i>Platyodon grandiflorum</i>.</p> <p>Bellflower, Pyramidal,
<i>Campanula pyramidalis</i>.</p> <p>Bellflower, Tall,
<i>Campanula americana</i>.</p> <p>Bellwort, Large-flowered,
<i>Uvularia grandiflora</i>.</p> <p>Bergamot, Wild,
<i>Monarda fistulosa</i>.</p> | <p>Bindweed, Hedge,
<i>Convolvulus sepium</i>.</p> <p>Bitter-sweet,
<i>Celastrus scandens</i>.</p> <p>Blackberry, High-bush,
<i>Rubus villosus</i>.</p> <p>Blackberry, Low-running,
<i>Rubus canadensis</i>.</p> <p>Black-eyed Susan,
<i>Rudbeckia hirta</i>.</p> <p>Bladder-nut,
<i>Staphylea trifolia</i>.</p> <p>Blazing-star,
<i>Liatris pycnostachya</i>.</p> <p>Bleeding-heart,
<i>Dicentra spectabilis</i>.</p> <p>Bloodroot,
<i>Sanguinaria canadensis</i>.</p> <p>Blueberry,
<i>Vaccinium corymbosum</i>.</p> <p>Boneset,
<i>Eupatorium perfoliatum</i>.</p> <p>Bouncing Bet,
<i>Saponaria officinalis</i>.</p> <p>Box,
<i>Buxus sempervirens</i>.</p> <p>Brake,
<i>Pteris aquilina</i>.</p> <p>Bridal Wreath,
<i>Spiræa van Houttei</i>.</p> <p>Buckthorn,
<i>Rhamnus cathartica</i>.</p> <p>Buckthorn, Sea,
<i>Hippophaë rhamnoides</i>.</p> <p>Buckwheat, Climbing
False,
<i>Polygonum dumetorum</i>,
var. <i>scandens</i>.</p> <p>Burdock, Great,
<i>Arctium Lappa</i>.</p> <p>Butter-and-eggs,
<i>Linaria vulgaris</i>.</p> |
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LIST OF PLANTS, SHRUBS, AND TREES

Buttercup, <i>Ranunculus</i> .	Cinquefoil, <i>Potentilla canadensis</i> .	Dahlia, <i>Dahlia variabilis</i> .
Butterfly-weed, <i>Asclepias tuberosa</i> .	Clematis, Jackmann's, <i>Clematis Jackmanni</i> .	Dandelion, <i>Taraxacum taraxacum</i> .
Butternut, <i>Juglans cinerea</i> .	Clematis, Japanese, <i>Clematis paniculata</i> .	Dock, Radish-leaved, <i>Rumex crispus</i> .
Button-bush, <i>Cephalanthus occidentalis</i> .	Clover, Red, <i>Trifolium pratense</i> .	Dodder, <i>Cuscuta gronovii</i> .
Cactus, <i>Opuntia fragilis</i> .	Cobæa Vine, <i>Cobæa scandens</i> .	Dogbane, <i>Apocynum androsaemifolium</i> .
Campion, Starry, <i>Silene stellata</i> .	Cohosh, Blue, <i>Caulophyllum thalictroides</i> .	Dogwood, Alternate-leaved, <i>Cornus alternifolia</i> .
Canterbury Bells, <i>Campanula medium</i> .	Columbine, Wild, <i>Aquilegia canadensis</i> .	Dogwood, Panicked, <i>Cornus paniculata</i> .
Caraway, <i>Carum carui</i> .	Cone-flower, Newman's, <i>Rudbeckia Newmani</i> .	Dogwood, Red Osier, <i>Cornus stolonifera</i> .
Cardinal-flower, <i>Lobelia cardinalis</i> .	Cone-flower, Sweet, <i>Rudbeckia subtomentosa</i> .	Dogwood, Red-stemmed, <i>Cornus sibirica</i> .
Cardinal-flower, Blue, <i>Lobelia syphilitica</i> .	Cone-flower, Thin-leaved, <i>Rudbeckia triloba</i> .	Dogwood, Round-leaved, <i>Cornus circinata</i> .
Carnation, see Pink.	Coprinus, Inky, <i>Coprinus atramentarius</i> .	Dogwood, Silky, or Kinnikinnik, <i>Cornus amomum</i> .
Carrot, <i>Daucus carota</i> .	Coral-root, Small-flowered, <i>Corallorhiza odontorhiza</i> .	Egg Plant, <i>Solanum melongena</i> .
Catalpa, <i>Catalpa catalpa</i> .	Coreopsis, Lance-leaved, <i>Coreopsis lanceolata</i> .	Egplantine, or Sweet Brier, <i>Rosa rubiginosa</i> .
Catnip, or Catmint, <i>Nepeta cataria</i> .	Cow-parsnip, <i>Heracleum lanatum</i> .	Elder, American, or Elderberry, <i>Sambucus canadensis</i> .
Cauliflower, <i>Brassica oleracea</i> , var. <i>botrytis</i> .	Cranberry, High-bush, <i>Viburnum opulus</i> .	Elder, Red-berried, <i>Sambucus pubens</i> .
Cedar, White, <i>Thuja occidentalis</i> .	Cucumber, <i>Cucumis sativus</i> .	Elm, American, <i>Ulmus americana</i> .
Celery, <i>Apium graveolens dulce</i> .	Currant, Black, <i>Ribes americanum</i> .	Elm, Slippery, <i>Ulmus fulva</i> .
Chamomile, <i>Anthemis tinctoria</i> .	Currant, Indian, or Coralberry, <i>Symphoricarpos vulgaris</i> .	Fern, Boston, <i>Nephrolepis exaltata bostonensis</i> .
Chamomile, False, <i>Boltonia asteroides</i> .	Currant, Missouri, <i>Ribes aureum</i> .	Fern, Maiden-hair, <i>Adiantum pedatum</i> .
Chard, Swiss, <i>Beta vulgaris alba</i> .	Currant, Red, <i>Ribes rubrum</i> .	Fern, Sweet, <i>Comptonia peregrina</i> .
Cherry, <i>Prunus cerasus</i> .	Currant, White, <i>Ribes rubrum</i> , var. <i>album</i> .	Fetter-bush, Mountain, <i>Andromeda floribunda</i> .
Cherry, Choke, <i>Prunus virginiana</i> .	Daffy-down-dilly, <i>Narcissus pseudo-narcissus</i> .	Figwort, Hare, <i>Scrophularia leporella</i> .
Cherry, Western Sand, <i>Prunus besseyi</i> .		Figwort, Maryland, <i>Scrophularia marylandica</i> .
Cherry, Western Wild, <i>Prunus demissa</i> .		
Cherry, Wild Black, <i>Prunus serotina</i> .		
Chickweed, <i>Alsine media</i> .		

LIST OF PLANTS, SHRUBS, AND TREES

Fleur-de-lis,
Iris germanica, etc.
Forsythia, Hanging,
Forsythia suspensa.
Forsythia, Intermediate,
Forsythia intermedia.
Foxglove, Downy False,
Dasystoma flava.
Foxglove, Fern-leaved,
False,
Dasystoma pedicularia.

Gentian, Closed,
Gentiana Andrewsii.
Gentian, Fringed,
Gentiana crinita.
Gentian, Horse,
Triosteum perfoliatum.
Geranium, Cultivated,
Pelargonium.
Geranium, Rose,
Pelargonium capitatum.
Geranium, Wild,
Geranium maculatum.
Ginseng,
Panax quinquefolium.
Goat's-beard,
Arunca aruncus.
Golden Glow,
Rudbeckia laciniata,
var. *G. G.*
Golden-rod,
Solidago.
Gooseberry,
Ribes wa-crispa.
Gooseberry, Wild,
Ribes gracile.
Grape, Niagara,
Vitis cordifolia.
Grape, Northern Fox,
Vitis labrusca.
Grass, Eulalia,
Eulalia gracillina.
Grass, Plume,
Erianthus Ravennae.
Grass, Ribbon,
Phalaris arundinacea
picta.
Groundnut,
Apios tuberosa.
Groundsel-bush,
Baccharis halimifolia.

Hardhack, or Steeplebush,
Spiraea tomentosa.
Harebell,
Campanularotundifolia.
Haw, Hawthorn,
Crataegus ozyacantha.
Heliotrope,
Heliotropium.
Hercules' Club,
Aralia spinosa.
Hickory,
Hicoria.
Hobble-bush,
Viburnum alnifolium.
Hogweed,
Ambrosia artemisiifolia.
Hollyhock,
Althaea rosea.
Honeysuckle, Albert's,
Lonicera alberti.
Honeysuckle, Bush,
Diervilla diervilla.
Honeysuckle, Smooth-leaved,
Lonicera dioica.
Honeysuckle, Sweet-scented,
Lonicera halliana.
Honeysuckle, Tartarian,
Bush,
Lonicera tatarica.
Horse Gentian,
Triosteum perfoliatum.
Horse-radish,
Nasturtium armoracea.
Horse-weed,
Leptilon canadense.
Hyacinth, Giant Summer,
Galtonia candicans.
Hydrangea, Wild,
Hydrangea arborescens.

Indian-pipe,
Monotropa uniflora.
Indigo, Blue Wild,
Baptisia australis.
Iris, English,
Iris xiphoides.
Iris, German,
Iris germanica.
Iris, Japanese,
Iris laevigata.

Iris, Siberian,
Iris sibirica.
Iris, Spanish,
Iris iberica.
Iris, Yellow,
Iris pseudacorus.
Iron Wood,
Ostrya virginiana.

Jack-in-the-pulpit, or Indian turnip,
Arisaema triphyllum.
Jasmine, or Jessamine,
Jasminum officinale.
Jewel-weed,
Impatiens biflora.
Joe-Pye Weed, or Purple Thoroughwort,
Eupatorium purpureum.
Jonquill,
Narcissus jonquilla.
Juniper,
Juniperus communis.

Knotweed, Japanese,
Polygonum Sieboldi.
Kohlrabi,
Brassica caulorapa.
Kudzu Vine,
Pueraria Thunbergiana.

Ladies'-slipper, Pink,
Cypripedium spectabile.
Ladies'-slipper, Yellow,
Cypripedium pubescens.
Lady's-thumb,
Polygonum persicaria.
Larkspur,
Delphinium.
Larkspur, Chinese,
Delphinium chinense.
Laurel, American,
Kalmia latifolia.
Lavender,
Lavandula vera.
Leek, Wild,
Allium tricoccum.
Leopard's Bane,
Doronicum plantaginum, var. *excelesum*.
Lettuce, Blue,
Lactuca pulchella.
Lettuce, Garden,
Lactuca sativa.

LIST OF PLANTS, SHRUBS, AND TREES

Lettuce, Red Wood,
Lactuca hirsuta.
 Lettuce, Tall White,
Nabalus altissimus.
 Lettuce, White,
Nabarus albus.
 Lettuce, Wild,
Lactuca canadensis.
 Leucothoe, Catesby's,
Leucothoe catesbæi.
 Lilac, Common,
Syringa vulgaris.
 Lilac, Persian,
Syringa persica.
 Lily, Asa Gray's,
Lilium grayi.
 Lily, Japanese Gold-
 banded,
Lilium auratum.
 Lily, Madonna,
Lilium candidum.
 Lily, Midnight,
Lilium elegans.
 Lily, Pink,
*Lilium speciosum ru-
brum*.
 Lily, Showy White,
Lilium speciosum album.
 Lily, Tiger,
Lilium tigrinum.
 Lily, Turk's Cap,
Lilium superbum.
 Lily, Wood,
Lilium philadelphicum.
 Lily, Yellow Day,
Hemerocallis flava.
 Lily, Yellow Meadow,
Lilium canadense.
 Linden,
Tilia americana.
 Liver-leaf,
Hepatica triloba.
 Liverwort,
Hepatica triloba.
 Lobelia,
Lobelia.
 Locust Tree,
Robinia pseudacacia.
 Loosetrife, Spiked,
Lythrum salicaria.
 Loosetrife, Yellow,
Lysimuchia Fraseri.

Mallow,
Malva sylvestris.
 Mandrake, Wild,
Podophyllum peltatum.
 Maple,
Acer.
 Marigold,
Lagetes.
 Marigold, Bur,
Bidens laevis.
 Marigold, Marsh,
Caltha palustris.
 Marjoram, Sweet,
Origanum marjorana.
 Marrow, Vegetable,
Cucurbita pepo.
 Marsh-mallow,
Althæa officinalis.
 Matrimony Vine,
Lycium vulgare.
 Meadow Rue,
Thalictrum.
 Meadow-sweet, Thun-
 berg's,
Spiræa Thunbergiana.
 Meadow-sweet, Van
 Houtte's,
Spiræa van houttei.
 Milkweed, Tall,
Asclepias exaltata.
 Milkwort,
Polygala.
 Mock Orange,
*Philadelphus corona-
rius*.
 Moonseed,
*Menispermum cana-
dense*.
 Morel,
Morchella deliciosa.
 Morning-glory, Wild Pink,
Ipomea purpurea.
 Mullein,
Verbascum.
 Mushroom, Field,
Agaricus campestris.
 Muskmelon,
Cucumis melo.
 Nannyberry,
Viburnum lentago.
 Narcissus, Poet's,
Narcissus poeticus.

Nasturtium,
Tropæolum majus.
 Nicotine,
Nicotiana noctiflora.
 Oak,
Quercus.
 Obedient Plant,
Physostegia virginiana.
 Okra, or Gumbo,
Hibiscus æsculentus.
 Olive, Wild,
Eleagnus angustifolia.
 Onion,
Allium cepa.
 Orchid, Showy,
Orchis spectabilis.
 Osmanthus, Holly-leaved,
Osmanthus aquifolium.
 Ox-eye, Rough,
Heliopsis scabra.
 Paint-brush,
Hypericum prolificum.
 Palm,
Latania borbonica.
 Parsley,
Petroselinum sativum.
 Parsnip,
Pastinaca repens.
 Partridge-berry,
Mitchella repens.
 Pea, Garden,
Pisum sativum.
 Pea, Sweet,
Lathyrus odoratus.
 Peanut, Wild,
Falcata comosa.
 Pecan,
Hicoria pecan.
 Peony,
Pæonia.
 Pepper, Red,
Capsicum annum.
 Peppermint,
Mentha piperita.
 Petunia,
Petunia.
 Phlox, Garden,
Phlox paniculata.
 Pie plant, or Rhubarb,
Rheum rhabonticum.
 Pine, Chile,
Araucaria umbriata.

LIST OF PLANTS, SHRUBS, AND TREES

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|---|--|--|
| <p>Pine, Dwarf,
<i>Pinus mughus</i>.</p> <p>Pine, White,
<i>Pinus strobus</i>.</p> <p>Pink, Chinese,
<i>Dianthus sinensis</i>.</p> <p>Plantain, Common,
<i>Plantago major</i>.</p> <p>Plantain, Rattlesnake,
<i>Peramium pubescens</i>.</p> <p>Plantain, Robin's,
<i>Erigeron bellidifolius</i>.</p> <p>Plum,
<i>Prunus domestica</i>.</p> <p>Poison-ivy,
<i>Rhus radicans</i>.</p> <p>Poplar,
<i>Populus tremuloides</i>.</p> <p>Poppy, Oriental,
<i>Papaver somniferum</i>.</p> <p>Poppy, Plumed,
<i>Bocconia cordata</i>.</p> <p>Primrose, Evening,
<i>Oenothera biennis</i>.</p> <p>Privet,
<i>Ligustrum medium</i>.</p> <p>Privet,
<i>Ligustrum regelianum</i>.</p> <p>Puccoon, Hairy,
<i>Lithospermum gmelini</i>.</p> <p>Pyrethrum,
<i>Pyrethrum</i>.</p> <p>Quince, Japanese,
<i>Cydonia japonica</i>.</p> <p>Radish,
<i>Rhaphanus sativus</i>.</p> <p>Rampion,
<i>Campanula rapunculus</i>.</p> <p>Raspberry, Black,
<i>Rubus occidentalis</i>.</p> <p>Raspberry, Purple-flowering,
<i>Rubus odoratus</i>.</p> <p>Raspberry, Red,
<i>Rubus strigosus</i>.</p> <p>Reed, Donax,
<i>Arundo donax</i>.</p> <p>Reed, Plumed Ravenna,
<i>Erianthus ravennae</i>.</p> <p>Resin Plant,
<i>Silphium terebinthinaceum</i>.</p> | <p>Rhododendron,
<i>Rhododendron</i>.</p> <p>Rose, Dog,
<i>Rosa canina</i>.</p> <p>Rose, Low Pasture,
<i>Rosa humilis</i>.</p> <p>Rose, Meadow,
<i>Rosa blanda</i>.</p> <p>Rose, Prairie,
<i>Rosa setigera</i>.</p> <p>Rose, Swamp,
<i>Rosa carolina</i>.</p> <p>Rose, Wrinkled-leaf,
<i>Rosa rugosa</i>.</p> <p>Rose-mallow,
<i>Hibiscus moscheutos</i>.</p> <p>Rose-mallow, Chinese,
<i>Hibiscus sinensis</i>.</p> <p>Runner, Scarlet,
<i>Phaseolus multiflorus</i>.</p> <p>Sabbatia,
<i>Sabbatia</i>.</p> <p>Sage, Blue,
<i>Salvia azurea</i>.</p> <p>Sage, Garden,
<i>Salvia officinalis</i>.</p> <p>Sage, Mexican Garden,
<i>Salvia patens</i>.</p> <p>Salsify, or Oyster Plant,
<i>Tragopogon porrifolius</i>.</p> <p>Salvia, White,
<i>Salvia argentea</i>.</p> <p>Sanicle, White,
<i>Eupatorium ageratoides</i>.</p> <p>Sanvitalia (<i>procumbens</i>),
kin to <i>Rudbeckia</i> and
<i>Zinnia</i>.</p> <p>Sarsaparilla, Wild,
<i>Aralia nudicaulis</i>.</p> <p>Savory, Summer,
<i>Satureia hortensis</i>.</p> <p>Scarlet Lightning,
<i>Lychnis chalcidonica</i>.</p> <p>Self-heal,
<i>Prunella vulgaris</i>.</p> <p>Senna, Wild, or American,
<i>Cassia marylandica</i>.</p> <p>Shaggy-mane, or Maned
Agaric,
<i>Coprinus comatus</i>.</p> <p>Shield-fern, Fragrant,
<i>Dryopteris fragrans</i>.</p> | <p>Shin-leaf,
<i>Pyrola elliptica</i>.</p> <p>Smartweed,
<i>Polygonum pennsylvanicum</i>.</p> <p>Snakeroot, White,
<i>Eupatorium ageratoides</i>.</p> <p>Snapdragon,
<i>Antirrhinum</i>.</p> <p>Sneezeweed,
<i>Helenium autumnale</i>.</p> <p>Sneezewort, Pearl,
<i>Achillea ptarmica</i>.</p> <p>Snowball, Japanese,
<i>Viburnum plicatum</i>.</p> <p>Snowberry,
<i>Symphoricarpos racemosus</i>.</p> <p>Solomon's Seal, Giant, or
Smooth,
<i>Polygonatum giganteum</i>.</p> <p>Solomon's Seal, Hairy,
<i>Polygonatum biflorum</i>.</p> <p>Solomon's Seal, Star-flowered,
<i>Vagnera stellata</i>.</p> <p>Sorrel, Sheep,
<i>Rumex acetosella</i>.</p> <p>Spearmint,
<i>Mentha spicata</i>.</p> <p>Spiderwort, Blue,
<i>Tradescantia virginiana</i>.</p> <p>Spikenard, American,
<i>Aralia racemosa</i>.</p> <p>Spikenard, Wild,
<i>Vagnera racemosa</i>.</p> <p>Spinach,
<i>Spinacia oleracea</i>.</p> <p>Spindle-tree, Wide-stemmed,
<i>Euonymus alatus</i>.</p> <p>Spring Beauty,
<i>Claytonia virginica</i>.</p> <p>Sprouts, Brussels,
<i>Brassica</i>.</p> <p>Spruce, White,
<i>Picea canadensis</i>.</p> <p>Spurge, Flowering,
<i>Euphorbia corollata</i>.</p> <p>Spurge, Ridge-seeded,
<i>Euphorbia glyptosperma</i>.</p> |
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LIST OF PLANTS, SHRUBS, AND TREES

Squash, <i>Cucurbita maxima</i> .	Tarragon, <i>Artemisia dranunculus</i>	Violet, Striped, <i>Viola striata</i> .
Squaw-root, <i>Conopholis americana</i> .	Tea, New Jersey, <i>Ceanothus americanus</i> .	Virginia-creeper, mis- called Woodbine, <i>Parthenocissus quinque- folia</i> , or <i>Ampelopsis quinquefolia</i> .
Star-cucumber, <i>Sicyos angulatus</i> .	Tea, Oswego, <i>Monarda didyma</i> .	Virgin's Bower, <i>Clematis virginiana</i> .
Star-flower, see Aster.	Thimble-weed, <i>Anemone virginia</i> .	
Star-of-Bethlehem, <i>Ornithogalum umbella- tum</i> .	Thistle Family, <i>Compositæ</i> .	
Stonecrop, Showy, <i>Sedum spectabile</i> .	Thornapple Tree, <i>Cratægus crus-galli</i> .	Wake-robin, Great- flowered, <i>Trillium grandiflorum</i> .
Strawberry, Common, <i>Fragaria vesca</i> .	Tomato, <i>Lycopersicon lycoper- sicon</i> .	Wake-robin, Nodding, <i>Trillium cernuum</i> .
Strawberry, Wild North- ern, <i>Fragaria canadensis</i> .	Trumpet-creeper, <i>Tecomia radicans</i> , or <i>Bignonia radicans</i> .	Wake-robin, Prairie, <i>Trillium recurvatum</i> .
Strawberry-bush, <i>Euonymus americanus</i> .	Turnip, <i>Brassica campestris</i> .	Walnut, Black, <i>Juglans nigra</i> .
Sumac, Fragrant, <i>Rhus aromatica</i> .	Turtle-head, <i>Chelone glabra</i> .	Water-leaf, Virginia, <i>Hydrophyllum virgin- icum</i> .
Sumac, Mountain, <i>Rhus copallina</i> .	Twisted-stalk, <i>Streptopus amplexifo- lius</i> .	Wayfaring Tree, <i>Viburnum lantana</i> .
Sumac, Staghorn, <i>Rhus typhina</i> .		Willow, Pussy, <i>Salix discolor</i> .
Sunflower, <i>Helianthus</i> .	Unicorn Plant, <i>Martynia proboscidea</i> .	Willow, Wisconsin, or Peach-leaved, <i>Salix amygdaloides</i> .
Sweet Brier, or Eglantine, <i>Rosa rubiginosa</i> .	Valerian, <i>Valeriana</i> .	Winterberry, Virginia,, <i>Ilex verticillata</i> .
Sweet Pea, <i>Lathyrus odoratus</i> .	Vervain, Blue, <i>Verbena hastata</i> .	Witch-hazel, <i>Hamamelis virginiana</i> .
Sweet William, <i>Dianthus barbatus</i> .	Vetch, American, <i>Vicia americana</i> .	Withe-rod, <i>Viburnum cassinoides</i> .
Syringa, <i>Philadelphus corona- rius</i> .	Viburnum, Chinese, <i>Viburnum dilatatum</i> .	Woodbine, <i>Ampelopsis quinque- folia</i> .
Syringa, <i>Philadelphus lemoinei</i> .	Viburnum, Maple-leaved, <i>Viburnum acerifolium</i> .	Wood-sorrel, Yellow, <i>Oxalis stricta</i> .
Syringa, Gordon's, <i>Philadelphus gordon- ianus</i> .	Viburnum, Siebold's, <i>Viburnum sieboldi</i> .	
Syringa, Large-flowered, <i>Philadelphus grandiflo- rus</i> .	Violet, Bird-foot, <i>Viola pedata</i> .	Yellow-root, <i>Xanthorhiza apiifolia</i> .
	Violet, Downy Yellow <i>Viola pubescens</i> .	
Tamarisk, <i>Tamarix parviflora</i> .	Violet, Meadow, <i>Viola obliqua</i> .	Zinnia, Zinnia.



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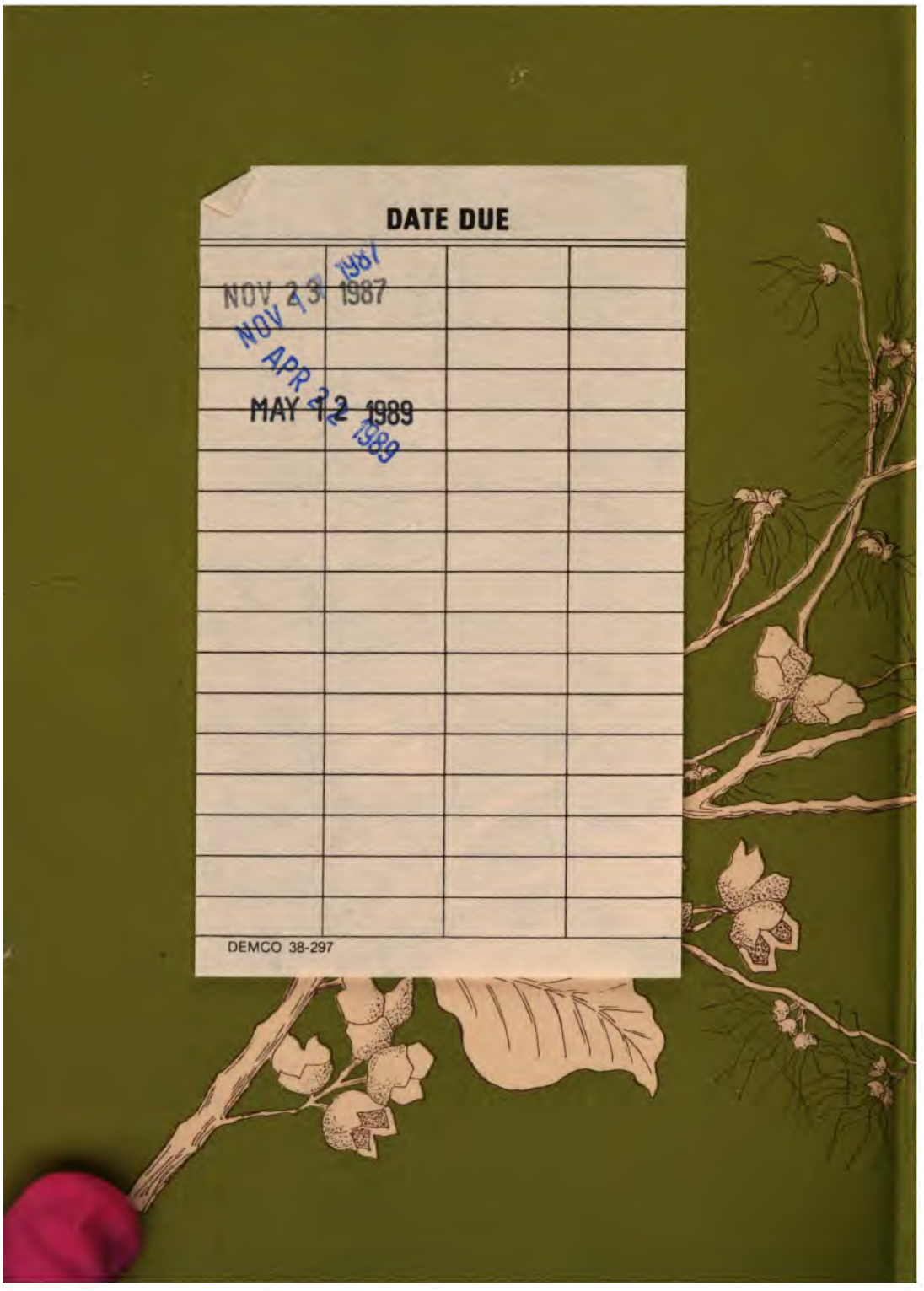
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